

School of Theology at Claremont



1001 1408879



The Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT

WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

May

221

ie

THE GOOD OF LIFE
AND OTHER LITTLE ESSAYS

Dinner room Illusts

THE GOOD OF LIFE

AND OTHER LITTLE ESSAYS

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS

BY

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON

AUTHOR OF

"THE EPIC OF SAUL," "THE EPIC OF PAUL," "THE EPIC OF MOSES,"
"FOREIGN CLASSICS IN ENGLISH," "MODERN MASTERS OF PULPIT
DISCOURSE," "SOME NEW LITERARY VALUATIONS," ETC.



FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

NEW YORK AND LONDON

1910

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Published, April, 1910

Theology Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

PREFACE

THE writer would be glad to have it understood that he himself is quite as well aware as any reader of his can be, of the unconventional, perhaps even bizarre, character of this book. He has by no means sought to make it such, but on the other hand he has also by no means sought to avoid its having that character. He contentedly faces the probability that many excellent judges will think some of his inclusions unwise. He even is willing to admit to himself that very likely some of them *are* unwise, for he has in some instances indulged his heart rather than consulted his judgment. He will, of course, suffer accordingly in the estimation of not a few, it may be, of the best of his readers. He will solace himself with the reflection that there may not be unanimous agreement in disapproval, as to a single one of the doubtful inclusions.

No attempt will be discovered to produce the impression that all these papers now see for the first time the light of print. The marks of date in them, where such marks occur, are for the most part left unexpunged and unchanged. Some of

the papers were written as from the editorial point of view, having in fact been first published as editorial articles in various weekly newspapers, including *The Independent*, *The Examiner*, *The Outlook* (while it was still *The Christian Union*), *The Sunday School Times*, *The Journal and Messenger*, and other periodicals. (This will explain the interchange of singular and plural in the personal pronoun of the first person.) While, however, most of these papers are frankly confessed reprints, there is considerable matter here never before given to the public.

The autobiographic element in many of the essays could not be eliminated without destruction of the essays. This is particularly true of the notes of travel, of the descriptions, and of the ministerial experiences briefly related. The narratives included are all of them literally true to fact, and in no case consciously modified by the exercise of imagination.

The writer's ministerial, or to use an adjective that he does not like so well, his clerical, quality is suffered quite undisguisedly to appear here and there. He has long felt that this quality of his, which he could not conceal if he would—one of his honorary academic degrees, pretty much everywhere and always, against his wish, barnacularly attached to his name, making it hopelessly incapable of demission!—has been something of a dis-

advantage to him in his purely literary character. But on the whole he has never wished to be otherwise predominantly known than as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ to whom thus, and in all ways, he loves ever to acknowledge his grateful allegiance. Holding this attitude toward his Lord, of conscience and of heart, he has not hesitated to include papers here partaking so much of a homiletic nature that they may provoke from some the nicknames, "preachments," or "prayer-meeting talks."

In short, the humorous Latin, "*De Omnibus Rebus et Quibusdam Aliis*" would very well have entitled this book, for it treats with great impartiality of nearly all existing things, and then of a few things besides!

This extremely miscellaneous, heterogeneous, character in the book seemed to forbid to the writer the indulgence of his fondness for classification, organization, order, in matters of literary presentation. He could indeed have arranged some of his little essays in groups, as sufficiently like in kind to go kindly together, but that still would have left the principal part of them all to be mixed without attempt at orderly arrangement. On the whole, he preferred to humor himself in supposing the case of some truly loyal reader, who would begin at the beginning (by no means skipping the preface!) and read the volume right through, in

the order, or the disorder, in which he found the papers presented. For this ideal reader the author's concern was simply to give him change and variety enough, from one paper to another, to make his task of faithful perusal as little tedious as possible.

The *very* little essays interspersed at intervals may prove serviceable to this purpose. The writer ventures to hope that if, here and there, a serious reader finds some of these interspersions too light in matter or too jaunty in style, such reader will kindly weigh them with the graver essays which they accompany, and strike so an average sufficiently sedate and decorous to placate, if it does not satisfy, his sense of propriety.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
PREFACE	5
I. THE GOOD OF LIFE	15
II. A GOOD WORD FOR BOOK AGENTS	22
III. MATTHEW ARNOLD AS REVEALED IN HIS LETTERS	30
IV. HATING AS A DUTY	40
V. FORGIVING	49
VI. A PLEA FOR THE "ELUSIVE" IN POETRY	53
VII. THE SALT OF SINCERITY IN HYMNS	61
VIII. A BLOSSOM ON HIS GRAVE	65
IX. GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH LITTLE CHILDREN	71
X. TWO POINTS OF EQUIPMENT FOR LITERARY CRITICISM	73
XI. GENIUS LOCI	78
XII. FROM THE GENESEE TO THE HUDSON IN A BUGGY	84
XIII. THE "DANCE" QUESTION	92
XIV. PULPIT SWINDLING	98
XV. THE FAVORITISM OF HISTORY	107

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVI. THE FEUD WITH FOOD	114
XVII. WENDELL PHILLIPS AS ORATOR	120
XVIII. TO A DAUGHTER WHO IS TEACHING	127
XIX. AN HOUR ON PARNASSUS	130
XX. A CURIOUS INCIDENT IN MR. SPURGEON'S PREACHING	137
XXI. A LYRIST OF LIBERTY	142
<i>Seven</i> XXII. THE FOLLY OF BEING SORRY	147
XXIII. A DAY WITH GEORGE P. MARSH ON THE GRINDELWALD GLACIER	150
XXIV. A MORNING AT ROUND LAKE CAMP MEET- ING	157
XXV. MY MOTHER	165
XXVI. APPLAUSE AS A SPUR TO PEGASUS	170
XXVII. RUFUS CHOATE AS A WRITER	175
XXVIII. BEAM ON THEM	182
XXIX. SIDNEY <u>LANIER'S</u> POETRY	184
XXX. A SIR PHILIP SIDNEY IN <u>JOURNALISM</u>	192
XXXI. THE (OLD TESTAMENT) GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW	196
XXXII. TWO MORE SPURS TO PEGASUS	201
XXXIII. THE PRESENT FAD OF " <u>OUTSPOKENNESS</u> "	209
XXXIV. A GOOD WORD FOR ACTORS	215
XXXV. "THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN"	223

CONTENTS

11

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXXVI. A STORY OF CONFESSION	226
XXXVII. WAS PAUL HOMELY?	230
XXXVIII. AN INSTANTANEOUS VIEW OF MONTEREY	237
XXXIX. THE NOSE IN SONG	245
XL. ATHENS IN NEW YORK	257
XLI. MILTON AS THE POETS' POET	266
XLII. A FEAT IN FORGETTING	273
XLIII. MR. SPURGEON AND DR. McLAREN	278
XLIV. THE FACE AS AN AUTOGRAPH	286
XLV. BAYARD TAYLOR'S "FAUST"	289
XLVI. GOETHE'S "FAUST"	309
XLVII. CANAL HORSES	329
XLVIII. HOW GIRLS MAY MANAGE THEIR FATHERS	334
XLIX. IS IT RIGHT SOMETIMES TO LIE?	339
L. UNCONSCIOUS PRAYING	349
LI. A GLIMPSE OF THE YOSEMITE	355
LII. OUR CONTINUING NEED OF PAUL	365
LIII. ALL FOR ONE	373
LIV. PRIEST OR PREACHER, WHICH?	376
LV. THE TRUE STORY OF A FAMOUS SPEECH	381
LVI. "MAXIMS" À LA LA ROCHEFOUCAULD	391

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS

I

THE GOOD OF LIFE

DID it ever occur to you to ask yourself, Just where lies the point at which I find the good of life? You wake in the morning, and very likely your sleep has not been so "airy light from pure digestion bred," that you feel at once like elastically bounding from your bed (well, now, that rhyme made itself, from pure automatic sympathy, no doubt, with the delightful idea that was being cavalierly assumed not to exist as fact), and beginning the day with a song. On the contrary, you feel a bit heavy, and hug your pillow. But you must even get up, and you do so sluggishly. The good of life has not begun yet with you. You wash (bathe, perhaps) and dress, and do not rejoice. You descend to breakfast, and eat with such fragment of appetite as the years, grudgers of good things to men, have left to you from the fresh and mighty zest of youth. There is no special joy thus far. You go to your labor or business, or you stay, tethered by household care, in the house. You work and worry. You fret away the forenoon and the afternoon. The evening comes on,

and bedtime. The day is done now. Where has been the chief good of the life that you have lived? At what point could you, arresting yourself and deeply considering, have said: 'This, now, is the thing that is good; this is what makes it worth while to have all the trouble of living'?

I asked a woman once, this question. She was an intelligent woman, a Christian, happily married, with children about her. I knew something of what her life was, a round of toil, and care, and providing, from morning till night, often a late night, day after day. The dear soul held back her answer. And no wonder. The answer was not easy to find.

Shortly after, we were passing together the just-forsaken habitation of a poor family that had "flitted." "There is Patrick, now [he was the head of the house that had 'flitted'], take Patrick for example—where would he put the good of life for himself? Early in the morning he goes forth to his labor, he sweats all day, and eats the bread of weariness, bread hardly-got, ill-made, ill-baked, ill-served, and, late at night, he, ill-housed, gets himself to his sleep. Where is Patrick's good of life?"

Patrick's case was not extreme. His case was substantially the case of the most. Riches would have changed Patrick's vexations, not removed them. Except to those whose health is, for a time,

triumphant over ills of every sort, life brings few, very few, days of experience in which the labor is not more than the delight. If people will say, 'No, this is not true,' then it is only because people will not see things as they are. Perhaps it is well for them that they will not. Still, I am not sure.

I am no pessimist. I do not believe in the suicide cure. I believe heartily in life, and in enjoying life. I live, and I love to live. And, God be thanked, I live more, and I love more to live, than when I was younger. This is partly a matter of pure health, and partly it is a matter of a certain rule of living that I have adopted—and do not obey as well as I ought to. Notwithstanding, it does remain true that, if I had the chance to challenge you at my pleasure during several days, specimen days they should be, of your life, with, 'Now, is it now, that you are getting the good of life? This, is it this, that you think it worth your while to work for so hard?'—well, I should vex you, and you would candidly wish I would mind my own business, but at heart you would say, 'The pest of a man! and after all, where is the good of my life, to be sure?'

The truth is, the Preacher was right when he said, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." When we are young, and life is joy enough in the simple living, we rush along, and if we are not happy, we do not stop to notice it. But let the strong, flow-

ing tide of youth and health pause at its full; pause, waver, begin to turn; let the ebb set in, and then we need somewhat for life that is more than life, and better. Well, more than life there *is*, more and better. We all have hints of this, if we would but heed them. Let any one carefully think, and he will agree that there is just one thing in life that makes joy. That one thing is love. Of course, I do not mean the love that novelists write about, though I do not exclude that. I mean love of every sort, that is worthy of being called love. Watch yourself well, and you will find that you are always happy when you are loving, and other-when never. It is not being loved, though that is good too, next best in fact; it is *loving*, that is joy. God is love, and God's love makes God's joy. Why in the world do we not love more? It is so delightful to pour out the heart in pure love. There is but one reason why not. That reason is—sin! That Christ is worthy of being loved without stay or stint; that, in truth, he does himself create in us the love with which we love him—this makes him our Savior. But he creates, too, a love with which we may love others. And loving is the victorious joy. What an advantage Paul had—great, melting, mastering heart that he was!—over those Corinthian people whom he told that he was resolved still to spend and be spent for them, though the more he loved them the less he were loved!

If, now, I at first perplexed any soul with my questions, ‘ Just where is the good of life? What makes it worth while to have all this work and this worry? ’ have I not amply reassured that soul? Far be it from me to make the burden of life heavier for any back to bear. Nay, verily, not heavier, but lighter. Here is my answer for you to all your pessimistic misgivings: You are at the point of good in life when you are loving—then, and other-when never. Love, therefore, more and more. Give, and never mind what you get, whether much or little. The greater good is in the giving.

This good of life is capable of immense expansion. No need to confine your love to individuals, few or many. Love largely, liberally. Allow yourself unlimited scope.

Is virtue the love of being in general, as has it some good man’s definition of virtue? At any rate, it is an excellent ideal to work toward. Love universal being—if you can. It will do you good even to try. Reformers have sometimes been giped at as loving humanity—perhaps—but having very little care for individual men and women. Some reformers, it may be, have deserved the gibe—not all, I trust. At all events, suppose the case of a reformer who succeeds in achieving the love of being in general, and at the same time does not fail in love toward his neighbor in particular. Is not that reformer a man to be envied? “ A phil-

anthropist of the deepest dye"—to use Mr. Howells's happy-humorous phrase—is—if indeed he fulfills the ideal we have supposed for him—the most blessed man in the world. Take Mr. Lloyd-George for an example. Let us assume that he *is* an example. Let us pray for him that he may truly be. Then, as statesman of a new order, he is using, or at least is proposing to use, the great enginery of government in England in the interest of human weal. Imagine the generous joy that floods this man's being as he arduously toils for the relief of the many from the oppression of the few. Be sure he does it for love, if he really does it, and his love is his joy. It is his good of life—a huge good, and fine as huge.

Take our own Judge Lindsay for another example, him, I mean, of the famous Juvenile Court in Denver. Do not doubt that love for the boys he saves (and teaches the juridical world everywhere to save), is at the heart of his labors in their behalf. And is not that love, think you, a great part, probably the chief part, of the good of life for him? And it is not simply love for the boys he saves, it is love for boyhood at large.

For we may love as comprehensively as we will, love our fellows in the mass, love them wholesale as it were. Rise we, one and all, to our privilege, our opportunity. Let us at least have a great ideal and hope to realize it, loving with glorious scorn

of limit to love. Yes, let us love indiscriminately. We cannot love amiss—if we love with the right kind of love. So we do have to discriminate. But it is as to the kind of love we bestow, in this case or in that, not as to the objects on which we bestow it. Love then freely and unafraid.

Does not God love in this way? And are we not to imitate him? What is it the Lord Jesus says? “Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.” What a good of life is ours—if we will but have it! Love outward all around you. Love downward toward those whom you can help. Love upward toward God. Love, love, and have no fear that you may love yourself poor. Loving will enrich you to love. There are certain practical ways of loving, ways, I mean, not of showing love, but of engendering love, that I should like to speak of. This I may yet do in a future paper. Still, love, like faith, will grow, give it air, and sun, and *exercise*. Begin. Keep making fresh beginnings. Love. Love and rejoice. The good of life is love. Loving is living.

II

A GOOD WORD FOR BOOK AGENTS

BOOK agents have few friends. Of the few I am one. I, for my part, consider them public benefactors. I shall not soon forget a call I had from one of them, to whom I made a confidence of this favorable and grateful view of mine concerning the class to which he belonged. He stared at me. He seemed to have a confused idea that I was joking. He thought that I was employing against him the cruel figure of irony. I convinced him, at length, that I was in sober earnest. If I lost as much for the moment in his esteem of my discretion as I gained in his appreciation of my good nature, that matter was presently redressed; but apparently the astonished man had never before had a similar experience. He probably had on that occasion his first encounter with a person that did not regard him and his kind as enemies of the human race. I have a cheerful trust that I succeeded, before he left me, in magnifying to him the dignity of his vocation, which is precisely what I should like to accomplish for all that may do me the honor to read the present paper.

Let me tell my story. It was late afternoon, and I sat, weary with the just finished labors of the day, in my private room at the seminary. A rap at my door. A book agent presented himself. "With sad civility," "Good-evening," I said. The sadness of my civility was not bred of disgust at the quality of my caller; but of pure fatigue, mixed with a certain sympathetic presaging consciousness that I should not buy of the intellectual wares that he brought to sell. I promptly and gently told him that I could not be a purchaser; but he, as book agents will (and should), asked that I would grant him the favor to look at his book. I could not refuse—at least, I did not; it is very, very seldom that in such cases I do. So he opened his portmanteau, and displayed a sizable volume, resplendent with gold and device. I glanced at the title and saw that the book was religious. I sampled a page or two at hazard, and satisfied myself that the religion of the book was wholesome and good—for any that might like to read such discourse. I praised the print, as I could conscientiously do, and the man was gratified. I expressed a favorable opinion of its contents, taking care, meanwhile, not to let my friend gather delusive hope of my buying the book, after all. His face shone with puzzled pleasure. I answered his look by saying: "My dear sir, I am not one of those that hate you book agents. Quite to the con-

trary, I am glad to see you around. I by no means regard you as, like pirates, common enemies of mankind. So far from it, if you sell good books, you are public benefactors."

The man hardly knew whether he should not feel quizzed. The truth probably was, he had been badgered and browbeaten so much, that he had almost come to be in his own esteem what he had found himself to be in the esteem of others, a kind of proscript and outlaw. No wonder if I had some difficulty in making him think highly enough of himself. However, he produced his list of recommendations. I was fairly too tired to look them over. I shut my eyes, and said: "Read me a few of the best of them." He began. "Tell me the authors' names first," I said. He would come to a name that I knew. "There, let me hear what he has to say." After a few specimen testimonials had thus been gone over, "Thank you, that will do," I interrupted; "I am well satisfied that the book is a useful one to circulate and get read; but I do not want it." So I blessed him to let him go. "Now," said I, "my friend, as long as you sell a good book, like this, think respectfully of your work. You are a missionary; you are doing the community a real service. Don't be cast down and don't think ill of yourself. You have a right to earn a living and this is a useful way of earning it."

The surprised man began to think I talked like

a philosopher. Thrifty soul that he was, he wanted me to give him a written opinion of his book. "My dear sir, I would not do it for twenty dollars. To use a pen long enough for that, in my present state! Why, twenty dollars would be no temptation." He, of course, looked his lack of comprehension. "Take a pen," said I, "and I will dictate a testimonial to you, and you shall write it." I began: "From the imperfect examination I have given —." My amanuensis looked not quite pleased. "What is the matter?" I asked. "You do not like that word *imperfect*?" Well, no; he confessed he did not. "But my examination has been imperfect, you must acknowledge." "Yes, but couldn't you use some other word?" "Yes; say *cursory*. Will that do better?" He was satisfied and turned to write. "Cursory, cursory," he mused aloud, inquiringly; "how do you spell it?" I laughed. "My dear sir," said I, "you are asking too much. Here I have been giving you half an hour's time, more or less; besides this, I am giving you a recommendation for your book, and here now you want me to give you a spelling lesson. But never mind. C-u-r-s-o-r-y. Have you got it?" "All right!" he said, and the testimonial was, at length, completed—a carefully-guarded, candid document; but it spoke well of the book. As the agent was about to fold it up, he looked ruefully at its aspect, and,

with much just appreciation of the fact in the case, sighed that it did not present a better appearance. "Oh, well, for that matter, get it copied as handsomely as you please, and, when you pass again, drop in, and I will sign it for you." With that he went away, convinced that I was a good-natured social and political philosopher.

When he came with his fairly-engrossed copy for my signature, which not long after he did, he brought with him a friend—for no other object that I could guess than to have him see one man in all the world that thought benignantly of book agents. This time he desired my name on his roll of purchasers of the book; for, as I omitted to relate, in his first call he cast a thrifty eye on my bookshelves and ventured to surmise that there might be a volume there, no longer useful to me, that he should be glad to add to his own private collection. I selected a couple of books, to please him, and he was glad to exchange for them a blazing copy of his own publication. So there was fair ostensible reason why my name should go on his list. I told him, however, that I never should have bought a copy of his book for myself or for my family, and that my name on his roll would seem to imply what was not true, that his book was such a one as I should value and buy for my own possession. He must, therefore, excuse me for withholding my name from his roll. He very reason-

ably agreed that my view was just and did not press his request.

So ended my relations with this book agent; but the incident as related suggests some practical reflections.

It is true, indeed, as Charles Dudley Warner once well pointed out, that few people read books. I have actually, by a series of inquiries, proposed to average people, put the matter to a test, with some very curious results, which this is no place to detail; but books get very few readers in this enlightened land. And I insist it is a real public service that our subscription-book publishers are rendering when they print unobjectionable books, bind them brilliantly, and then despatch their hordes of indefatigable and unterrified agents to scour the country and make people buy them. The buyers thus found are, for the most part, persons that, but for the ubiquitous and barnacular zeal of agents, would never buy books. Having bought the books as a matter of dire necessity, and so spent their money, these persons then read their books as a matter of duty and economy, to save their investments. The books sold in this way are often undoubtedly not of the highest class—sometimes they may even be pernicious books; but the rule is that they are fairly good books, much better, to say the least, than no books at all. A great deal of reading is thus done throughout the country

that without the activity of the roaming and desultory book agent would never get done at all.

Our bookstores furnish very imperfect facilities for distributing books from the publishers' ware-rooms to the hands of readers. The great mass of the people never visit bookstores at all. In fact, for the majority of the population there are no bookstores accessible that they could visit. What we need is a system of distribution that shall carry the book directly to the door of the dwelling and virtually compel the reluctant dweller to buy. This need is to a great extent met in the plan of selling books through itinerary agents, and the regular booksellers in the stores need not feel that their business is thereby at all interfered with. For every sale that they lose by the intervention of the book agent they may safely reckon that they gain a dozen. Bookselling must create the demand which it seeks to supply. One book read makes the reader of that book more likely afterward to buy a second than he could have been calculated to be before to buy his first. You cannot glut the book market by feeding it. You may, however, easily destroy it by starving it.

All success, then, say I, to the book agent. Give him right of way through all the highroads and by-roads of the country. Do not slam the domiciliary door in his face. How many an American farmer's and mechanic's whole library will be found

to consist of those emblazoned volumes with which the visitor in rural regions is familiar and which it is the delight of the book agent to make his loth customer buy. Let us rejoice that books so many and, on the whole, so good, are by his instrumentality read. Herein rejoice, rather than repine that the books read are not more and better.

Journalists, cease you the habitual gibe; cease henceforth to associate the canvasser for books with lightning-rod men, with life-insurance agents, with sewing-machine venders. Brethren, the book agent is of your guild and mine. He is, at least, entitled to the rank of "poor relation," to the newspaper editor and the essay-writer. Greet him with a smile of superior welcome. Give him now and then a place at table with the family and bid him God-speed. Remember—upon honor now, can you not remember?—that you were once a book agent yourself. If not, consider how you may yet be such, in those future years of seed and decay awaiting so many of us, which, let us hope, will in your case be distant, and few when they come.

III

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS REVEALED IN HIS LETTERS

I BEGAN the perusal of these letters with some conscious prepossession against them. What I had read about them in print, on the whole disparaged them; and in conversation I had heard them for the most part slightly spoken of. But I gave them the very best chance with myself that, for my own part, I am able to give any literature. I took them with me to read during the long leisure, long and very nearly absolute, of an unaccompanied, unbroken, railway ride of several days together.

The circumstances of the case may have disposed me somewhat beyond the normal to a genial enjoyment of what I read; but certain it is that I found myself not only interested throughout the whole series of the letters, but touched in heart with most amiable sentiments toward the writer himself as revealed in them. This, in spite of things not a few that were adapted to irritate, and that did irritate, my feelings both as an American and as a Christian. Perhaps "irritate" is too lively word; let me say ruffle, or yet more softly, ripple, instead.

The letters are, the most of them, domestic letters; that is, letters written to the author's own immediate kindred. It would be to attribute an impossible self-conceit on the part of the writer, to suppose that any thought of their ever seeing the light of print could have entered his mind while he was writing them. Indeed their own intimate character forbids the conjecture. Still, the fact that they are published thus soon after the writer's death—this, of course, with the approval of his family—shows a certain confidence, on their part at least, not much removed from a complacency to be mistaken for a sort of vicarious self-conceit—the confidence, namely, that there existed a public who would like to see letters deriving their chief interest, and, in many cases, their only interest, from Matthew Arnold's having written them. It cannot fairly be said that such confidence was not justified. It is unquestionably true that many readers will be delighted to see for themselves, from his own most familiar letters, what a charming son, and brother, and husband, and father, and friend Matthew Arnold unalterably was. These volumes of correspondence constitute a portrait of the author by himself, which must always commend his personal character as long as they continue to be read. They will serve to correct for the better that impression of the man which his writings, addressed to the public, but especially his prose es-

says, are in themselves adapted to create. He appears in them a decidedly agreeable personality.

Let me first give a few specimens of the things in these letters that a loyal and high-spirited American cannot read with unmingled satisfaction. "The intolerable *laideur* [repulsiveness] of the well-fed American masses, so deeply antipathetic to continental Europe," is spoken of by Arnold in unfavorable contrast to the "*intelligence*" of the "*idea-moved masses*" of the French people. But then the critic of our country is in the same breath critic also of his own; he puts those same French masses incomparably "superior to the *insensible masses* of England." Under date January, 1861 (a few months before our civil war broke out), Arnold writes: "I have not much faith in the nobility of nature of the northern Americans. I believe they would consent to any compromise sooner than let the southern states go. However, I believe the latter mean to go, and think they will do better by going, so the baseness of the North will not be tempted too strongly." Comment would be superfluous. To his mother he writes, December, 1861: "Tell him [W. E. Forster, brother-in-law to Arnold] I hope the Americans will not cease to be afflicted until they learn thoroughly that man shall not live by Bunkum alone." To a sister he writes, November, 1865: "*The North American Review* for July had an article on me which I like as

well as anything I have seen. There is an immense public there, and this alone makes them of importance; but besides that, I had been struck in what I saw of them on the Continent in the last few months, both with their intellectual liveliness and ardor . . . and with the good effect their wonderful success had produced on them in giving them something really considerable to rest upon, and freeing them from the necessity of being always standing upon their toes, crowing. I think we shall see the good result of this in their policy, as well as in the behavior of individuals." Let us remember that this was written, that all these things were written, in the privacy of domestic correspondence. It would be a weak sensitiveness on our part to be seriously disturbed by either the praise or the dispraise. Both the one and the other were perfectly honest, and if now a little condescending, and now a little supercilious, in tone, they were perhaps, neither the one nor the other, very wide of the mark.

One specimen alone shall suffice to indicate the tenor of what often recurs in these letters to affront the susceptibilities of the Christian. "Events and personages succeed one another, but the central fact of the situation always remains for me this: that whereas the basis of things amidst all chance and change has even in Europe generally been for ever so long supernatural Christianity, and far more so in England than in Europe generally, this

basis is certainly going—going amidst the full consciousness of the Continentals that it is going, and amidst the provincial unconsciousness of the English that it is going.” (Vol. 2, p. 234.)

That is a sentence thoroughly characteristic of its author; this both in its form and in its spirit. You may have to read it a second, or even a third, time to get its meaning; and its meaning even then may in some part elude you. The essence of it is that Christianity is disappearing from the earth; that, in fact, it is doomed, is a thing of the past. To be sure “Christianity” is qualified by Arnold with an adjective. It is “supernatural Christianity” that is going. “Supernatural Christianity” gone, what should we have left? Why, “Christianity,” Arnold would have said, Christianity, all the better for having lost its illegitimate attribute of supernaturalism. Arnold was very “religious” in his way. That way was to dispense wholly with the supernatural, even to the extent of doing away with a personal God. This last idea, he held, was a not-verifiable idea, an idea, therefore, which we ought not to insist upon; contenting ourselves rather with the substitute idea of an Eternal not ourselves which makes for righteousness. This latter, he thought, was a strictly verifiable, and so a scientific, idea. I do not know that he exactly proposed this idea as a proper object of worship. Indeed, his religion, I should say, offered no object

of worship. To call it religion, therefore, seems to me to be juggling with a word. But Arnold, if he juggled, juggled to the mystification of himself. For he was certainly honest, I think—at least in the sense of meaning to be honest; or, to qualify again, in the sense of supposing that he meant to be honest. What I believe is that he had an hereditary strain of religiousness in his blood which he never quite got rid of, though he did his best to get rid of it. He was thus religious, as it were, in spite of himself—as it were religious, I mean, and as it were in spite of himself.

Let me add one specimen more, to the single specimen that I said should suffice, in exhibition of Arnold's religious aims and methods. To a French Protestant, a very advanced "liberal," Arnold describes and laments the embarrassing solicitude and caution with which in England men like himself were obliged to pursue their ends in doing away with ancient religious beliefs. He writes in French (which I venture to translate): "At present, before the great public and the religious majority, the liberal minority of the clergy is compelled to speak with much reserve, to use great address in dealing with its adversaries, to touch only with light hand the vital questions, to attack squarely only the very smallest parts of the antiquated dogma to which all our churches, even those of the dissenters, still give in their adhesion. . . .

Dean Stanley . . . better than any one else, has the instinct of the policy necessary to be pursued, a policy very guarded as to the foundation of the doctrines, very firm as to everything else, and well resolved not to be frightened." An interestingly frank disclosure of the purpose and policy deliberately pursued by some at least among those who accept it as their mission to undermine the faith once for all delivered to the saints.

Religious as Arnold esteemed himself, religious as, in a certain sense, he was, he was, more vitally still, interested in culture, especially literary culture. He was always criticising. Poet, to be sure, he was, but poet in such a sense that he could define poetry as criticism, criticism of life. The critical dicta scattered here and there throughout the letters are refreshing at least for their frankness. Tennyson, Arnold did not rate at the ordinary popular value of that poet. One does not need to agree in general with this depreciation of a great name to enjoy Arnold's sentence on that astounding poem of Tennyson's published in the *Nineteenth Century* for May, 1880. (I give the first part only, about half the entire piece) :

Hallowed be thy name—Halleluiah!
 Infinite Ideality!
 Immeasurable Reality!
 Infinite Personality!
 Hallowed be thy name—Halleluiah!

Of this, writing to his sister, Miss Arnold, Arnold says (he had just happened to use the word, personality): "*Personality* reminds me of Tennyson's poem—did you ever?"

Those three last words are in effect an adequate criticism; but the form of the criticism is more like one of Miss Wilkins's New England women than like what we should have expected Matthew Arnold to be, even in his most familiar letter-writing. But in fact he writes often in extreme undress as to style. One must be prepared for even very negligent grammar. He uses the feminine idiom of expression occasionally, without saving himself by quotation-marks; for example, of certain herdsmen and their herds: "And their cattle are too lovely." Prof. A. S. Hill will regret to see that his pupils have the support of Arnold's example, against their own teacher, in saying, for instance, "The lecture was a success," instead of "was successful." The editors of the "Standard Dictionary" are sustained by Arnold's use, in their ruling to print "oneself" in place of "one's self." Arnold's form is certainly preferable in sound, and nothing but general good use is wanting to recommend it. For myself, however, I am afraid that I shall always be conservative enough to write "one's self."

One is pleased to see that Arnold had the good sense to admit the superiority of this country to England in the matter of keeping warm. He says:

“ One is wonderfully protected [in America] by the warmth of the cars in traveling, and of the houses when one is stationary. I hear the Longfellow girls, who are now at Girton, in England, are aghast at the cold, and the helpless way in which we endure it—and well they may be.”

Here is a bit of fine appreciation. It concerns a preacher and a sermon. Arnold writes to his mother: “ Yesterday I went down to Belgravia and heard Wilkinson; he is a very powerful preacher from his being himself so *possessed*. But it was a very striking sermon—on missions and the *Times* article upon them. The notion was that we are corrupting here from over-vitality, too much life crowded up in too narrow a room, and that the best remedy was to return to the old gospel injunction—go and preach the gospel to every creature. This was in answer to the common objection—begin with your heathen masses at home. He despaired of home, he said; he had at first thought it was the right place to begin, but he now saw the will of God was not so; and then came pictures of the life of the poor in London, and of ‘ society ’ in London, and of the Church of England, all fermenting and corrupting, he said, from too much vitality being jammed up together in too narrow a space; the only remedy was to disperse in missions. We ought all to wish to go, and to bring up our children to wish to go. His triumph was when he

met the natural question—why don't *you* go then? He had wished to go, he said, prayed to go; he still hoped to go, but was not yet suffered; he thought it was because of the sins of his youth and that he was not found worthy; and he compared himself to Moses not allowed because of his faults to enter the Holy Land himself, only permitted to send Joshua. You see what awful risk he ran here of being unreal, even absurd, and he came out triumphant. He was so evidently sincere, more than sincere, burnt up with sorrow, that he carried every one with him, and half the church was in tears. I do not much believe in good being done by a man unless he can give *light*, and Wilkinson's fire is very turbid; but his power of heating, penetrating, and agitating, is extraordinary." (The italics here and throughout are Arnold's.)

I do not at all agree with those critics who call these letters disappointing and unsatisfactory. I wish I had left myself room to illustrate the lovely humanity everywhere exhibited in them, the thoughtfulness for others, the sweet domestic affection, the ardor of zeal for the public good. Altogether, the Matthew Arnold here revealed is a much more engaging personality than is to be found elsewhere in his writings, whether prose or verse. Arnold was not a great man, as he was not a great writer; but he was a man to be peculiarly loved by those who knew him nearly.

IV

HATING AS A DUTY

LET us hate more. Hating is perhaps sufficiently permitted by us as an impulse. It may easily be too much indulged as a moral luxury. But there is not enough of good hating done as a point of duty. I want to say a word in favor of hating on principle.

It makes a great difference what moral attitude we assume toward the acts and the manifestations of human character, which we see or of which we learn. It makes a great difference to ourselves as respects the influence which we thus receive. And it makes a great difference to others as respects the influence which we exert.

Few men look with actual complacency on a bad deed. But few, again if self-interest does not engage their emotions, look on a bad deed with condign abhorrence. The attitude of most men is apt to be the attitude of indifference. But moral indifference toward wrong is a pregnant mistake. We ought to hate wrong with a conscious and vehement passion of resentment and resistance. Abhorrence of evil is vital alike to our safety and to the vigor of our good influence.

I speak now of those acts, or those manifested dispositions, of our fellow men with which we have no proper concern, but a concern of sentiment. We are not at liberty to be neutral in feeling toward wrong, even though it may be necessary for us to remain neutral in conduct toward the wrong. Protest and hatred, in sentiment at least, becomes always our duty.

We are in the midst of an era of sentimentalism. Sentimentalism reigns in literature, in politics, in religion. Now sentimentalism is well enough. But let it be round and whole. There is a hemisphere of austerity belonging to it. The sentimentalist is but half who does not hate, too, as well as love. That love is a spurious affection which is not upon occasion equally capable of hate.

Dr. Arnold hit it when he made his remark about boys that professed their sentimental admiration of virtue: "I have seen enough of boys that loved God. Commend me now to boys that not only love God, but hate the Devil." (I do not pretend to quote his language.) Are we growing half ashamed of the Devil of our orthodox theology? The Devil of Jesus, of Paul, of Luther, has by no means become superfluous yet. We need him as much as ever. That is, we need to believe in him as vitally. The doctrine of the Devil is a most beneficent revelation. We cannot afford to dispense with it. It is very blessed. I feel about it as the

orthodox old lady did about the doctrine of total depravity. They were trying to cheat it away from her. But she clung to it as for life, and said: "Why, take away my total depravity and you take away my religion!" I am not going to give the Devil up. His trick of non-existence—his universal *alibi*—will not answer. It is very adroit; but we are not ignorant of his devices.

It is worth half as much to us to hate the Devil as it is to love God. Our love of God is not stanch and safe till it is well braced with a good hatred of the Devil. It was no Galilean superstition, and no patronage of a Galilean superstition, when Jesus emphasized again and again the existence, the activity, and the power of Satan. It was not a flaming figure of speech. It was the announcement of a fact. It was the announcement of a fact that we needed sorely to know. Our combat with evil is a slack strife until we wrestle thigh to thigh with a personal Apollyon. Paul fought the good fight of his glorious apostleship, under a vivid and constant sense of being pitted not against flesh and blood, but against a real, a living, a personal, though invisible, malignant foe. Luther waged and won the Reformation in mortal grapple with the Devil. The myriad individual struggles against sin going on every day around us, prosper in pretty exact proportion as they are conscious duels with a personal adversary. It is holy hatred, after all,

that knots the muscles, and strains the sinews, and steels the heart, to their last, their victorious, agony of resistance against sin. It was at the supreme moment of his foretasted passion that Jesus himself said: "The prince of this world comes and has nothing in me." Christianity did not commit the capital mistake of enjoining love as a duty, and then leaving the contrasted powers of our nature to barren idleness. The gospel gives us a sphere for holy hatred as well as a sphere for holy love. We ought to take possession of it, and exercise ourselves in hatred. * We are, otherwise, in constant danger of being ourselves perverted to the evil that we neglect to hate.

Many years ago I remember, a lull in the progress of important events left two great civilized nations at leisure to engage in the dignified employment of assisting as spectators at a prize-fight between their representative pugilists. England and America held their breath to watch, while Heenan and Sayres made bloody jelly of each other's faces. The great *Times* newspaper of London, I recall, solemnly improved the inspiring occasion, to draw the complacent conclusion that only nations possessing remarkable qualities could produce two such champions of manly strength and endurance. Indeed, the enthusiasm spread everywhere. It was by no means confined to sporting circles. It was not even a monopoly of the masculine taste. It

invaded the barroom and the parlor alike. It ought to seem incredible, but I well remember hearing Christian young ladies [I could name one, a lady who became afterward in a sort historic, through association with a certain tragic occasion that sent a shudder of horror around the world!] of the highest social position and pretensions, brilliant, traveled, and accomplished, discuss with animation, and without a blush, the disgusting details of the fight. How I wished to remind them of that much-neglected apostolic injunction, "Abhor that which is evil!" I shall never lose the impression which the fitness of that precept then made upon my mind. Those young women even, with all their social grace and refinement, with all the reality of their religion, were not proof against the contagion that was rife around them of soiling sympathy with that beastly scandal erected by the general complicity into that astounding shame. They read, they listened, they asked questions, and they replied, until indifference succeeded to aversion, and then until enthusiasm conquered indifference. Indifference, instinctive aversion even, was not enough to secure their safety. They needed with set purpose to abhor. Deliberate hatred was their panoply.

I did not need to go back so far in time for my illustration. Here is something of recent occurrence. I quote from a metropolitan daily news-

paper of this twentieth century. Not to disgrace a city without need to do so, I suppress its name. I give detached sentences only out of a half-column account written, I must say, with a tone of some suitable censure. Head-lines: "Bloody Contest in Fashionable Portion of ———. Mill Arranged in Hotel for the Convenience of a Select Audience." "Society watched one prize-fighter almost kill another in a ring that was pitched in a small hotel in the heart of the fashionable portion of the east end." "The women were as eager in their enjoyment of the mill as the men." "Now and then S—— would hand the colored man a heavy blow that almost knocked him down, and the *women would clap their hands with delight.*" I have not had the heart to give the *most* disgusting details, but I have given enough surely to show that occasions for performing the duty of abhorrence are not wholly things of the past in our beloved land. Police interference is very well, but nothing can take the place of *abhorrence*.

We all know the living truth and poor poetry of Pope's didactic lines:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

But vice is so ubiquitous that it will inevitably be "seen too oft" by all of us. The daily news-

paper defiles long columns of it every morning before our eyes. It swarms in the street. The shop rings with it, the exchange gabbles with it, the drawing-room buzzes with it. The contact is unavoidable, and the contact will carry the contagion, but upon one exacting condition. We must hate it. We must prick the sides of our slothful and already half-criminal indifference, and rouse it into a positive and vehement passion of abhorrence. Abhorrence of evil is a shield that we cannot afford to do without.

But it is a sword, too. And there is no instrument of aggressive moral influence that at this living moment of our American social and political history, more needs to be wielded with will than the attitude and aspect of abhorrence of evil. When a judge defiles his ermine, let him be ringed around with a bristling environment of abhorrence, in society, in the church, at the bar, and on the street. If a great lawyer sells himself to adamant-foreheaded fraud, let him know himself, and feel himself, abhorred wherever he goes. If a legislator trades the sacred cause for selfish gain, let him confront the visible abhorrence of his colleagues, his neighbors, his constituents, and his countrymen. Why not be a little more specific and descend to say, If a United States Senator—from Missouri, for instance—chooses to distinguish himself by slapping a colored waiter in a dining-car for some

fault or failing, real or fancied, and you are present to see it done, arm yourself instantly with an unmistakable expression on your countenance indicative of the scorn it is to be hoped you instinctively feel for the ruffianly and cowardly act, and make sure that the perpetrator takes the full force of your look. If you are numerous enough, and unanimous enough, and instantaneous enough, in thus doing, there will probably be no need of your uttering a confirmatory inarticulate note with your voice—which, however, would be very appropriate—in order to inflict an adequate punishment on the man who had so revived in your presence the brute, slave-driving, plantation manners of *ante-bellum* days.

If, after that, you have the chance, be sure you use it with effect, to let the unworthy ostensible administerer of justice understand what you think of a judge that will on the bench openly approve and applaud the outrage committed, therewith dismissing the case and thus depriving the outraged sufferer of all hope of condign legal redress. You will not lay yourself liable to penalty for technical “contempt of court,” if you manage somehow to *express* the *non-technical* contempt you feel for such judicial behavior. If you are well supported by others, the judge, out of court, will wholesomely find himself now, for a change, “in contempt”—though not quite in the same sense in which he

sometimes technically places those who affront his official dignity.

You may call what is thus recommended a sentimental punishment. Such it is. But men are governed by sentiment. And there is no earthly penalty so dreadful, so omnipresent, so imminent, so appalling, as the felt scorn of one's fellow men. Not one man in a million could bear up under it. It is an impalement of mordant fire. It is the "greater ex-communication" of the human race. And this punishment, in varying degrees of it, it is in the power of public opinion to inflict.

We have had quite enough of sentimental charity by itself. Charity needs a little wholesome bitter to make it stay sweet. It has a trick of turning rancid when kept too pure. The public conscience cannot stand the gospel of indiscriminate love. There really are some things that ought to be hated. Let us hate them—cheerfully, frankly, and out of a pure heart fervently.

V

FORGIVING

GOOD forgiving is a scarce commodity. It is precious, too, as it is rare. But to forgive well is hard work. In fact it is entirely *too* hard work for those people who think it is easy. What they have in mind when they think forgiveness is easy is something far different from true forgiveness. It is easy enough to say, "I forgive you"; but to "think the *thing*" forgive, I repeat, is hard.

Of course forgiveness presupposes a wrong suffered—a real wrong, or at least a wrong felt to be real. It presupposes a true *sense* of injury—a grieved, hurt, wounded feeling. Forgiveness is the clear, outright abandonment of this feeling once for all, and the perfect restoration of the state of heart, a little softened, it may be, but certainly not hardened, that existed before the experience of injury. Forgiveness is not therefore the mere negation of a purpose to retaliate. It is not merely a giving up of resentment. It is besides, the pure, sweet, heavenly, holy, Christlike act of reinstating the wrong-doer in the same relation to oneself, as if he had never done the wrong. This is Christian

forgiveness. And forgiveness other than Christian there is none.

For my own part, I do not find forgiveness commanded in Scripture, or possible in experience, save upon the condition of repentance and acknowledgment. To forgive a wrong-doer that has not repented of his wrong-doing is not simply hard work. It is impossible work. You *cannot* restore a wrong-doer, while his feeling is still that of wrong-doing, to the same place in your regard as before the wrong was done. This is not only beyond human nature, but it is outside the sphere of grace. It is a miracle that God does not choose to work.

You may exercise every other kind feeling toward one who injures you. You cannot forgive him in this full, this triumphant, sense. You may abandon, or you may never have conceived, a resentful feeling. You may pray for him, you may love him, you may do him a thousand kindnesses, but forgive him, as I have described forgiveness, you cannot, unless he repents and confesses.

It is no forgiveness when you say, "I forgive, but I can never forget." It is the unforgiving spirit that says that. It may be true that you can never forget. But if you are really, heartily, wholly forgiving, you will not remember that you are never going to forget. Still less will you wish to *say* that you are never going to forget. Least of all will you feel like saying so in the spirit which

such a form of words almost necessarily implies. The forgiver, if he remembers at all, at the moment of forgiving, that he is never going to forget, will remember it tenderly, with a certain access of broken-hearted feeling which increases rather than diminishes love, and which adds the crowning grace to the beauty and the victory of forgiveness.

It is no forgiveness when you say, "I forgive, but I am grieved at the wrong you have done me." Ceasing to feel grieved is a part, an essential part, of the act of forgiveness. We cheat ourselves; we take back, with the other hand, what we have just given with the one, when we say we forgive and immediately add that we feel "grieved" nevertheless. "Feeling grieved," under such circumstances, that is, after the wrong-doer has repented and made reparation and acknowledgment, is keeping the grudge that we pretend to give up. "Feeling grieved" is the more Christian-sounding name of the heathen spirit of grudge. It means that we are as resentful still as we dare to be. It means that we intend to whip the wrong-doer with a stronger impression of his wrong-doing. It means, that is to say, that we do not *forgive*. Forgiveness, that prompt, generous, joyful, utter act of love, is hard work. "Lord, increase our faith."

We are to forgive as God forgives. Should we not feel it a mockery if Christ said, "I forgive you,

but I feel wounded ''? Christ's sense of being wronged and wounded is all over from the moment that he has forgiven. We feel our own wrong-doing, but he does not feel it any more. It is forgiven. Forgiveness is a healing mordant which, with sweet pain, burns the sense of our wrongdoing deep into our consciences and our hearts. The sense of wrong is all transferred. We feel it doubly who have done it, because he who has suffered it feels it no longer.

We ought to confess to and forgive each other more. Families of parents and children should learn to practice this reciprocal act of love every day. Remember that confession is the condition of forgiveness, and that forgiveness forgets, or at least forgets to remember, and that it never continues to "feel grieved." There are no "ifs" and no "buts" in forgiveness.

VI

A PLEA FOR THE "ELUSIVE" IN POETRY

I AM impressed anew with the relativity of things. How seldom are we entitled to make an absolute assertion! And this in matters of literary judgment, not less than elsewhere. What has brought this reflection freshly to my mind just now is a certain expression of literary opinion met with in the editorial columns of an important American weekly magazine.

Mr. Walt Whitman and Mr. John Burroughs had somewhere been quoted confirming each other in speaking of "A certain elusive quality there is in the highest poetry"—"which all seems to us moonshine," bluffly declares the editorial critic referred to, "whether Whitman or Burroughs says it."

Quite probably I should agree with the writer of this iconoclastic piece of Philistinism, about almost any given particular poem or poetical passage that might be submitted to our joint and several assay. But, really, having at this moment in mind some certain favorite poems, and passages in poems, in which I recognize, or seem to recognize, what I

should be willing to describe as an "elusive quality," I do not quite give in my adhesion to the canon of literary art that exorcises utterly this subtle spirit from poetry. Nay, but let us keep a little room yet for indefiniteness in poetry; indefiniteness that suggests without clearly expressing. Call it "moonshine," if you will; but remember that moonshine also is beautiful, and beautiful with a beauty of its own. As, in Eve's dream, the serenader said,

now reigns
Full-orbed the moon and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things,

so who is there of us that has not his moonshiny moments of loving indistinct outlines? Are not these sometimes "more pleasing"? Milton was a manly genius, as he was a manly character; but he knew the charm of the "certain elusive quality," and he used it (with frugal taste, no doubt, but used it) in his poetry. Is there not something elusive in that place of the "Samson Agonistes" in which he speaks of a certain state or condition as

dark
And silent as the moon
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave?

Where is the moon's interlunar cave? How is this cave "vacant" when the moon is "hid" in it?

Can you construe this magical line so that there will be nothing elusive in it, nothing to provoke and stimulate the imagination with suggestion that refuses to be put into exact expression? Of course, we all know that the comparison is to the moon between the time of her disappearing and of her reappearing in the heavens, month by month; but does not the conception elude you of the absent moon's being hid in a vacant cave? And is the moon any more "silent" than she is at her full? What is the residuum left after you have volatilized away all that is "elusive" in the "Lycidas"?

If we come now to Tennyson, is there not an "elusive quality" in the Bugle Song of the "Princess"? Is there not something that does not strike the sense? "Tears, idle tears"—is that all clear-cut and definite? When we read in the "In Memoriam" of

The sound of streams that, swift or slow,
Draw down æonian hills and sow
The dust of continents to be,

are we sure that we get all the effect when we simply understand the plain meaning, as it would be set down in prose? Go over and over that first line—"The sound of streams that, swift or slow"; do it with a kind of inward voice, if that be not too elusive for you; and, with me, have you not

felt a spell in the soft, distant, murmurous sound of it, that might fairly be called elusive? Is not precisely the poetry of it a something that eludes, unless you have just that sort of appreciation which captures and retains?

Now, the writer of the editorial paragraph that is the cause of this plea for the "elusive" in poetry, is himself sounder in the true faith than he is rightly aware. He proves it by the way in which he tries to be more materialistic and hard than it is fairly in his nature to be. He says: "There is a thousandfold more poetry in the day than there is in the night; and in the night the poetry is in the clear-shining stars and the sharp-cut moon and the *flocking* and *flecking* clouds that *fleece* the *clean* sky." Here, now, is an "elusive quality" of Homeric association. The writer is challenged to deny it. And an "elusive quality," too, of alliteration and assonance; elusive, that is to say, to some, though to others it would be obvious enough, while to yet others, more finical, it might be even too obvious.

But with "elusiveness" is joined "obscurity," as a second quality averred by the writer not once to be present in any of the three poets that he names. These are his words: "Who are the famous poets of the English language? Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson; and not one of them ever wrote a line that was obscure and elusive." Sure-

ly, obscurity and elusiveness are things that exist not absolutely, but in relation. The editor replies to an inquiring correspondent, supplying the latter with some expositions of passages proposed as specimens of obscurity in Tennyson. Very good and very just the expositions most of them are; but what do they prove? Not, certainly, that Tennyson is not obscure; only that the expositor is clever. In one instance I think I can prove that, relatively, at least, the line expounded is elusive, if not obscure.

Love the indifference to be

is the line from canto xxvi of the "In Memoriam." This, says the expositor, "seems clear." He then proceeds to explain that the thought is of Love as degenerating into a listless unconcern about the continuance of life; into "the indifference to be." If this be, indeed, the poet's sense, the language is put to some violence to express it. It is not very natural to describe a suicidal turn of mind as "*the* indifference to be." Tennyson does not, however, upon occasion, stick at a necessary force upon words to make them speak his sense, rather than their own; but some of us that love Tennyson's poetry, notwithstanding that we find it occasionally obscure, have put a quite different sense upon this line. We have understood it to express the idea of a possible future change of

loyal love into indifference toward the friend. The poet shrank from such a thought. He would rather die than have his friendship turn into indifference. He invoked from God death, as the preferable alternative. If God, that sees "within the green, the moldered tree," saw within his, the poet's, present flourishing passion for his friend the "indifference" that, perhaps, was yet "to be," might he perish, rather than suffer the change. Whichever of these differing accounts is the true, certain it is that, to one or the other of the two sets of interpreters Tennyson's sense, if not obscure, is, at least, elusive. I stand up as strong as any for Tennyson. I think I can generally understand him. When he is a little elusive to me, I like him not the less for that, and I win not the less from him; but I frankly admit that he is now and then obscure, faultily so, and in a few instances obscure to the degree of unintelligibleness. I have never been able to get any save a very obscure and elusive sense out of this stanza, for example, the concluding one of the "Dream of Fair Women":

Because all words, though culled with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

Then as to Shakespeare, I am forced to acknowledge that I find in him a good many lines that I have to study before I understand them, and not

a few that I do not understand after studying them. I shall not affront the universal assent of mankind to Shakespeare's supreme excellence, by implying any doubt that it is my own fault, not the poet's, when I fail to understand him. Still, I argue that a dramatist, of all writers, if he be a true master of his art, should write so as to be intelligible on a first reading. He may have further depths of meaning, not to be sounded except at cost of much study on our part; but there ought, it would seem, to be some portion of the sense involved that a fairly intelligent mind could seize at sight or at hearing. This, I am ashamed to confess, is not by any means always the case in my own experience with Shakespeare. Again and again, in some play of his, a character that should not, according to any fitness of things perceivable by me, utter himself or herself in a style above or beneath even my apprehension, will deliver a message that baffles my best efforts to understand it. This is, of course, "obscurity"—to me; not absolute, therefore, but relative, obscurity. I ought not to involve my friends in the reproach of a dullness like my own; but I am bound to say that friends of mine, too, reading Shakespeare in company with me, have shared my experience in this respect. This is extremely mortifying; but it is fact, and I, hence, conclude that Shakespeare is absolutely free from obscurity—only to such as find him so. And

Shakespeare's sonnets—are they not a *realm* of elusiveness and obscurity?

That freedom from obscurity in writing is always desirable I grant and insist. Elusiveness—that, also, is generally to be eschewed. Only let us indulge this last a little in poetry. How otherwise can we have

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream?

Is not that an elusive light? but who would abolish it? Not, certainly, a true lover of poetry, like the writer of that editorial paragraph of literary criticism.

VII

THE SALT OF SINCERITY IN HYMNS

THERE is nothing else that saves, in human achievement, as does sincerity. This is as true in literature as it is in anything else. It is as true in religious literature as it is in literature of any other sort. It is as true in hymns as it is in any other department of religious literature.

Here is your true test and touchstone: Is that sincere? Does it express a real thought, a real emotion? The answer to these questions will generally decide whether a given hymn is to be sung, or to be despised. Technical faults, or technical excellences, are not to be considered, until the main question of *sincerity* is settled. It is not much matter that a hymn halts in rhythm or in rhyme—that its grammar fails, that its rhetoric sins. These are quite subordinate points. The thing that acquits, or that condemns, is a different matter. Did the writer have a true experience in mind and in heart, and is this hymn a transcript of that experience? If yes, then his hymn shall be sung, grammar or no grammar, rhetoric or no rhetoric, rhythm good or bad!

Well, now, we must not let our zeal for sincerity

make us insincere. We cannot altogether mean the whole of what we say. We are only oversaying this, namely, that sincerity is, though not everything that is to be considered in deciding for or against a hymn, yet more than everything besides. The chief trouble with the wretched hymns that rhyme-wrights and accomplice printers spawn upon us in these Sunday-school times—the chief trouble with these execrable productions, is not their outrageous imagery, their felonious grammar, their technical faults of every kind, it is their radical falseness, their scandalous want of sincerity.

Isaac Watts shall equal almost any one of the brood of hymn-makers in technical faults, but there shall be withal a salt of sincerity in his song that saves it, nay, that glorifies it. Take for example the following stanza, which I am obliged to quote from memory of several years ago, and which therefore I cannot be sure of printing here with absolute correctness (the poet is fixed and rapt in a prophetic vision of heaven) :

There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits,
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds!

How audacious this is, yet how reverent—nay, how seraphic in intense and holy adoration! What recklessness of rhyme! “Sits” and “delights,” “shines” and “minds”—what could be worse?

The Sunday-school hymns of the last decade of years might be searched in vain to find rhymes that would beat these of Watts's in badness. Still, the stanza is not simply a pardonable stanza, it is a magnificent stanza. At least, it affects me as such. It constitutes an incomparable picture. Suddenly, as if a veil were lifted, the scene is set forth to view—a scene vivid in splendor, transcendent in beatitude. Observe how the central figure is presented. He is a “man,” “*the man*”—he is “blest,” a word the felicitous ambiguity of which leaves you free to mingle the elements of glory and of dearness, attributed to the subject, in proportion as you will. This being is “mine”—mine in the relation of “Savior”—“my Savior.” He “sits”—to imply, what? Enthronement, or social accessibility? Either or both, at your pleasure, but at all events a settled state, past trial now, and past vicissitude of chance or change. All at once, this “man” is deified: “The God, how bright he shines!” First seen to be man, he is immediately as man exalted to be God. Then, “how bright he shines!” leaps out like a heaven-wide splendor of lightning that, to your prepared eyes, is as grateful as it is dazzling. He “shines” and in his shining “scatters”—what a magnificent opulence and profusion in the word!—“infinite delights”—Watts's imagination had a sympathetic largeness and generosity in it, the attribute at once of filial

piety and of authentic genius—he had unlimited resources here, and he lavished them with language of unlimited largess—“scatters infinite delights on all the happy minds!” That word “minds,” polarized to this use of it, in the princely right of the anointed psalmist and poet, how happily the boldness and unusualness of its chime with the general tone of rapt and exalted vision and emotion that could so successfully scorn technical correctness and make the scorn itself enhance the final nobleness of the effect! The stanza is absolutely finer—so it seems to me—than it would have been if strictly conformable to technical rules. There is no other way in which the dominion of sentiment could be made to appear so transcendent, as by the sacrifice to it of what ordinarily is by right deemed of high importance—the decorum of technical correctness.

Let pastors, Sunday-school superintendents, leaders of prayer-meetings, see to it that the hymns they give out to be sung, whatever else they may lack, have the salt of sincerity in them. The importance of this is great, and it is pressing. The educating force of hymns is enormous. A generation of Christians is now to a great extent receiving its impression from a fashion of hymns at present prevailing—a fashion in which the saving salt of sincerity is *not* the element most importunately demanded by those who select them for singing.

VIII

A BLOSSOM ON HIS GRAVE

So dear Dr. Gillette is gone—faded away into the sky! Blessings on his memory! His successor in the pastorship of the Calvary Baptist Church, speaking in his capacity as invited contributor to *The Examiner*, has paid fit and exemplary tribute to his character and service. I read Dr. MacArthur's choice and beautiful words, chaste in expression, as appropriately appreciative in spirit, and a train of personal recollections was started in my own breast. What junior of Dr. Gillette in the ministry, that had any opportunity of contact with that bland and generous spirit, but could contribute his reminiscences of something done by him, or said, that cheered a chapter of life with fresh impulse, needed help, or healing sympathy? Still, with reason enough to be silent myself among so many equally entitled with me to speak, I must open my heart a little in honor of Dr. Gillette, and drop my chaplet of rosemary for remembrance on his just-made grave.

It was longer ago than it is necessary to recall and to state. It was immediately after my gradu-

ation from the seminary. I had been taking a summer vacation abroad, preparatory to assuming the pastoral care of a church in New Haven. In London, I met Dr. Gillette. There was then no relation even of acquaintanceship between us. He was a pastor with reputation in New York City, and I was "student" pastor-elect of a church without conspicuous standing in a town in Connecticut. No matter, he was affable, kind. He proposed that I should return on the steamer with him. I readily consented. We then parted for a few days, but I duly repaired to Southampton to join him on shipboard. The vessel was a Bremen steamer. What was my dismay to find that the *Bremen* was full, full to running over, everywhere. Not a berth to be had in first or second cabin, not a vacant seat at table!

I was under engagement to be in New Haven on a day fixed, and this was absolutely the last steamer departure that I could avail myself of and be in time. From the steamer office I went to the captain on board, no, to the captain in the office at the time and hastening to be off—to him I appealed. He shook his ominous German head. But I, for my part, opposed a Yankee persistency to his Teuton refusal, and I prevailed. The captain, however, imposed heavy conditions. I was to be a second-cabin passenger, and I was to sleep, as I could, in the smoking-room, the second-class smok-

ing-room at that, and the steamer a German steamer!

But there was no alternative, except to fail my day at New Haven, and I ruefully agreed. The afternoon of our start from Southampton was a pleasant one in October. Dr. Gillette, already on board, met me cordially, and to my account of my fortune, replied cheerfully that something could be done. He kindly introduced me to a group of passengers whom he had come to know, from New York. The captain happening to pass, he introduced me to the captain. Dr. Gillette was a "complimentary" passenger, having been offered the passage through some friend that had influence with the steamer company. His introduction had weight, accordingly, with the captain, with whom he had, I believe, crossed in coming out. At Dr. Gillette's suggestion, the captain gave me the freedom of the first-cabin passengers' deck for promenade. The next step in my promotion was for me to be invited to a seat vacant, through the sickness of its proper occupant—sickness certain to last the whole voyage—at table with Dr. Gillette.

I passed but one dreary night, drying and curing in the mingled fumes of that dreadful smoking-room. I was after that assigned a sofa in the first-cabin saloon, where I camped nights, with tolerable comfort, through the rest of the voyage. Well I remember the occasion when the steward of that

department made his tour to examine the tickets of the passengers. The captain, with great demonstration of cruelty, had it written into my ticket that I was to lodge in the second-class smoking-room. The steward did not fail to notice this indignity. With just indignation at my presumption in being where I was, he declared in broken English, "You second-class, go second-class." I undoubtedly *was* second-class, if I can judge at all by the feelings that I recollect having at that moment, thus nobly adjured in the presence of fellow passengers to whom I could not instantly make the proper explanation.

I had nerve enough, encouraged by my friend-at-court, to seat myself as usual at Dr. Gillette's table—it was the captain's table—for dinner that day. I was, in fact, to be very gratefully surprised. But how could I tell that my friend, the honest and indignant steward, in possession of my terrible secret, might not choose that opportunity to pluck me from my seat in disgrace? He did indeed come to me—to me of all the guests at table. I heard the click of a wine-glass behind me, I knew the flash of a hand close at my side. There was a glass being filled by my plate. Of course it was a mistake. I looked behind me to see who was there, what it meant. My friend, the steward! His face was all smile and blush, and to my inquiring look, he said, "The captain!" and signed to the head

of the table. There sat the captain, bowing and smiling, with reassurance, hospitality, welcome, good feeling, wreathed and written in all the lines of his face. The steward was complaisance itself after that, and the voyage so darkly begun, was finished as brightly as a reasonable man could have hoped.

The hours and hours of fellowship with the author of this "sea-change" to me! I shall never forget them, nor the tact of universal self-adjustment displayed by Dr. Gillette—a lesson in *savoir vivre* that I should have been sluggish indeed not to learn—but how much better I ought to have learned it! No dash of acerbity did I for one moment discern in that lavish wealth of genial temperament. Dr. Gillette did not know that I was younger than he. He did not know that he had done me a kindness. We were fellow men, fellow passengers, fellow Christians—that was all. It was the consummate flower of courtesy and goodwill.

Of Dr. Gillette's preaching, I never enjoyed opportunity of knowing very much. He certainly was a natural public speaker. When he was pastor in Sing Sing, he came down once to Tarrytown, I remember, and spoke on some occasion that made his sweet suasive gift of utterance seem beautifully fit and apt. But it was not of Dr. Gillette, the orator, it was of Dr. Gillette, the man, the gentleman, that

I was prompted here to speak. One voyage in life we began and finished together. The voyage of life he has finished a little before me. When I, too, touch port at last, arrival will be somewhat sweeter with the prospect of meeting Dr. Gillette again.

IX

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH LITTLE CHILDREN

It is an art to become acquainted with a little child. The great secret is not to force matters. Let the child take its own way and choose its own time. A child, he or she, is like a woman. It will be wooed, and not unsought be won. The best course is to let the child have its look at you without feeling that you, too, are looking at it. Be, as it were, unconcerned. Above all, avoid a full meeting of its eyes with your eyes. The child will wish to make a satisfactory inspection of your eyes at its leisure. But no progress is made as long as you also are examining its eyes. You are the questionable party—not the child. Let the child have time and opportunity to be perfectly assured that you are a suitable person for it to become acquainted with. After that you need make no further advances. The child's curiosity and native social disposition may be trusted to bring it all the way to you.

But remember not to look at the child at first if it seems shy. If you hold out a lure to it, don't

appear to care whether the lure attracts or not. Dangle your watch in the child's sight, and keep on talking with the third person, with averted eyes, until the child is allured to approach. Very likely it will not then really approach at once. It will take a few moments to watch you. Probably it is much influenced by observing the manner in which you are treated by its father or mother. Wait till this has had time to produce its full reassuring effect.

Nothing tends to embarrass a child in forming acquaintance with a stranger more than to be conscious of being watched all the time in the process. A complete block is often effected by having the conversation of a company suspended, while all present devote themselves to watching, or encouraging, the proceedings. If you are the suitor under such circumstances, you had better just decline any further attempt for the moment. The child cannot bear to be the object of notice of this sort. Select your time when the child is free to be observer and not observed.

I have often thus succeeded in getting into good relations at the first interview with a child that was famous for its fastidious shyness with strangers. My master secret lies in avoiding encounter of eyes, until after the child is satisfied that I am a safe and responsible party.

X

TWO POINTS OF EQUIPMENT FOR LITERARY CRITICISM

CERTAIN instances, occurring in journalism, of what seemed to me to be missing of the point, have led me to reflect on the many-sided preparation required for literary judgment. One of the instances referred to was a "broadside" of classic plagiarisms, so-styled, in which hardly a single parallel cited made on my own mind the impression of being in the nature of the fault alleged. Similarly there was, coincidence of thought, or of expression, indebtedness, it might be, on the one part or on the other, but true plagiarism—that is, conscious conveyance of literary property, with purpose to appropriate credit and withhold acknowledgment—of this, as I said, scarcely in any one solitary example did I discover a trace.

Considering the reason why the compiler of such a conspectus should have felt plagiarism where I felt none, I observed signs, as I thought, of deficiency on his part in what I should call literary sense. Literary sense I take to be the fundamental thing in the equipment of a critic. This is something

not very easy to define. Fortunately, however, it is also a thing not very necessary to be defined. Everybody that would understand the definition would already probably have understood the expression itself without the definition. Literary sense, let us say, is the capacity to appreciate literature as literature. It is a faculty quite distinguishable from ability to judge of an idea as true or false, of an expression as accurate or inaccurate. Additionally to the ideas of truth and of correctness, the element of fitness, of beauty, of power, must enter as condition to every exercise of the literary sense. Literary sense may be cultivated, but it cannot be created. If I have no germ of it in me by birth, I can in no way get it to cultivate. The germ is not in the market to be bought at any price of labor or pains. To the man with literary sense a thing will seem to be plagiarism that to the man without such sense would never suggest the idea. Conversely, mere intelligence will find plagiarism where literary sense, perceiving well the ground of imputation, would not for a moment admit the imputation as just.

Another instance provocative of these reflections was an accusation brought against Byron of plagiarism from the Italian poets. The accusation was not justified, for the simple reason that the very striking parallels displayed were due to openly-acknowledged translations of certain originals

which the poet was so far from unfairly appropriating that he even quoted the text of them, or of some of them, in his own notes to his poetry. At least in my edition of Byron—a most admirable one, published in Paris—I find ample acknowledgment made in notes, apparently Byron's own, they not being signed as are those obviously from other hands. Here was a case in which both literary knowledge and imperfect literary knowledge snared and betrayed the critic. If he had not made enterprising excursions of his own in the fair fields of Italian letters, he would not have observed the coincidence that he charged as plagiarism. On the other hand, if he had been still better read than he was in the literature about Byron, he would have seen the true character of the coincidence that struck him. Large literary knowledge—full literary knowledge, I should like to say, but full who can make his knowledge of literature?—is necessary for the critic.

It is, perhaps, not possible certainly to say, but I am tempted to suspect that literary sense, allowed full play, that is, not embarrassed by the supposed possession of knowledge conclusive in the case, might, quite apart from such knowledge, supposed or real, in actual possession, fairly acquit Byron of plagiarism in his incorporation of, for instance, Dante's famous passage in the opening of Canto VIII, of the "Purgatorio." Assuredly, Byron has

produced scores of passages unmistakably his own not less beautiful than this lovely passage in "Don Juan":

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart,
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay.

There is really nothing here in the thought that makes the passage very remarkable. The place and relation of the thought, the form in which the thought is expressed, these, rather than the thought itself, give its value to the passage. But these elements are of one sort in Dante, and of quite another sort in Byron. Byron, that is to say, supplied for himself what was chiefly of value in his own passage. This removes his proceeding out of the range of true plagiarism. The literary sense, in free exercise, would, I think, determine so much in Byron's favor. But Byron distinctly points out his original, quotes it, in fact, and adds the remark that Dante's "last line is the first of Gray's Elegy, taken by him without acknowledgment." The interest of Byron's lines is enhanced, not lessened, and the merit too, as well, by their being a translation. If honesty had not prompted the acknowledgment from Byron, the literary sense in him would have prompted it, the lines at once receive

so much heightening of effect from the association.

If I have seemed, in making these suggestions, to claim for myself the possession of literary sense, why, to imagine that for oneself is, I suppose, a universal weakness of those who deal at all with literature. It will certainly here be a vanity harmless to everybody—everybody, at least, unless it be myself—and I am willing to risk provoking from the wise a smile at my presumption, for the sake of saying a few things that I hoped it might be not without its use to say.

XI

GENIUS LOCI

THERE is something very curious in atmosphere, environment; that combination of circumstances or conditions peculiar to a given situation in life which goes so far in determining a man's success or failure. Situate a man in a certain way, even in a certain place, and you condemn him to fail. Change his standing-ground and you insure him success. A man, now no longer living, was a city pastor in a church that steadily declined under his care, until it was a mere question of time, and apparently of a very short time, when he would be obliged to retire from the field a confessed and open failure. Just at the right moment an opportunity offered for a change. The pastor was invited to a different place. He went, and at once found himself in a sphere of conditions that seemed spontaneously to conspire for the making of his fortune. He was welcomed into the open-armed embrace of instantaneous popular appreciation, and sailed easily, smoothly, triumphantly, on a sea where every wind filled his canvas, every current pushed his

keel, and the great tide bore him on in a prosperous voyage. As if to make the illustration complete, this man was succeeded, in his previous pastorate, by a minister who, having comparatively failed in the same community that now became the scene of his predecessor's prosperity, immediately began to resuscitate the moribund church, and in fact soon made it one of the most conspicuously enterprising and flourishing Christian organizations in the whole land.

Such a coincidence of contrasts is not to be attributed simply to the influence of adaptation. At least, there was nothing but the event in the two cases to suggest the idea that the mere difference of individual adaptedness produced the contrasted results. It was something less obvious, less calculable, than fitness in the man to the place. It was a wide, impalpable, atmospheric influence, to be felt when at work but not to have been anticipated in forecast, that made the contrast.

To analyze this influence is very difficult. Some trifling occurrence perhaps, at the outset of the new career in the new place, does much. You commit a little mistake, or, committing no mistake, you are misunderstood. In the light of this misunderstanding you go on being interpreted wrongly and unfavorably. Whatever you do somehow works against you. The winds are contrary, the tide sucks you back, the currents foam against your keel.

There is no use. You may make a brave struggle but you will make no headway. It will cost all your strength to keep yourself from receding. At your best you will only stand still. Well, you are not to be a craven, and give up at the first show of controversy in the elements against you. But so, too, you are not to be obstinate in persisting. It is not good thrift to spend all you have in just managing not to be beaten. Shift to the side of the elements, and get them in alliance. Hitch your wagon to a star, as the homely-happy Emersonian phrase has it.

It is every time almost an equal chance, when a man makes a fresh start in a new way, whether the omnipotent word of people will be in his favor or against him. There is something well-nigh ludicrously incomputable about popularity. The people will speak well of one man and ill of another, without assigned or assignable cause. It depends upon the atmosphere, the climate, the *genius loci*. No wonder the ancients reckoned good luck among the qualities of character. There is something that looks so much like mere luck in the prosperity of the prosperous. Still, a deeper observation perceives that the good luck by no means constantly sticks to the man. Quite as often it forsakes him, when he takes the risk of changing. The good luck then turns out to have belonged to the man's circumstances, and not to the man himself.

It is at once depressing and consoling, this doctrine of the *genius loci*. Happily, however, it exerts its consoling influence in favor of the depressed man, and its depressing influence for the man that is prosperous and can bear a little damping of his spirit, that, in truth, perhaps, needs to bear it. If you find things working against you, just gird up your loins and see if with a manful effort you cannot master things. If the conspiracy to your disadvantage is wide and manifold, is elemental, console yourself. It is not you, it is the *genius loci*. Blame him, gently, sweetly, bravely, and—surrender. No profit in fighting the *genius loci*. He is like what old Tulliver pathetically found the world to be for him, “too many” for you. Shift your place to where the *genius loci* will be on your side.

The practical lesson of this bit of philosophy is plain. First, if you are doing well where you are, stay. You cannot pack up the atmosphere that is helping you, in your trunk, and carry it with you. The reputation you have gained is local. It will not travel when you travel. You are the Honorable Mr. Smith, universally known and respected—this, exactly where you now are. Take the train and try the next county and you become plain Mr. Smith, who probably is no better than he should be, or why, pray, did he think it necessary to remove? You have thrown away your advantage, and begun

the world over again with an even chance once more against you. This advice is good for anybody, but it is especially good for ministers. The reputation of a minister, the general consideration accorded to him where he is known, is not a portable commodity. He cannot box it up and ship it with his household stuff. He must go bare of it if he goes.

On the other hand, if you are badly off, hopelessly so, where you are, consider that probably there is a place somewhere in which the *genius loci* would work for you as mysteriously as now he works against you. Pluck up heart. Say, The fault is in my stars, not in myself, that I do not get on. That may be as true in your case as Cassius thought the opposite was true in his own case and that of Brutus. You may not find the favorable place, to be sure. You may even fare worse through a change. But then you may fare better. By faring better I mean have a better chance of working with the elements, and not against them—to make yourself of some use in the world. Do not go cravenly. But do not hang on cravenly. Perhaps go with a heart for any fate, and God bless you. If you find where the *genius loci* will second you, what may you not hope?

Still, being worthy to succeed is itself the best success; do not mind the *genius loci* overmuch. God is sovereign, and to some select spirits he ap-

portions failure for their true success. Wait till the Judge pronounces. No one certainly knows till then. Judge nothing before the time. Wait and work, and be strong. Exult in being faithful, and so triumph, even without success.

XII

FROM THE GENESEE TO THE HUDSON IN A BUGGY

A JOURNAL of journeys by private conveyance across the State of New York would be good reading. The journal should, of course, be well written—that is, written so that the style should be nothing in the world but transparent, invisible medium through which facts observed and experienced might be vividly seen. Such a journal I do not here undertake to prepare. I have made the journey, I have observed the facts, I have had the experiences; but I lack an essential qualification for writing them properly. I possess no notes or memoranda made at the moment and on the spot. Besides, I have taken the journey several times. The freshness of new and unwonted impression would be wanting to any picture that I could sketch. Things, too, that would strike on the first experience, having become, in a sense, familiar to me, strike no longer as different enough from what is common to merit being noted and described.

The interest of a traveler's narrative and description will accordingly be absent here. What I

propose is to set down a few of the things that have impressed themselves upon my mind as the result of my various experiences in travel by the old-fashioned highway between the Genesee and the Hudson. I have tried nearly all the methods of transit available now, except the most ancient and most natural one of all—going on foot. In fact, so diversified have been my ways and my means of frequently passing to and fro between Tarrytown, where I lived, and Rochester, where I worked, that, being once hard bestead for something to say, on sudden call to my feet before an assemblage of my neighbors in Tarrytown, convened for familiar mutual consultation on a matter of local interest, I ventured to remark that I felt like a kind of Colossus bestriding the country; and, considering the variety of my routes of travel, I might even call myself a Colossus of Roads. I have been shot through the space on carboard; I have galloped across it on horseback; I have lounged and rocked through it in a buggy; I have crept and slept over it, like Horace, on the canal; I have done it by the valley of the Mohawk; I have done it on the Cherry Valley turnpike; I have done it along the Newburg and Cochection turnpike (dreadful road, never to be attempted again!); I have done it by the lakes, by the Susquehanna, and over the shoulders of the Catskills. What amplitude and variety of experience can do toward qualifying a man for fulfilling

the modest task here assumed, I may justly confess to have had done for me.

The first thing that I set down as, perhaps, the leading impression made on my mind by what I have seen, is the greatness of the State of New York. I do not mean its greatness in extent measured by miles (though that dimension of its greatness is, of course, likely to make an enhanced impression on the mind of one who traverses its surface in the leisurely way of such travel as mine); but its greatness in possession of all those varied resources which create and assure the greatness of a state. Fertility of soil; ease of cultivation; intelligence and enterprise of cultivators; means, natural and artificial, of travel and transportation; water-power, abundant and fruitfully employed; manufactures stimulating agriculture and, in turn, supported by it; mineral treasures; a teeming but not crowded population; diversified production, from wheat, with all its kindred grains, to the apple, with every kind of fruit not tropical, each in enormous supply; lakes, rivers, mountains, valleys, making natural scenery, not, certainly within equal area, anywhere surpassed in the world—well does New York deserve, what no chance of the future can ever take from her, the title that she proudly wears, with none to challenge it, of Empire State. This impression is wonderfully deepened on the mind by day after day of observation, as the vast

panorama of what New York has to show, is slowly and endlessly unrolled under the eye of the traveler, enjoying leisure to take in the significance of it all.

A second impression, almost ludicrously contrasting in character with the one just noted, is the remarkable rarity of highly-developed household comfort on the part of the inhabitants. I do not, of course, suppose that this is true in an exceptional degree of the inhabitants of the State of New York. I have had campaigning experience in New England similar to that which I have mentioned as enjoyed in New York, and it is, I am satisfied, true generally of our whole American community that home comfort, the material comfort, I mean, that springs from domestic tact and skill, from housewifery, is lamentably rare. The practical impossibility of getting good accommodations for living on the road is, in fact, the one great drawback on the plan of travel for health or pleasure by private conveyance. You will not be satisfactorily lodged or fed. This you must certainly count on. If you get a good bed in a good room once a fortnight, say you are happy. If you find good bread, a properly-broiled steak, a well-made cup of coffee, with the garnishes to render it perfect—if you find these things say every twentieth time, bear your nineteen disgusts and feast thankfully on remembrance and hope, till the exception comes round again. I know

you will say: 'But, good bread-and-milk—that, surely, the country must afford in abundance, and that will be meat and drink for me.' Never a greater mistake. Bread is seldom good, and good bread-and-milk, with its sweet and wholesome sound, is not made up of bad bread and good milk. And then, strange to say, you will have to manage with much wit to get the good milk. Ten to one it will be skim-milk that they furnish you. Cream? Why, dear, trusting soul, cream is the material of butter, and the thrifty folk will give you cream as they would drain you out the ruddy drops of their blood. Butter you shall have in plenty; but cream—which makes butter—the very idea shocks the country mind. In some parts they sell their milk outright to the "creamery," and in those parts to get even the plain milk will be a test of your foraging skill. Have not I heard a rueful boy, son of a dairy farmer, complain that he could not have all the milk he wanted for meals of bread-and-milk? The father milked near fifty cows, and sold the product daily for two cents a quart. Every quart less told on the receipts.

Really, I wish our dear country people knew better how to make themselves comfortable. I am not sure but it would pay our life insurance companies to set up schools of housewifery for this purpose. I sincerely think the average duration of life would be materially extended, if our rural pop-

ulation could be taught how to lodge and feed themselves more comfortably; or, if our life insurance companies *will* continue to confine themselves to exhibiting illustrious examples of luxurious living in their presidents and secretaries, why could not our public schools add to their instruction a department of housewifery? This last suggestion I make with all candor. Let our National Bureau of Education take some initiative in the matter. It is a problem not beneath the notice of statesmanship. The material prosperity of the nation would be immediately promoted as much by a great reformation of our housekeeping, as by the extension of our commerce, the improvement of our agriculture, or the stimulation of our manufactures.

Of course, what I have just been saying is to be understood as applying particularly to the strictly rural parts of the state. The day of hotels in these parts has gone forever and ever by. [It would seem that I was hasty in saying some of these things. I am told that the automobile has materially changed the conditions here noted—for the better, some of them. But it has not improved matters in favor of buggy travel, I trow!] Generally speaking, it is now only the less thrifty man that here is willing to be a hotel-keeper; but, if you try the hospitality of the farmers, you will fare hardly better. However, the occasional exception gives you a sense of exhilaration and triumph, in

one relieving experience which is actually some compensation. You wipe your lips after a satisfactory meal, and you exclaim: "The past, at least, is secure!" Alas! that for many a meal thereafter you must live in the retrospect and feel like the man who, with pensive recollection, said: "Ah! but that was a good steak. I shall never cease to regret that I did not take another piece!"

Let us now go out of doors, and find the men half as much at fault as the women, in the matter of every-day comfort in living. Why will people have their houses exposed, lone, and bare to wind and sun, when it would be so easy to have the shelter and shade of trees? Why will people darken and dampen their houses with shade-trees so dense and so near that the blessed sun—sweetener, mediciner, vivifier, cheerer, of all things—can never reach them in their leafy covert, unpierceable by power of any star, and that the ambient air can never come to sponge up and bear away the malarial moistures, fecund matter of many miseries to men? Shade enough, and not too much—I have seen little of this golden mean in my journeys. Would there were a shade-master, qualified and empowered to ride through the land and say, beyond appeal: 'Plant here, and here fell.' This, to be sure, would be paternal government, and perhaps we had better leave the matter to local option; but, O ye who can, enlighten and exhort the local option!

It is curious to note the different styles of house-building that prevail in different regions. The thoughtlessly imitative instinct of people makes one man indolently follow another. If the architect that sets a fashion in a given place happens to be a man of taste and of ideas, a whole surrounding tract of country is in debt to him for tasteful and convenient dwellings. If, on the other hand, he be a dull, commonplace man, a monotony of conventional architecture, without beauty, without fitness, depresses and desolates the aspect of the land. What a diffusive public benefit is a truly good architect!

The lack of order and perspective that the reader will justly blame in this paper may well be taken to represent the confused and illogical succession of ideas likely to have been suggested to the mind of him who has by easy stages taken his way from the Genesee to the Hudson in a buggy.

XIII

THE "DANCE" QUESTION

THAT a question which in its very statement seems so light, should in fact be so serious, is a kind of paradox. The wise mere man of the world may, indeed, smile at it and pass it by. His business is to conform himself to the world as he finds it. With the world as it ought to be, he has nothing to do, unless now and then by way of pastime to speculate languidly about it. The world as it is certainly includes the dance, and is likely to do so to the end. The worldly-wise man, therefore, will accept the dance for himself and for those for whom Providence has made him responsible, to get the most out of it possible both for himself and for them. To such a man "the dance" question is easily disposed of, being, in fact, as light as, from its statement, it ought to be.

To the thoughtful and earnest Christian, the case is necessarily very different. *His* business is not to conform to the world. On the contrary, his problem is to know the essential spirit of the world, in whatever form it masks itself, and be transformed from it, by the renewing of his mind. To

solve this problem successfully, is perhaps the very highest practical achievement of the mind of Christ in a man.

Is the dance, as practised in modern society, essentially and unchangeably of the " world," as the " world " is opposed to Christ? To state this question is to answer it, for every thoughtful Christian of a spiritual mind. But is there not a " dance," different from the dance practised in modern society, of which the same thing cannot promptly be said? A modest dance, a guarded dance, a dance strictly circumscribed, what might be called a dance of the home, as distinguished from the dance of " society "—is not a dance such as is thus approximately hinted, a possible ideal which the most wisely-conscientious Christian may confidently approve?

I, for my part, answer, yes. But my answer does not mean much that is practical, until I have pretty distinctly traced my lines of circumscription. Let us begin with the innermost circle, and, thence advancing, see how far outward we can safely go, widening by successive steps our curve of circumscription.

First, then, within the limits of a household, there can be no doubt that brothers and sisters, children of the same parents, may, with each other and with those parents, freely dance in almost any form in which the dance is practised, be it

"square," or be it "round," and commit no sin, and no impropriety. Grandparents, if there were such, still of a frolicsome mind, with hinds' feet to match, might inoffensively participate.

If, now, we set our compasses a little wider, and include uncles and aunts and cousins of various degrees, I think we should feel it necessary to make a discrimination. There might be cases in which the age, the character, the temperament, and the relation were such that the perfect freedom already described might still, with the additional inclusions supposed, be properly indulged. On the other hand, there might be cases in which, to hint all in a word, the condition of mutual marriageableness, or its illicit analogue, entering, would make prudent people of Christian spirit think it necessary (or very highly desirable) that the dancing should be limited to the "square" forms of the exercise.

The same thing might be said, with still greater positiveness, if the circle were enlarged to include neighbors, acquaintances, a social "set."

As far as this, I may assume that I have had the concurrence of all considerate Christians. Stated shortly, the conclusion is that "mixed" dancing should exclude "round" dances. I believe it is true that there are all approximations between round dancing and square dancing, so that practically the line that separates them is a difficult one to draw. The inherent tendency in the dance

might be stated in the converse of the famous geometric problem. The instinct seems to be, not to "square the circle", but to "circle" the "square"; that is, practically, the "square" dance is constantly seeking to swing off into the curve of beauty, and become the "round." Still, granted that the dance was inexorably forms of the "square," and granted further, that the participants were select, I think that there would be not much to object on moral grounds to the diversion—except its extraordinary folly and emptiness, considered as the anti-social "social" (better call it gregarious) prolonged employment of rational human beings, capable of harmless and, perhaps, profitable, conversation.

Practically, however, in the present state of things, that is, in the world, such as it is, and such as it always will be, so long as it is the "world," the limitation that I have indicated for the dance is so delicate and difficult that it may be pronounced at once impossible. There will always be those, in every social "set", who will wish to dance "round" dances, and who will regard the "square" dances as only a somewhat tedious stage of transition to the "round". "Round" dances will, therefore, on the average social occasion, be introduced, and then you, who are conscientiously opposed to these as improper, immodest, immoral, will be forced, by your mere eccentric abstinence,

into the invidious attitude of one accusing your late fellow participants in the " square " dance, of committing a grave offense against good taste and good morals. You will at the same time seem to be confessing a sensual disposition in yourself such that you cannot safely do what of course the " round " dancers, deceiving or seeking to deceive themselves, will claim that they innocently can. The result will be, that unless you are a person of exceptionally clear head, pure heart, wise conscience, and strong will, you will be found, yourself, drawn, protesting, into the whirl which you abhor but which you may at length perhaps come to enjoy.

The fact is, as I suppose, that there are few social " sets " who would agree with unanimity among themselves, and adhere to the agreement, to limit themselves to square dances. People that dance dance " round " dances. (Do they now dance no other?) The nature of the case is such that this tends constantly, and will tend constantly, to be the fact. I conclude without hesitation that the only safe course for the Christian who prefers Christ to the world, is to suspect both himself and the world, and—NOT TO DANCE AT ALL.

I acknowledge that this course involves self-denial, serious self-denial, even a kind of hardship, for Christian young people, who will thus be virtually almost excluded from so-called " society ",

But is not the Christian life to include even for the young people of our easy-going day some self-denial? And where is this to be found if they do everything that reputable people of the world do? Has the " world " been abolished? [This subject is much more fully treated in a little book by the present writer, entitled, " The Dance of Modern Society ".]

XIV

PULPIT SWINDLING

PULPIT swindling, I say, but I mean plagiarism in the pulpit. Plagiarism, however, is much too fine a name. It is not sufficiently descriptive. We need something more vernacular, more picturesque. Plagiarism, that almost sounds respectable. Let us have a name that will stink, as the thing does. I propose "swindling."

"Thieving" was my first thought. But the pulpit plagiarist is not exactly a thief. He does, to be sure, take what is not his own. But he does not necessarily thereby deprive the real owner of his property. Stealing, at all events, is not the chief element in the plagiarist's transaction. Lying is the chief element, lying for a purpose of gain. The pulpit plagiarist, Smith, says: 'Here is a sermon of mine,' when the sermon is in fact a sermon of Jones's. He does this to gain, well, no matter what, some interest of his own, ease, reputation, money. *He gets his gain under false pretences.* He is a swindler. There are many forms of pulpit swindling besides plagiarism. My title, therefore, is larger than my theme. But plagiar-

ism is a form of pulpit swindling very rife just now. It seems to flourish under its learned name. Let us heat our iron red-hot in the public indignation, and brand the practice once and forever for what it is, pulpit swindling.

There is much in a name. Let us consider further if, in the present instance, we have the right one. Plagiarism consists in taking an intellectual production of another man's, and passing it off as your own. Here now are two elements, appropriating and lying. Theft consists in taking another man's property, and using it as if it were your own. But observe, you do not necessarily make any pretence in the matter. Your use of stolen property may be entirely private. Plagiarism and thieving are thus by no means the same. It is essential to plagiarism that there should be false pretence. Plagiarism, therefore, is rather literary *swindling*, than literary *thieving*. In the case of the pulpit plagiarist, he obtains the salary he lives on, by the false pretence that he is preaching a production of his own. He is simply a swindler, nothing else. The case is not materially altered, if his motive be reputation rather than money. He then seeks reputation under a false pretence. Or, if, as is not less likely, he seeks his ease, he still obtains his object by lying. The pulpit plagiarist is a pulpit *swindler*. Get out your branding-irons. Bring them to a true red heat. Accurately select the

foremost front of the culprit's brow. Plant them firmly, sink them deep. Wherever the rascal goes, let the people read his right name, "PULPIT SWINDLER".

It is time this thing was brought to a perpetual end. We must speak out. We must act out. It will not do to mince matters. We are accomplices if we are silent. We are accomplices if we do not act, as well as speak. Pulpit plagiarists are not fit to preach. Let them stop. But some one says, May we not forgive them? Yes, forgive them, and *forget* them. That is to say, we may forgive them—if they cease preaching. Not otherwise. I am speaking now of no doubtful cases. I am speaking of clear cases. I am speaking of confirmed and convicted plagiarists. I am speaking of men who, for instance, not only preach other men's sermons as their own, but deliberately print them, too, as their own. I am speaking of men who, not once, under stress of extraordinary circumstances, but again and again and yet again do likewise. These men should stop preaching. They should be made to stop preaching. Let them confess, and let us listen to their confession. Then, if they confess becomingly, let us forgive them. But let us no longer hear them preach.

Once more I explain that I am speaking of unquestionable cases. I am speaking, too, of cases that occur in the presence of a public, like our own,

where the universal understanding is, unless it is otherwise distinctly stated, that the minister, when he preaches, is preaching his own and not another man's sermon. In England I believe it is not so clearly understood as it is here, that a preacher must preach no sermons but his own. In the midst of a more lax public sentiment, like the English, the preacher may not be pretending, by the mere act of preaching a sermon, that the sermon is his own production. In our country he does make this pretence. And if the sermon is not his own he lies, and is a swindler.

Pulpit swindlers of this sort (and of every sort, for that matter), I, if I had my way about it, would shut up as promptly as I would shut up a gin-shop. I would take seven seals, and I would seal their mouths so sure and so fast against preaching that they should never open them more. I would barricade the pulpit from them with a barricade as high as heaven, as deep as Hades, and as wide as the horizon. They should not scale it, they should not burrow under it, and they should not get around it. They should simply stay out of the pulpit, and that should be the end of it.

Such I believe to be the wholesome sentiment for us all to cherish on this subject. I do not now define plagiarism. There may be nice questions involved. Let others decide these questions. The sad truth is there are cases but too many, that ad-

mit of no doubt whatever. These cases should be summarily dealt with. The churches of the land ought to vomit forth such preachers. It is not a good sign when the ecclesiastical stomach is contented to retain them.

[Several curious effects followed the original publication of the foregoing paper. That publication was in a religious weekly of wide circulation, the editor of which, in accepting the article, asked, "Who will take care of the lame ducks?"—as if pulpit swindling were so plentiful that one seeming-random shot might wound many!

There had, it is true, occurred not very long before, a very conspicuous case of so-called pulpit plagiarism, which, from the national fame of the preacher, and from the noise made about it in the press of a great city, became quite exceptionally well-known. The accused preacher at once wrote to me, taking the aim of my paper to be undoubtedly himself, and begged to know what I would have him do. I replied to him that the occasion of my article was a case not made public, but well-authenticated privately to me. That oversensitive preacher explained his own case as a case of unconscious memory—an explanation which I, for my part, came to accept, knowing as I did that his transcendent ability put it far beyond his need ever to appropriate another man's sermon.

But there remained a more sensational effect to follow. I was at the time professor in a theological seminary, whence perhaps it was that a manifesto from my pen seemed serious enough, in the eyes of the leaders in a certain important church, to induce them to appear, by a very imposing committee of some six fine-looking men, headed by an extremely impressive Congressman, at the house of the seminary president, for the purpose of entering a solemn protest against such an attack as a seminary professor had publicly made *upon their pastor!* The aforesaid Congressman (the culprit professor having been duly summoned to be present), with much ceremony produced a newspaper clipping from which he proceeded to read, from beginning to end, the text of my paper on "Pulpit Swindling"—at the close of which elocutionary performance he somberly said, "Of course this could have no other aim than our pastor."

The notorious fact was that "our pastor" had, ■ little time before, plagiarized—it happened curiously enough—the very same sermon that the other preacher had unconsciously memorized. "Our pastor" did this plagiarizing while in a previous pastorate, and he had had the extraordinary temerity to let his plagiarized sermon go into print, with a prefatory note from himself expressing his regret that it was not a worthier production—which, however, he could not make it, owing to the

pressure of duties just then crowded upon him. He crowned his audacious brazenness by using an occasion that chanced to be provided, to flaunt a confession, if profession one should not call it rather, of his swindle before a large assembly of people, astonished at such an unlooked-for interruption of the proper proceedings of the hour. He did this as it were in the form of rising to a question of privilege, to make a personal explanation, which explanation he made, by no means with the blushes, and faltering tones, and flowing tears, of penitence and shame, but rather in the spirit of open bravado, and with a pleasant humor of allusion to the distinguished company in which he had unexpectedly found himself to have committed his fault. All this was perfectly well-known, whence the solemn Congressman's natural and confident inference that my article had been aimed at "our pastor." He pregnantly added that the article threatened to work material injury to the seminary from which it proceeded, for a certain intended bequest to the institution was likely to be withdrawn in consequence of it.

The guilty and impleaded professor drew from his pocket, and read, the letter he had received from that other minister who felt himself unquestionably pointed out in the mischievous article, stating that in fact he had not had in mind either one of the two cases supposed, but a quite different

case that had not been publicly exposed. Would I not then address a letter to "our pastor" assuring him that he was not slanted at in the article? I reflected a moment, and replied, that I would *not* volunteer a letter of the sort, but I would write to that effect in reply to a suitable letter of inquiry addressed to me. It was accordingly understood that the church committee would write to me such a letter of inquiry. They seemed to think better of it, for I never received the proposed letter.

"Our pastor" subsequently became missionary to a Spanish-speaking republic, prevailinglly Roman Catholic in religion, being appointed to his post through the recommendation of an official of the missionary society, who was familiar with the appointee's record, but who apparently permitted himself to think, with no proper evidence to convince him, either that the offender had repented, or that his accomplishment in the Spanish language would stand him in stead of sound Christian character, as qualification for doing missionary work where he was placed. After many years of such missionary service as such a man was likely to perform, this convicted and self-confessed pulpit swindler ended by becoming a pervert to Roman Catholicism. The worldly-wisdom that appointed him thus proved itself indeed the folly that it was; for, of course, his eventual recreancy far more than undid whatever he had previously done in

winning converts from Roman Catholicism to the purer Christian faith, which, ostensibly, he had himself held and had proclaimed, during so many years, in the self-same city that now witnessed his public apostasy. Conceive the enormous difficulty thus created, to face the missionary succeeding the apostate!]

XV

THE FAVORITISM OF HISTORY

THE Historical Favoritism of Fate, perhaps I should have written, but for the seeming godlessness of the phrase. What I am seeking to name is the tendency observable in the course of human affairs, to treat historic memories with favor or the reverse, arbitrarily, capriciously, without proportion to the measure of merit existing in the several cases. History has her favorites. She has also her aversions.

There is our apotheosis of President Garfield. What an example, in this instance a gracious example, of the favoritism of history! Here, now, was a good man and an able, suddenly, by acclamation, advanced, in as far as living suffrages can advance any person, to permanent rank among the world's illustrious names. The assassin's shot did it. What the assassin meant was death, what he accomplished was immortality, for his victim. If President Garfield had lived, and gone on according to the way in which he had made his beginning, he might apparently have achieved for himself a place, a secure place, among American statesmen

of the second rank. More than this, hardly. But the incalculable result of things was to make him, without cause assignable in his merit actual or probable, for the moment at least, one of the elect illustrious names of history. The people pitied him, and they reprobated the deed that caused them to pity him. They had chosen him for their President, and they were disappointed of him. In the passion of their disappointment, their anger, and their pity, what should they do? They would make him a great man. Nothing was easier. If he exhibited manly qualities, fortitude, courage, hopefulness in the face of adverse likelihood, these qualities should be heroic, and not just manly. The men about him should repeat what he did or said that could be held admirable, and if he had lapses of natural weakness these might be passed in silence. The people are omnipotent for such purposes, and the people would have it so. Now I am only illustrating a point. I am begrudging nothing to President Garfield. I, too, voted for him, I pitied him, I admired him, thought him good, thought him able and useful, was sorry to lose him from the nation's service—all this; but I certainly never learned to consider him a great man on any large scale of greatness. But, for a time at least, he seemed to be one of the favorites of history—by which I mean he seemed to be one of those chosen names of whom men will hear only

good, of whom, therefore, only good will be spoken—only, or chiefly. He may stand for a near and a striking illustration of my thought, the favoritism of history.

George Washington is a farther-off, but not less striking, example. George Washington is one of the world's great conventions. We have agreed to him. We have made up our minds to have him such and such. Such and such therefore he is, and let no man gainsay. I, for my part, of course, do not gainsay. I merely point out to what extent this is a matter of pure favoritism on the part of history.

When a whole generation has lived and died thinking a given thing of one of its conspicuous men, the chances are small that that prevailing opinion will ever be reversed. Authors, in their capacity as authors, form an exception to the rule. Or rather authors as authors are not contemplated at all in the rule. It is to men as men that the rule applies. Each generation makes up the sentiment, it adorns the tale. You can no more escape it than you can escape the atmosphere. You inhale it with every breath.

What a case in illustration is that of Fitz John Porter! There is a man who, during near twenty years, suffered under imputations against his character the most severe, if just, the most grievous, if unjust. Nay, he suffered under penalties, in point

of material fortune and condition, that were like an incubus crushing life out of him, and hope. Near twenty years long this kept going on. If, meantime, he had died, what would have saved Fitz John Porter's name from immortal infamy, as a victim of the sheer favoritism of history? So, at least, it seemed; for behold, at a late day, the ex-General of the United States army comes out in a letter to the President, doing all he can to rehabilitate General Porter! What reversals of the judgment of men, and of time, may we not expect from the tribunal of eternity and of God! It is worth while to be a little uncertain when we judge, and above all exceeding charitable. [It is extremely gratifying to be able to note it that General Porter was completely rehabilitated in name and fame.]

Another example of the favoritism of history is found in the case of a name lately made anew "illustrious far and wide," by the occurrence of the centennial of the anniversary of his birth. I refer to Daniel Webster. The time was fast passing by during which it would remain possible to change the judgment of men concerning this great name. While he lived, up to within two years of his death, Daniel Webster was highly enough esteemed by his countrymen. After that, he became a mark for evil report, until now the danger was imminent that one of the illustrious examples of human

greatness and goodness would permanently be taken away from the aggregate of generous inspiration to virtue that has slowly accumulated, during six thousand years of mingled shame and glory.

It had grown to be a senseless habit with the platform, the pulpit, and the press, to make their allusions to Webster, as if beyond question he were no less eminent for moral infirmity than for intellectual power. Senseless habit I call it, for evidence I can find none to warrant it. It is my full belief, after much investigation, conducted at first with the expectation of finding the general report confirmed by testimony—it is my full belief, I say, that Daniel Webster suffered in men's esteem, not by demerit on his part, but through the blind favoritism of history. Faulty though of course he was, the great statesmen of any age and of all ages, of any race and of all races, that were of as high ■ strain as Daniel Webster in personal character and conduct, may be counted on the fingers of your two hands. I avow this conviction upon the responsibility of what I am, as a student of history, as a critic of men, and as a Christian. I would have Webster's generous young countrymen rescue this "great injured" name, before it is too late, from the evil eye, from the passionate favoritism, of history.

Chief Justice Taney has been another object of the capricious grudge of history. His main popu-

lar fame was, and is, associated with the hateful sentiment so often quoted or referred to with reprobation and loathing—that the negro “had no rights which the white man was bound to respect.” What a necklace that sentiment forms to adorn a man for his descent to the long welcome of posterity! How instinctively, how insupportably, we revolt at the idea contained in those familiar and infamous words! But to how many readers of this paper will it not be news, incredible news at that, that Chief Justice Taney never expressed the sentiment? He did not. What he did was to recite in the *obiter dictum* of the Dred Scott decision, that such had been the sentiment entertained in this country during the period previous to the Constitutional Convention. The sympathy and feeling of the Judge’s recital were against, rather than for, the sentiment recited, but the fact of history, Judge Taney said, was such. He may have been right or he may have been wrong as to his fact; but, right or wrong, he uttered no sentiment of his own such as the favoritism of history has fastened to his memory.

Well, what of it all? Why, this: there must be many rectifications of human opinion and judgment to be made at the bar of final account. Let us await these with serene patience and faith, equally, if we can, whether they concern ourselves or others. But let us await them also with whole-

some doubt and awe. Some will suffer by these rectifications, as well as some be relieved. There is nothing better than that brilliant, that effulgent, that lightning-like, saying of the Psalm, unsheathed as a sword for vengeance and avenging, from the thigh of the Most Mighty: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light and thy judgment as the noonday."

But, meantime, awaiting that vindication, let us not fail to trust, and to *have* the righteousness and the judgment that may break forth like morning and blaze like noon, when He shall be ready to bring them rejoicing out of the cloud in which for the moment He hides them.

XVI

THE FEUD WITH FOOD

A GOOD many people are waging bitter feud with food. That is to say, they are living as if food were an enemy to be fought with, instead of a friend to be depended upon. This is a grievous mistake. I may say so the more freely without offense as it is a mistake that I have been in the habit of making myself. I have got over the habit now—at least, for the present. One must speak diffidently in such a case, remembering Coleridge. Coleridge, everybody knows, was an opium-eater. He at last left off the use of the dreadful drug. In fact, he left it off a number of times. His fits of abstinence were short. “I have stopped eating opium”, he would say to his friends. To their congratulations he would reply: “Yes, I have stopped it utterly and finally.” “When, pray, Mr. Coleridge, did you stop?” they would concernedly ask. “This morning,” would be the answer; but before night he would give himself a chance to leave off again the next day—so uncertain was the poor man of himself. It becomes us who speak of our own dietetic conclusions to give

the date of them. They were different, perhaps, the day before. They will, perhaps, be different the day after.

With this cautionary remark, required by candor, I repeat I have found it a grievous mistake to treat food as if it were my natural enemy. It is half whimsical and half pitiful to consider how many people, of what sort, there are that live on this mistaken principle. There is an army of them; but what an army! Lean, yellow, ill-favored soldiery, doing battle against food. Well, I would not gibe at them, sorrowful souls; but their plight often is of their own making, I do verily believe.

I wonder if whole generations were ever, before this last one, sedulously brought up to believe that the less food they ate the better off they would be. What an absurd, comfortless creed it is, to be sure. Pity, pity, you well-favored mortals, pity the sorrows of your thousands of brothers and sisters that *count* their mouthfuls of food, begrudging themselves each in succession, and wondering, with each, whether perhaps it might not be better for their digestion if they should stop before eating it. These are by no means imaginary sufferers. They sit forlorn, at how many tables, all over the land. They have learned from Graham, and from sad sojourns at water-cures, that everybody eats too much. They undoubtingly trace nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to to excess in food. Every un-

pleasant or doubtful sensation in their bodies, whether familiar or of a sort that they have never observed before, they think must be due to a mouthful too much taken at their last preceding meal. They go on reducing themselves by slow degrees to a more and more abstemious diet. Eating, with them, grows to be a penance, a mortification. The self-consciousness with which they eat, at length becomes indeed the foe to their health which they foolishly suppose their food to be. I heartily believe that there are to-day, in this land of plenty, multitudes of people that keep themselves, by under nourishment practised on principle, in a state of precarious health, in an enfeebled condition, which makes them chronic valetudinarians, without the least necessity of their being such. They are at feud with food, when they ought to be on the most cordial terms of good fellowship with it.

Now let it be fairly and intelligently recognized as a fact, that God has not constituted us such that a morsel more or less of food will seriously imperil our health. We are to take food enough, and, if we take a little more than enough, Nature has a way to dispose of the surplus—if not too large, and if not too habitual!—without serious harm to our well-being. We know perfectly well that abundant nourishment is necessary to the soundness and effectiveness of an animal—a horse, for example.

Why not equally for a man? We count it a gain to add something to the weight of a beast that serves us, by ample supply of food. Of course, there is a limit, and, of course, flesh that, as the practical man's phrase goes, is "worked on", is better than flesh added by mere nutrition, without exercise; but, the case supposed being that of an animal, man or beast, that is active, the more flesh there is that is well worked on the better, and for this result food is necessary—abundant food and food of good quality—let us add, food well-cooked and, last, but not least, with a bow to Mr. Fletcher, well-eaten!

It is quite possible for a man to train himself to eat less than he really needs, and *still not be hungry*. Appetite, or at least the conscious, the recognized, sensation of hunger, is not to be certainly relied on as an infallible prompter to us of our need of nutrition. At this point, as at so many others, we are creatures of habit. We can habituate ourselves to feel hungry, or not to feel hungry, as we will. What we cannot habituate ourselves to, is to dispense with food, when we need it, and suffer no loss. We waste vital force when we exert ourselves, and there is no repairing of the waste without food. They talk to us about *resting* our stomachs! It is a dangerous figure of speech. Why not as well talk to us about resting our lungs, our hearts? Our stomachs, like the other parts of our organisms, recruit themselves through food.

Do not starve your stomach in the fond conceit that you are thereby refreshing your stomach, through rest, for the task of nourishing the remainder of your body with food. Feed your stomach, as well as the rest of yourself. Learn to know what the faintness of inanition means. Do not too readily succumb to admit that you cannot digest a full diet. Ten chances to one you can. Stop worrying, stop watching your symptoms, and try it. Be a little generous with your stomach, and trust it. Luther's stomach, they say, carried the Reformation. The problem of success in life is to a great extent a physical problem—a problem of nutrition. Nourish yourself. Don't weigh your food; don't count your mouthfuls of it. Thank God for it and eat it. Then go about your business, and digest your food, as you breathe the air, without knowing it. Have done with the foolishness of the feud with food.

Now this little lay sermon on food will be taken to heart by just the persons that should shut their ears to it. It is intended only for those whom it may concern. All others must pass it by. Dyspeptics, real dyspeptics, are to plug their ears dense with wool. It will not do for those to eat much, that they may digest a little, who cannot digest at all; but the select ones that need the sermon, let them heed it. It does not counsel gluttony; it does not counsel epicurism; it simply

counsels good, full nutrition. A well-nourished body is the indispensable condition of healthy work. Robust, combative, conquering force is converted out of food.

If this is materialism, to this extent I am a materialist.

XVII

WENDELL PHILLIPS AS ORATOR

NEARLY a whole half century of years Wendell Phillips was a prominent figure in American public life. He never sought, he never, we believe, held, any civic office. During a considerable period of his activity, he conscientiously refrained from using his citizen's right to vote. Once, indeed, he permitted his name to appear as candidate for the governorship of his native State of Massachusetts. But this was exactly in character for the lifelong champion of forlorn causes. There was at the time no chance of his being elected to the office for which he was named. Though thus at no time official, Mr. Phillips's life was, nevertheless, almost uninterruptedly public—public, as lived under wide popular observation, and public, as dedicated to general rather than to personal interests. No stain of selfish greed ever attached itself to Mr. Phillips's reputation. He was a knightly man. He never enriched himself, though he might without reproach freely have done so, through the exercise of his matchless gifts and acquirements in oratory. Whatever he earned with his tongue he dispensed

to charitable uses as fast as he earned it. To the last of his long life—he reached his seventy-third year—he devoted himself with patient affection to the care of an invalid wife who survives him. We hope it is not true, as we have heard it hinted, that his patrimony was all spent at last, and that he died an impoverished man. It is pathetic to think that his closing months were embittered to him by the necessity laid upon him to quit his old home and remove to a less familiar quarter of Boston. The posthumous honor of burial from Faneuil Hall and of ceremonious public mourning, the “old man eloquent” would doubtless gladly have exchanged for the privilege of prolonging his days in peace in the house dear to him by associations that he could in no wise transfer elsewhere with his household stuff. But his city was inexorable to her illustrious citizen. The new street must be opened, though it destroy his home. We thus often postpone our homages to our fellows until, alas, it is too late to gratify therewith anybody but ourselves!

Agitator, reformer, philanthropist, orator—chiefly of all, Wendell Phillips was an orator. The oratoric capacity at least was that quality in him through which his character, whether of agitator, reformer, philanthropist, was chiefly displayed. More may be said. It may be said that his restless impulse to agitate, his imperious sense of duty to promote reform, his chivalrous fondness for

philanthropy, were each and all related to his eloquence, as great tributaries are related to the main stream into whose channel they flow and whose volume they swell. Wendell Phillips, the orator, was what in quality and in quantity he was, because made such by Wendell Phillips the born agitator, Wendell Phillips the conscience-bound reformer, and Wendell Phillips the knightly philanthropist, rolled together and flowing into one. The first channel of oratory was deep enough and wide enough, and presented itself with established current strong enough, to receive these affluents, copious and urgent as they were, and carry them along, not overflowing their bounds, in a single augmented volume to the sea. What we mean is that Wendell Phillips was primarily and controllingly an orator. He became a different orator, and a greater, because he was also, and unchangeably, an agitator, a reformer, a philanthropist. It will be best, accordingly, to consider Wendell Phillips here as pre-eminently an orator.

There have been greater men among orators, but ■ greater orator among orators, we doubt if, since our country began, there ever has been in America, than Wendell Phillips. This, perhaps, is too carefully-guarded praise. For, separate the orator wholly, so far as this is possible, from the man, and it would not surprise us if you should find that not in the long history of all mankind has any

mortal surpassed Wendell Phillips in power with speech. Demosthenes was statesman as well as orator. He spoke under some sense of administrative responsibility. Every speech of his was action, conduct, effort of statesmanship, at the same time that it was speech. The like was true in the case of Cicero. Whenever, in our own times, Webster spoke, there was felt to be the weight of slumbering statesmanship added to the weight of active oratory. Even of Henry Ward Beecher, it may be said, that he had a representative capacity; he stood for Plymouth Church. He was placed, and he owed something to the platform from which he spoke. Such was in no degree the fact respecting Wendell Phillips. *Vox et præterea nihil*, was an almost literally faithful description of this orator. "Almost"—not quite—for the clear character of the man no doubt helped in its measure to make the orator eloquent. But mainly it is true that Wendell Phillips was the naked voice of one crying. Whatever he accomplished was the achievement of sheer oratory. Of his oratory what were the elements?

In the first place, Wendell Phillips had stately and commanding height and figure. There was something finished, classical, in his looks. His very posture had power in it—the power of repose, like that of an antique statue. The present writer stood once in Naples in company with one of the fore-

most of living American public speakers, and looked at a statue there, said to represent the Greek orator Æschines. "Wendell Phillips!" we exclaimed together. The general effect of likeness between the ancient and the modern was remarkable. A voice Wendell Phillips possessed that could cut, that did cut, words, each one like a clear-lined cameo, out of a basis of silver sound always at the service of this richly-gifted favorite of nature. What exquisite articulation and pronunciation!—*felicitous* and exquisite, for every endowment was naturally his, as every natural endowment he made perfect by sedulous culture. But there was nothing finical in the result. Gentleman he indeed was, in fineness of outward finish, but he was man first, and man still more than he was gentleman. His severe moral intentness corrected any tendency to dilettanteism that his high culture might without that have seemed likely to produce. He spoke right on. He could trust his mental discipline to keep him on the track. He had but to let his moral purpose drive him forward to his goal.

The straightforwardness, the conversational quality, the homely diction, the simple construction, the spontaneous logical order, characteristic of Wendell Phillips's oratory, he, it is said, learned in what may be pronounced the very best sort of oratorical novitiate. As soon as he knew and accepted his anti-slavery mission, he went about, far and

near, from school-house to school-house in the country, and talked to plain men wherever he could meet them face to face. He got plain men's dialect, plain men's ways of thinking and feeling, and he made them his own. Wendell Phillips was not a show orator. He never made bids for applause. He liked hisses better than cheers. If he by chance was applauded, he seemed silently to ask of himself, as the Greek orator asked in an aside of his friend, "What nonsense have I been uttering that these people cheer me?" He did not win by allying the sympathy of his hearers. He courted their antipathy rather. The contrast between Wendell Phillips in society and Wendell Phillips on the platform was startling. He was, it is said, most courtly in urbanity and grace when he talked with you in private. He met you in a public audience and he flouted you offensively. Offensively, but with a certain high-bred self-respect, all the same. The effect was to make you feel as it were abstractly, not personally, offended.

One of the most salient characteristics, perhaps quite the most salient characteristic, of Wendell Phillips's oratory, was its vituperative quality. Vituperation was an oratorical expedient deliberately adopted by Wendell Phillips. He not only did not fire blank cartridges, but, firing balls meant to kill, he fired them with the practised sharpshooter's deadly and imperturbable personal aim.

He probably did this without malignity. He seemed to do it without passion on his own part. But he intended to rouse passion in other men's breasts. And he was little careful whether or not the passion he roused was malignant. How calm he looked brewing his tempests! "The quiescence of turbulence," as Robert Hall described John Wesley.

We have conceded much to Wendell Phillips. But against all our concession, we offset a serious doubt. We doubt whether upon the whole the career of this oratorical knight was beneficent. The tongue boasteth great things. But the tongue, not obedient to sound judgment and not inspired by love, is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. It was a coincidence, rather than a sequence of cause and effect, that Wendell Phillips's anti-slavery labors should have seemed so efficacious. And what good fruit, if not the abolition of slavery, did all that half century of generous eloquence yield?

XVIII

TO A DAUGHTER WHO IS TEACHING, FROM A FATHER WHO HAS TAUGHT

YOUR mother and I have been thinking and conjecturing and talking together about you and your probable experiences in teaching. We have the natural parental instinct to wish that we might still be wise for you, though we know that we cannot, and that only God can. That God indeed can, and will, on the docile application of faith, be wise for you with sufficient wisdom, we earnestly entreat you to believe, and on the belief to practise.

We agree that you are more than usually amenable, morally and intellectually, to good counsel for the ordering of your ways, and for the bettering of your character. We accordingly bring you here a budget of suggestion which you have only to perform the more difficult part of acting upon, in order to become a far more faultless teacher than was ever either one of your affectionate advisers.

We have tried to conceive you in the actual heat of teaching work before your classes. We see you

there, when you have previously composed yourself with self-recollection and prayer, placid, even, full of unsurprisable presence of mind, radiating a quiet and cheerful temper, a temper of courage and hope and wholesome self-contentment all about you. This makes us feel glad on your behalf, and thankful.

But then sometimes we see you ruffled and thrown from your poise, eager, intent, intense, anxious, even impatient with zeal, or at least, so zealous as to seem impatient. In such a mood on your part, your pupils think you querulous, and, first made dissatisfied with themselves, become dissatisfied with you.

How much better it is for a teacher, never, even when there is justifying occasion, to express, whether in tone or in look or in gesture, much less in word, blame or accusation of a pupil for mistake or slowness of apprehension! If you cannot be positively complaisant, which you had better aim as a habit at being, be at least sunnily neutral in imparting instruction. Cultivate an air of welcome and encouragement, as if you affectionately sympathized with your pupils. This need not make you pamper them and render them weakly dependent through indulgence shown them. Leave them to their own resources as much as you please. Do not painfully labor along with them, but let there beam, through a transparent serenity on

your part, the smiling image of sincere goodwill, ever hopeful, in their teacher.

There now is a picture of a teacher which it has been far more easy for us to draw than it will be for you to realize. But as yours will be the greater labor, so will yours be the greater joy. Report to us your success in being what we have thus desired you to be. After a suitable interval, during which you may think your success to have been uninterrupted, find out in some unnoticeable way, through some fellow teacher perhaps, or directly from some specially confidential, candid scholar, whether your pupils' impression has corresponded. Then report also to us the result that appears. And God bless you!

XIX

AN HOUR ON PARNASSUS

NOT the Phocian mountain, but Mr. Emerson's book. I could hardly, however, have enjoyed the hour more if I had, indeed, spent it on that Greek "snowy summit, old in story." It was altogether a happy chance, this hour of mine—one of the very rarest of the kindly moods of circumstance. There was no one at home to receive the call that I intended, at my neighbor's; but on the center-table in the sitting-room there lay a copy of "Parnassus." I picked it up and stepped with it on to the river-fronting porch. It was morning and June. The air came, as Willis once exquisitely said it, "like a breathing from a rarer world." Nature somehow hospitably harmonized and adopted me into her perfect tune, and I had one truly Parnassian hour, for which I thanked Mr. Emerson loyally. I wonder now if I shall some time surrender, as hasty and subjective, my impression then received, that Mr. Emerson has given us the very choicest anthology in the language.

I have always thought Mr. Emerson to be himself one of our noblest American poets. If his con-

ditions had made him more of an artist in verse, I hardly know what beautiful things might not safely have been looked for from his poetical genius. Still, perhaps the constructive faculty is exactly what he lacks in native endowment, for poetry, as well as for prose. As it is, he has thrown off some pure felicities—apparently they are felicities purely—in verse that never can die. But the preface to “Parnassus,” and, more than all, “Parnassus” itself, show Mr. Emerson to be a poet by appreciation, no less than a poet by production. “Parnassus” is pre-eminently a poet’s collection of poetry. His anthology alone, if he had never himself written a line of poetry, would entitle Mr. Emerson to be free forever of the poets’ guild.

I noted, in looking over the preface and the poems, a few things of chiefly curious interest, that I will venture to set down here for the satisfaction of such readers as may chance, along with me, to value, for its own sake, whatever concerns pure literature. These things will not seek to be the principal things. They will have their interest, if they have interest, simply because they relate to letters. “And without letters, what is life?” Erasmus asked. There are always a few men in every generation of Erasmus’s mind. Lord Macaulay, by the way, certainly was one. A very different man, W. D. Howells, is another.

In the first place, it struck me as odd that, after saying in his preface "Milton's 'Paradise Lost' goes so surely with the Bible on to every book-shelf that I have not cited a line," Mr. Emerson should forget, and on page one hundred and sixty-nine indulge himself in citing half a dozen. He had put it so very strongly—"not a line."

From "Samson Agonistes," Mr. Emerson cites so liberally that it seems unaccountable how he should have omitted those incomparable lines which Governor Andrew selected, with such Greek heroic taste, for the Soldiers' Monument. I give them here:

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt;
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

With what great effort was it of self-denial that Mr. Emerson could prevail with himself to cry "Enough!" to his foraying choice, within nine lines of such precious prize? The nine lines might so easily, had it been a question of room, have been represented by a line of dots. Were ever before such verses, so few, equally near such wise foraying fingers without getting clutched? What heroic pathos in them; what noble negligence of syntax; what Laconian parsimony of words; what extravagance of Oriental demonstration, reconciled with what decent grace of Attic attire! Governor An-

drew's taste in choosing this for the monumental inscription seems even to have the effect of redeeming the words to nobler beauty by a nobler application. How wonderfully well they lend themselves to use for an epitaph! Such felicity of adjustment exerts a highly stimulating influence on the historic imagination; associating, as it does, three or four different heroic times and climes in one generous fellowship of patriotism and valor. To read Milton's lines is like what one fancies it might be to happen upon those few frugal and high words, treasured up for us by Herodotus, which he says used to remind the wayfarer near the spots, of the deeds of Thermopylæ or Marathon. The heroic age of Greece, the heroic age of Israel, and the second heroic age of America all blended on that monument, in an inscription breathing almost equally of the great spirit that made it, in the seventeenth century, and of the great brother spirit that chose it and adapted it, in the nineteenth. I hardly know of another passage in poetry that exercises over me altogether such power, as of ■ spell.

I notice, by the way, that two words, wedded as only genius can wed words, are borrowed, in her last work, by George Eliot, from "Samson Agonistes"—"insupportably advanced." What weight of onset, onset unassisted by momentum from speed, is expressed in these words! Such

power of uttering thought belongs to those whose is the power of having such thought; and both these things are the privilege of genius.

In Shelley's "The Cloud," I see that Mr. Emerson has had the conscientious good taste to get his text right in one line of the poem, where it is not unusual for compilers to go wrong, quite spoiling the sense. This is the passage (I italicize the word often erroneously given) :

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and *unbuild* it again.

"Upbuild" for "unbuild" exactly destroys the somewhat occult and delicate sense. The pure dome of blue is the cloud's cenotaph, according to the poet's fancy, as long as it lasts cloudless. As soon as the cloud reappears the cenotaph is "unbuilt again," but, of course, not "upbuilt again," since it was not destroyed, to admit of being upbuilt again, until the return of the cloud, which return it was that "unbuilt" it. For a cenotaph is a monument to the dead placed where the dead does *not* rest. When the cloud comes back into the sky, the sky is no longer the cloud's cenotaph, for two admirably sufficient reasons—first, that the cloud, then, is not absent; secondly, that the cloud, then, is not dead.

One would expect as of course great catholicity of æsthetic comprehension in Mr. Emerson's collection, for wide sympathy is so much the author's strength that it almost becomes his weakness. Nevertheless it shocks one, and, as I think, by no means unpleasantly, to find Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" cheek by jowl with the rebel song, "Maryland! My Maryland!" Think of a Yankee's adopting, for his own and his fellow Yankees' literary delectation, for instance, the line:

Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!

Is not such serene equanimity of taste and appreciation about the happiest retort of superiority imaginable?

I observe that Mr. Whittier's "Ichabod" is cited without the naming of the intended original personal aim of the poem, which the poet himself in his earlier editions at least, as I seem to remember, was fain to make sure of by a note of explanation. This is well on Mr. Emerson's part; for the indefinite wider application may leave the poem free from that personal bitterness which the jealous lover of Mr. Whittier's muse dislikes to be obliged to attribute, even for once, to his generally gentle spirit.

I close with Milton's autobiographic lines, which the poet's own majestic character makes to be in full keeping with the solemn epic strain in which

they occur. We who read, if we do not make, poetry may yet employ them, as also our confession, in our humbler sense :

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song.

For my part, I inscribe these lines invisibly, with my eyes, as my own personal motto, on the title-page of my copy of “ Parnassus.”

XX

A CURIOUS INCIDENT IN MR. SPURGEON'S PREACHING

DURING the spring of 1862, while in London, I met at breakfast one Sunday morning in my lodgings a number of gentlemen with whom I had formed the traveler's transient acquaintance as their fellow guest for the previous week. The conversation threatening to become unsuited to the sanctity of the day, I watched my chance and spoke of Mr. Spurgeon, as a kind of compromise topic, that might possibly also bring about some decided transition in the nature of our talk. One after another of those present expressed his opinion or narrated his experience of the famous preacher's eloquence; but a young man, apparently a somewhat "fast" young man, remained a silent, though very noticeably an attentive, listener to what was said. He evidently had a story of his own to tell, and at length he told it. Said he:

"Now, I used to brag on Spurgeon a good deal. I went very often to hear him; and I told all my friends there was no preaching like his. But one

Sunday, whether he had noticed me before—I am sure I can't say how it was—but he spoke right straight at me, and pointed me out so to the whole congregation that everybody was looking at me. It wasn't right at all. He was downright personal, don't you see; and I've never been to hear him preach since. He had no business to single a fellow out like that, and set people all to looking right at a fellow."

The young man spoke with sincerity; but I felt, and I judged my companions all felt, that there was some explanation of his experience that would relieve Mr. Spurgeon of the imputation of actual personality. I said:

"But isn't it possible that you were mistaken? Didn't you take something particularly to yourself that Mr. Spurgeon meant for a whole class of his hearers?"

"Not at all, not at all," he replied, eagerly. "No, sir; there was no mistake whatever about it. He meant me and nobody else. I don't think he ought to have done it."

Still unconvinced, I said again:

"You, of course, were looking at the speaker; and, if the speaker turned his face toward where you were sitting, you perhaps took it for granted that he was looking particularly at you, when he was not."

"No, sir; but it was at *me* that he looked. Why,

sir, he described my dress. I own I was dressed rather loud; but that didn't make it right. He told what color my coat was, and my waistcoat, and all that. He oughtn't to have done it, sir."

The young man was so much in earnest that we all tacitly agreed to let him have his say, without further question. But I could not persuade myself that his impressions accorded with the facts in the case.

Seven months after, I was a guest at a dinner given by Charles H. Thomson, Esq., an American gentleman, then resident in Paris, to a small party, which included Dr. McClintock, Dr. J. H. Vincent, I remember, and, among others, a young minister whose name I cannot now recall. The conversation happened at one point to turn upon Mr. Spurgeon, and I related the singular experience of this young Londoner to the company. I added that, the young man's confident asseverations to the contrary notwithstanding, of course Mr. Spurgeon could not have done as he represented. All agreed—except the minister above alluded to. He said:

"I was present on that occasion, and I sat near the young man. What he said was all true. Mr. Spurgeon did unquestionably point his preaching for a moment directly and personally at him. He said: 'That young man sitting under my eye, with such and such clothes on.'"

The coincidence was so remarkable that we all had to be convinced.

Such an episode, then, in Mr. Spurgeon's preaching must have occurred. But it must have been extremely exceptional; perhaps it was entirely unique. I have myself been a somewhat frequent auditor of his, and certainly I never witnessed anything at all resembling the incident that I have narrated. Possibly, Mr. Spurgeon having his attention casually directed to that young man, a sudden and irresistible impulse suggested the hazardous expedient of a personal appeal to him in so public a manner, by way of arresting his conscience with an unexpected and unusual impression. The event, so far as appeared, did not justify the preacher's temerity. It was probably an unwise experiment; certainly unwise, one is tempted to say, and probably unsuccessful. But the judgment-seat alone can disclose the final issue of our actions. It is still uncertain, in the case of that young man, what the last effect may prove to have been of that singular address to his conscience.

[The foregoing story from my pen found its way across the Atlantic and fell under Mr. Spurgeon's eye. He unqualifiedly denied that he ever did such a thing. After that, years intervened, and the present writer had an opportunity to talk with Mr.

Spurgeon about the story. The great preacher confirmed his previous denial, and added very interesting anecdotes of incidents in his pulpit experience which the reader curious to see them may find in the author's volume, "Modern Masters of Pulpit Discourse", pp. 184-186.]

XXI

A LYRIST OF LIBERTY

I WAS a boy at school in New England when I took my first impression of Whittier as poet. That impression was received from a poem which I do not find included in the recent collections of his verse. It was on the subject of Christ stilling the tempest. It must have been in one of the many Readers or Speakers of that time that I saw it. There was a certain grave and sweet majesty of sentiment and of rhythm in this poem that strongly attracted me. It is perhaps the space of one whole human generation since my eyes have rested on the lines of this piece. I was disappointed lately in not being able to find it in what, I believe, purported to be the author's poetical works complete. Happily, however, just yesterday my disappointment was turned into gladness; for, in an old volume dated 1838, under the title, "Poems by John G. Whittier," published in Philadelphia by Joseph Healy, I found in the table of contents the talismanic words, "Christ in the Tempest". I asked to hear the poem read aloud. The sound of it was like an echo out of my boyhood. It

seemed the wrappings of memory releasing the tones of the poem, as if these had been stored up within me in some impossible way, after the fashion of the phonograph. Probably I could not have recalled beforehand a single phrase of the poem by any conscious effort of recollection. But from hearing it barely once I found myself able, as I was irresistibly prompted, to repeat the whole of the solemn and noble concluding paragraph or stanza. Here it is:

Dread Ruler of the tempest! Thou before
Whose presence boweth the uprisen storm—
To whom the waves do homage round the shore
Of many an island empire!—if the form
Of the frail dust beneath thine eye, may claim
Thy infinite regard—oh, breathe upon
The storm and darkness of man's soul the same
Quiet, and peace, and humbleness, which came
O'er the roused water, where thy voice had gone
A minister of power—to conquer in thy name!

Is it the influence of old and dear association imposing upon me to make me think, as I do, that a strain like this was worthy to have been preserved among the poems approved by the author's maturer taste and judgment? At any rate I cannot escape the fascination that resides for me in the tranquil energy, the deep devoutness, locked up in those slow and solemn-breathing words. Certainly the poem is different in tone and treat-

ment from the later inspirations of Whittier's muse. It seems to reveal an original potentiality in Whittier, of something larger, something loftier, something more lordly, than anything he afterward actually achieved.

Perhaps I err in saying this, for did he not devote his gift of song to one of the noblest of all causes, the cause of human justice and human freedom? If he did this in the spirit of deliberately sacrificing the merely poetic instinct that pleaded within his bosom for utterance, must not the result have been, in moral height at least, equal to the best possibilities treasured up in the original native endowment of the poet?

It has always seemed to me that Whittier possessed, beyond any other American singer of his time, one particular quality necessary to the successful lyricist—the power, I mean, of producing verse that is immediately effective to its full degree upon the first reading. No one needs to linger and brood, with anxious and doubtful heed, over Whittier's verses to find out what they mean, before feeling the force that is in them. The sense strikes the mind of the reader instantaneously. There is no interval between the mechanical reading of the words and the intellectual apprehension of the thought. The tone in the ear and the flash in the brain are simultaneous. It is impossible to measure the influence exerted by the lyrics of lib-

erty that, through near a whole generation, like lightnings out of a thunder-cloud, darted from the breast of this gentle-hearted man, capable of great wrath, as being capable of great love.

One of the most branding of Whittier's lyrics, launched in the service of liberty, was his celebrated "Ichabod." This seems to me to be decidedly the most powerful effort of Whittier's genius. It reads indeed not like an effort at all, but like a spontaneous vent, jet, escape, eruptive out of a pent-up fountain-head of passion in the soul of the poet. The effort would rather have been in keeping "Ichabod" back, than in sending it forth. I suppose Vesuvius made no effort in belching out the floods of lava that wasted the plains about Pompeii. I confess it seems to me that the eager zeal of the liberty-lover did, in this poem, get somewhat the better of Whittier's sense of justice and sentiment of charity toward the individual man against whom, in that passionate moment, he directed the bolt of his fierce indignation. But if "Ichabod" is marked by some not-characteristic impurity of passion on the part of the writer, let us bear in mind that, after an interval of many years, "Ichabod" was half unwritten by the same hand that wrote it. "The Lost Occasion" is the title of a much later poem from Whittier, relating, anonymously, to the same great man who long before had been anonymously thunder-stricken in

the "Ichabod." A study in comparison of these two poems is an interesting and suggestive study also of the character of Whittier. The Son of Thunder who called down fire from heaven in the "Ichabod", relents and calls down instead a shower as of gentle dew from heaven, a benediction of tenderly considerate charity, in "The Lost Occasion".

Charity—or to give so beautiful a sentiment its own beautiful name in mother-English speech, love—is the one supreme trait that lies broadly everywhere, glorifying it, over the whole surface of Whittier's poetry. And the love, so omnipresent in Whittier's singing that it almost makes a never-palling monotony of delight to the ear of the reader—that love, abundantly exercised by the poet, was always abundantly returned to him by the great public of his admirers. At every succeeding birthday that marked the prolonging of the lovely Indian summer of this benign and beneficent life, Amesbury was a Mecca of thought and of memory to thousands. There we, who having not seen him, loved him, would figure him to ourselves sitting, grave and placid at his receipt of custom—a custom delightful to pay, as it must have been delightful to receive—an overflowing revenue of grateful and reverent and affectionate homage.

XXII

THE FOLLY OF BEING SORRY

I REMEMBER once meeting somewhere with a bit of homely wit and wisdom that pleased me much and fastened itself firmly in my mind: "There are two kinds of things," so the saying went, "that it is useless to be sorry for, first, things that you can help, and, second, things that you can't help."

That seemed to me so entirely satisfactory, in its reasonableness and its exhaustiveness, that I admitted it immediately among my axioms of practical life. To be sure, why be sorry for a thing that it is in your power to have otherwise? And if to have it otherwise is beyond your power, what fruit in tears? A saying hard to shape in act, granted, but sound and wholesome as hard. It leaves little room for indulging in sorrow. Yes, but all the room that we can profitably occupy with that emotion.

I try to live on this principle: To put a difference between, granting that I had to do it over again, I wouldn't do it, between this—which will often be a confession required by candor—and be-

ing sorry about it. Such a confession I can make cheerfully, but there is no way that I have discovered of being cheerfully sorry.

And, after all, just this impossible paradox, namely, to be cheerfully sorry—is it not the easy achievement of the Christian? As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, that is Paul's phrase, and that is the formula of Christian experience. As Christians we seek to act the most wisely that we can. We make a mistake and perceive that we have made it. We acknowledge to ourselves, and to any others whom it may concern, that it was a mistake. This means that if the chance of choosing were renewed to us, we should act differently. Still, we spend no time in vain regrets. We do not vainly wish it were otherwise. We cheerfully accept it as it is, and adjust ourselves to it. It is not exactly optimism. We do not quite say, It is all for the best. We admit that it might have been better. But we are obediently willing to have it less well than it might have been. It is all part of God's wide providence and the end is blessed. If this slips back into optimism, after all, the optimism into which it slips back is of a transcendent sort—not weak, not self-conceited, not sentimental. It is faith, not presumption. Along with Paul, it reckons in that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Such optimism is the true basis of the philosophy of not being sorry.

This optimism has even a way of including sin itself within its scope and reducing that too to the order of grace and redemption. To be sorry for sin, is to be strangely joyful—if, at the same time that you are sorry, you are also forgiven, and feel that you are. In that one case of blessed exception, there is no folly in being sorry. But likewise there is no repining. You are glad that you are sad, and the sadness is taken up, and transformed, converted, in the gladness. Such gracious and rejoicing sorrow for sin has no folly in it. But, apart from instances like this of sorrow, being sorry for acts of yours done and past, is fruitless and foolish. Turn away toward the future, go forward, be glad.

XXIII

A DAY WITH GEORGE P. MARSH

ON THE GRINDELWALD GLACIER

I HAD parted from my companionship in travel for the sake of enjoying a little parenthesis of rest and home, as guest for some weeks of an American family of friends residing in Saxony. I began Switzerland, therefore, alone. It was an afternoon of that marble weather which the Alps know, and I had climbed the sharp ascent to Mürren out of the Lauterbrunnenthal. I reached the little inn just in time to have a full feast of delight in gazing round and round upon that famous crescent of snow summits in the center of which you stand at Mürren, before the setting sun left them glitterless and cold. In the long, low apartment that served as reception room and dining-hall at once in the inn, a party of three traveler-guests sat, with an air of leisure which said that they had already supped, and that their day's work was done. The party consisted of a gentleman, who was perhaps making notes, and two ladies, the senior of whom occasionally spoke (I have for-

gotten whether in German or French) to the people of the inn.

A moment's glance satisfied me that the gentleman, at least, was an American. After such greetings as the meeting of strangers under the circumstances suggested, an interval elapsed, when I ventured to say: "I beg your pardon, sir. Are you an American?" "I am," said he. "I live in Turin." "Is it Mr. Marsh, then?" said I. [Mr. Marsh was under Lincoln our minister to Italy.] It was Mr. Marsh; and the access which he affably permitted made conversation very easy.

I went out on a balcony which looked toward that magnificent semicircle of mountains, and, using a telescope placed there for the amusement of travelers, I discovered a banner floating on the extreme summit of a peak deemed almost impracticable for climbers. I called Mr. Marsh's attention to it, and with a genially responsive curiosity he came to have a look at it himself. I suggested that it would be curious to know if that was the identical banner with the "strange device." Mr. Marsh smiled and rejoined, saying parenthetically: "I wonder, by the way, how Mr. Longfellow would parse 'Excelsior.' I assumed at the moment that Mr. Marsh meant that the neuter form, *excelsius*, would better comport with the idea of a motto for one who was straining after elevated place. I have since wished that I had asked him to explain

his meaning, for I have hardly been able to make his suggestion seem to me not hypercritical; although I presume Mr. Longfellow himself would not defend the poem in question from the general charge of being very youthful, both as to conception and as to form.

Mr. Marsh had made the ascent of the Schilt-horn that day, and he strongly recommended it to me as a good thing to do. I followed his advice; but had the good fortune to meet him again within a week at Grindelwald, where I spent the day with him in a visit to the glacier.

Our party was winding along the mountain-side pathway close to the edge of the glacier, when a distant rumbling sound checked us, and the guide said, "An avalanche!" We all stood still, and not a word was said for a space of perhaps ten minutes. The noise increased, and drew nearer, and filled us with an indescribable awe and delight of suspense and expectation. Nothing was yet to be seen; but we all strained our eyes across the glacier in the direction of the sound. Presently a cloud of ice-dust rose, like smoke, into the air, and shed its spray sheer across to where we stood. The torrent noise poured on, and still the moving mass was invisible. It was an ice-avalanche, and it was thundering down a gorge of the mountain which led to the open glacier almost exactly opposite us. At last the front of the avalanche appeared at the

mouth of the gorge, and all that mighty mass behind was urging it on. Now and then the descending cataract would smite against a jut of rock out of sight in the ravine; and a puff of powdered ice would go up, so like the vomit of smoke from a gun's mouth that we could almost fancy we smelled the odor of sulphur in the air. The ice was beaten to dust and atoms when it flooded down upon the glacier. The separate particles of the flood that widened out over the free surface seemed instinct with vitality. They seemed all of them in haste to be at a remove from that horrible fall, and from the jostle and crush of the ruin. They crawled with a kind of conscious agony, and slunk out of sight into every fissure of the monstrous glacier that they could reach. When all was still again, the van of the avalanche, after filling the intervening chasms, had reached, I suppose, half-way across the whole breadth of the glacier.

"There!" said Mr. Marsh. "What is Niagara to that?" I felt the same enthusiasm of wonder; but I think now, as no doubt Mr. Marsh also thinks, that, sublime as the avalanche was, Niagara is still a very decidedly appreciable quantity in comparison. We resumed our walk, and Mr. Marsh told me of the then recent eruption of Vesuvius, which he said was the only great natural phenomenon that he had witnessed, to be equaled for sublimity with the avalanche. The eruption, in-

deed, he thought, surpassed the avalanche. As he described his own experience in acting the part of spectator at the eruption, I asked: "Was there not danger in doing as you did?" "I suppose there was," he replied; "but then you see it was one of those things that had to be done."

Mr. Marsh was at this time engaged upon his work, "Man and Nature." He had, therefore, a professional as well as a personal interest in his observations of the glacier. One remark that he made in connection with the subject of his future book, surprised me. He said that his lectures on the English language he felt to be an aside from his proper work. He considered himself dedicated rather to the discussion of questions in physical geography than to philological disquisitions. My meeting with Mr. Marsh had been purely casual, and I took no pains to make myself known to him. I was simply an American tourist. I assume, therefore, that he said nothing to me which it would be disagreeable to him for me to repeat; as he certainly said nothing which would not be honorable to him were it known. I accordingly venture to reproduce a passage of our conversation in which Mr. Horace Greeley's name occurred. It gave occasion to some remarks on Mr. Greeley's character, and on his methods in public discussion, that seemed to me to be, upon the whole, almost equally creditable to their subject and to their author.

Mr. Marsh, in some warmly patriotic comment to me on the conduct of our war against the Rebellion, uttered a vigorous, aggressive, and almost radical sentiment, which was so in contrast to the excessive conservatism that I had mistakenly attributed to him, as to draw from me an involuntary expression of surprise. In awkward relief of my inadvertence, I then alluded to a paragraph concerning Mr. Marsh in a *Tribune* editorial, on the diplomatic appointments of Mr. Lincoln's first administration, in which the writer lamented that the minister designated to Italy had not been a man more in sympathy with liberal republicanism. Mr. Marsh had seen the animadversion, and remarked that Mr. Greeley never could forget his (Mr. Marsh's) slowness to follow the lead that Mr. Greeley essayed to give the Whig party in Congress during the brief period of their mutual leaguiship at Washington. Mr. Marsh evidently felt himself unjustly treated; but he spoke with magnanimous forbearance. To my remark that Mr. Greeley's popular strength had always lain in the firm faith of the rural districts in his incorruptible honesty, and that the city people seemed often to call this in question, Mr. Marsh replied, as I thought, with just discrimination and generous concession. Said he: "Mr. Greeley has always espoused good causes, and advocated them zealously. I do not think Mr. Greeley would assert,

even for a good cause, what he knew to be false; though his partisanship of a good cause goes to great extremes. But I do think," said he, "that Mr. Greeley, in the heat of advocacy, will sometimes roundly assert what he does not know to be true."

It is hard for strenuous souls to exercise a self-denial in assertion always at the strict bounds of knowledge. I never thought less highly of Mr. Greeley's good qualities for Mr. Marsh's judgment; and, if Mr. Greeley happens to see this report of that judgment, I am sure he cannot feel less kindly toward Mr. Marsh for having passed it.

It will not be improper to add that Mrs. Marsh, then an invalid, and borne in a *chaise-à-porteur*, was the partner of her loyal and chivalrous husband's travels and of his talks. It was a beautiful harmony and relief—the royal strength and health of the husband put tenderly at the service of the suffering but sunny and all-appreciative wife. The third member of their party was a niece, whose youth found abundant sympathy in the youthful spirit of her companions.

XXIV

A MORNING AT ROUND LAKE CAMP MEETING

THE weather was softly brilliant and beautiful, after days of copious rain. It turned out that we were to hear Bishop Simpson preach that morning; but this we did not know, nor indeed anything whatever of the day's program, when we started for Round Lake from Saratoga by the early train. We simply came to take an impression of the meeting, to try the atmosphere of the place.

As we entered the pleasant grove of pine and maple, and saw the little streets of tabernacles, with now and then a more permanent dwelling occupied by some season tenant, who found it good to be there, we were sensible of a gladly-solemn effect, which was heightened when we caught perhaps the sound of singing from a tent, where the singers were unseen, or a sight of worshipers kneeling together in companies under a cope of canvas, quite open to our view. We walked slowly through the encampment to the side that is skirted by the pretty little lake.

Here the sound of a woman's voice talking earnestly in a tone of high-wrought emotion to an eagerly attentive and responsive auditory of souls filling a tent somewhat larger than the average, arrested our attention. We lingered and watched and listened. The tenuous and quavering voice, dashed with a trace of accent that seemed to bespeak the owner Scotch, was talking of personal religious experiences, the speaker's own, "on the heights". There were strained and wistful faces leaned forward, in sympathy deep enough for tears. It was no mere surface sentiment that spoke or that responded. It was deep emotion, which shook soul and nerve. It was sincere, it was genuine, it was generous, but—was it healthful? I thought of the probable sequel of this intense experience. When those nerves got unstrung from their high tension, by the reaction that must surely follow among the very different scenes and occasions of life at home, what temptations to querulousness, to despondency, must come, as the physical nature's revenge for such exhausting overdrafts on the vital resources! It was even pitiful to forecast for those souls, quite self-forgetting now in their ecstasy, the immediate future that lay before them. Most of them were women, whose appearance indicated either that they were hard-worked mothers and housewives at home, kept on a cruel rack of fret and care with their daily occu-

pation, or else that, being still unmarried, they were under a yoke of tasking toil, goaded by the consciousness of depending upon themselves, or of being prematurely responsible for others. How the tears started, forced out by the heaving heart, and streamed down some of those intent faces—grateful relief, but alas! not recuperation—when a sweet woman's voice, instantly, on the close of the address of which I have spoken, raised that pathetic strain of triumph:

Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They seize the triumph from afar;
 By faith they bring it nigh.

I was far enough from being a mere coldly-critical listener and spectator. Indeed, I felt my own heart, too, giving the first struggling strokes that, I so well remember, used, when I was pastor and preacher, to grow easily into a great pulsation, to shake my whole bodily and spiritual frame. I knew from experience of my own, which it is both pain and bliss to recall, how delicious, as well as how costly, such spiritual voluptuousness is. To be moderate here, and not to die of moderation—that is a problem how hard! But it is a problem for few, and not for many. I wonder if Paul solved it. I should like to know something of Paul's every-day life. But the problem of each is his own.

We went next to the preaching-stand and took our seats. It was an hour yet to the time fixed for the sermon, but already a large number of people had assembled. Occasional singing, which soon grew continuous, cheered and sobered the hour. I was touched once more with the careworn looks of most of the women there. I cannot say that the care legible in the lines of their faces was, as a rule, spiritualized into sweetness of expression; but it was nevertheless a pathetic scene. I thought how George Eliot would read, between those facial lines, the sad and mingled story of the lives they represented. O, Lord Christ, what a work hast thou undertaken, to save and sanctify us and our human brothers and sisters!

I had the good fortune to be seated at a focus of highly contrasted dramatic extremes. On one side sat a "local" preacher, who kindly pointed out to me the Methodist celebrities as they came in. This preacher himself deserved to be a celebrity, as very likely he is within his provincial sphere. An elderly man, of full habit, without natural delicacy, and not refined by culture, he first drew my notice by remarking to a neighbor: "I don't give up my chair to nobody. In salvation matters I look out for myself. Yesterday, when it rained, I wouldn't spread my umbrella because it would wet folks around me; but in salvation matters I take care of myself." The outright-spoken man,

he simply said what he might have kept to himself, as most people less frankly and more wisely do. He did himself some injustice, too; for he was soon called away for a while, when I observed that, in leaving his chair, he said: "Let some one have it till I come back." Coming back, however, he beckoned to the occupant to retain it; though I must do his consistency the credit to add that he easily yielded to that gentleman's refusal to accept the favor.

I could not help overhearing some Methodist "family" talk; which, as it was perfectly open and public, I violate no confidence in repeating. "There are eight newspaper reporters here to-day. The papers are beginning to find out that Methodists *are* somebody," one too self-conscious Methodist remarked to his neighbor, in a very natural, but certainly not in a scripturally simple, spirit of self-felicitation. But truth compels me to add that the reporters joined like brethren in the singing, and occasionally in making responses — in short, appeared altogether to be good Methodists themselves. I was forced to conclude that the journalistic publicity about to be given to the present occasion would be due as much to the desire of some, at least, among Methodists to make Methodists known, as it would be to the desire of the outside world to know Methodists. The secular spirit is very penetrating.

My friend, the "local" preacher, was almost profanely emphatic in one of his brief characterizations of men and things, interjected at available intervals of the service. "That man," said he, "is Dr.—. He preached the other day. He shook like an aspen, he was so nervous and weak. But, O God, how he got the truth out!"

In another place near me sat a young man who responded to some passages in the sermon referring to missionary consecration, with silent tears coursing down his cheeks. It was touching and beautiful. I could but hope inwardly for him that his heart might keep that freshness of feeling through the months and years of disenchanting experience that perhaps his student life (I guessed, rightly, as I found on subsequent inquiry, that he was to study for the ministry) would yet furnish. The "local" preacher had a very different manner of expressing his appreciation. He sat and shook his body with a laugh that rattled in his throat. While others said "Amen!" invariably that rattling, phthisical laugh at my side—a curious but by no means inexpressive sign of applause. In still a different direction, a young woman sat with a hearing-trumpet at her ear, drinking in the delight of sound with that fixed, wistful patience of face which is so pathetic in the deaf.

Chaplain McCabe, with a voice roughened a little by rough usage in good causes, acted as pre-

centor when the preaching service proper began. The bishop preached on Peter's pentecostal citation and interpretation of Joel's prophecy concerning the universal impartation to come of the gifts of the Holy Ghost. It was an hour and a half of good public speaking. It was an *episcopal* sermon—that is, such a sermon as a bishop pre-eminently becomes qualified to preach. It bore marks of having been submitted to the test of frequent use before. It made one think of Whitefield's reported instructive homiletical remark: "I never feel that I am quite master of my sermon till I have preached it forty times." The bishop was applauded with many amens, in tongues and phrases and keys and volumes and inflections nearly as various as the languages spoken on the day of Pentecost. Once or twice a wilder cry of approval went up from the outer edge of those crowded roods of human beings, which created a momentary excitement throughout the entire mass. The bishop seemed stimulated by the assent and sympathy of his hearers, to deserve their plaudits more and more. In fact, the criticism I could not help passing upon the sermon, as a whole, was that it had too much the air of an invitation to Methodists to cheer themselves. Whatever may have been the true psychology of the preacher, the fact outwardly seemed to be that, quite unconsciously perhaps, he was pleasing his hearers,

rather than wrestling with them to secure their better obedience to Christ. Altogether my morning at Round Lake reminded me that there was danger as well as profit, in convivial Christianity.

XXV

MY MOTHER

SHALL I do foolishly to obey my heart and enter here a memorial word for my mother?

Almost eighty-four strenuous years were hers on earth—years strenuous even to the end, although for nigh a quarter of a century she suffered, while she labored, enough to have excused her with most had she let labor quite give way to suffering. This, however, she never did; for will was strong within her, to a degree of strength that certainly I have nowhere seen surpassed among the sons or daughters of men. Will was strong—conscience, too, strong and compelling. My mother seemed ever to hear a voice saying, “The night cometh. Work while it is day.” So nothing hindered, and nothing could hinder. Hardly would she have erred had she, at her last breath, taken up the words of her Lord, “My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.”

Disease, comparatively early in her career, laid slow and steady siege to the citadel of her life. The outworks were captured one by one, until at length from being the most active and efficacious

of women, this eager, vehement, resolute spirit retired within a body over which she had chiefly ceased to exercise control. Nearly all her bodily members fell into the power of the enemy. She could not move one foot before another, she could not even stand. But bed-ridden she would not be, and she sat daily in her roller chair. The flag of immortal resistance to the inroads of the foe, flew, in still unbated challenge, to the very last. Pain effected its utmost, but pain could not, and did not, subdue her. So when she surrendered, it was to Death himself, come in person, that the surrender was made.

I have spoken in a figure, and the figure may mislead. No fighter against God was my mother. I have only meant to describe the unconquerable courage with which she refused to capitulate to disease—with which she still persisted, not simply in being, in existing, but in living, in the full sense of the word, life.

With all the vigor of will that I have inadequately indicated as belonging to her, my mother was a Christian. I do not mean to say that she was what people idealizingly call a saint. I have never seen anyone free from fault; and she of whom I here write undoubtedly had her share of our common human heritage of imperfection. Her eminence did not lie in being good softly and sweetly. She was good earnestly and urgently.

She strove in her goodness. She was conscious of temptation without and within. Hers was no victory of escape, fortunately and placidly won, from the oppositions and resistances of the world, the flesh, and the devil. She took the brunt of battle hardly. But she stood, and took it, or took it and went on. She did not give way before it, she did not sink under it.

Is this praising my mother? I do not wish to praise her, but only to describe her. That God made her after such a pattern, was no merit in her. That after such a pattern she lived her life as a Christian, was of God's own grace and election.

There were many hard assays in this Christian's worldly lot of life. She had heavy burdens to bear. She made her days long by adding to them from her nights, that she might have more daily hours in which to expend her magnificent native endowment of physical endurance. The conditions that environed her allowed her no proper leisure to nourish and replenish her mind. But she loved knowledge, and she would know, though in the effort to learn she might not sleep long enough to-night to begin even again with the inexorable demands of life to-morrow.

Still, no stress of hurry and worry and work, no importunity of cares, no noise and din of household occupation about her, or even employing her own busy hands—no one of all these things, and

not the perturbations of the inward mind, could prevent her trying daily to satisfy the hunger of her soul from God's Word. If any other mother on earth ever, in proportion to her opportunity, did more than this mother, to bring up her children literally in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—why, I rejoice at it, but I have never to my knowledge heard of such an instance. How—now that, from my own personal experience of life, I can better appreciate the cost at which all this was accomplished—how I admire and bless my mother, nay, rather how I am quickened to follow her example!

O mothers, you that under a great fight of afflictions are trying thus to be faithful, endure to the end! Your reward is great, in the future love and thanks of your children. What a resurrection to life and power awaits your influence, out of the grave that by and by shall clasp your sacred dust!

If any reader of these memorial words perchance remembers some line of verse, printed here or there, from my mother's hand, it may possibly add a tender and sympathetic interest to such a recollection, to say, that that hand, rested now at last, and rested forever, from its toil and its pain, was, during a decade of years, together with most of the rest of the body, mainly helpless to move itself, save in the thumb and the one finger next the thumb that held and guided the pen. Yet

almost—almost, but not quite—to the last, that combative will kept the manuscript not only legible, but elegant and legible, like the manuscript of her youth and early womanhood.

That combative will! Not combative now, but redeemed and sanctified, easily and blessedly triumphant, forever and forevermore, in obedience to her Lord!

XXVI

APPLAUSE AS A SPUR TO PEGASUS

I LIGHTED the other day upon these things in my reading. Byron writes to Murray, his publisher:

“ *December 10, 1819.* I have finished the third Canto [of ‘ Don Juan ’], but the things I have read and heard discourage all further publication—at least for the present.”

“ *February 7, 1820.* I have not yet sent off the Cantos, and have some doubt whether they ought to be published, for they have not the spirit of the first. The outcry has not frightened but it has *hurt* me, and I have not written *con amore* this time.”

Moore, biographer of Byron, relates:

“ So sensitive, indeed—in addition to his usual abundance of this quality—did he at length grow on the subject, that when Mr. W. Bankes, who succeeded me as his visitor, happened to tell him one day that he had heard a Mr. Saunders (or some such name), then resident at Venice, declare that in this opinion ‘ “ Don Juan ” was all Grub street,’ such an effect had this disparaging speech

upon his mind (though coming from a person who, as he himself would have it, was 'nothing but a—salt-fish seller'), that for some time after, by his own confession to Mr. Bankes, he could not bring himself to write another line of the poem, and one morning, opening a drawer where the neglected manuscript lay, he said to his friend, 'Look here, this is all Mr. Saunders's Grub street.' "

Mr. Ruskin has, in his "Arrows of the Chace", a striking passage about the intolerably depressing effect experienced by his friend Turner, the painter, from the disparagement with which his efforts in art were met by the public. As for Byron, in the particular case of his "Don Juan", one might perhaps well wish that his sense of discouragement had been sufficient to prevent altogether the finishing of the poem, splendid as is the iridescence of genius that plays over the surface of that dark and miasmatic water. Still, the illustration serves all the same. Immediate appreciation is a great stimulus to production, a stimulus which only the greatest can miss and yet go on successfully producing.

Shelley, I remember, dashed, dazed, browbeaten, by his ill-fortune with the public, obliged to be his own publisher, or at least to defray himself the expense of his publishing, exclaimed, in a fit of despondent self-reassurance, of despairing triumph, over his "Adonais" completed, "This, let

the critics say what they will, this at least, I *know*, is poetry." How much costly and exhausting effort in sustaining himself for the great task of poetical creation, underlies expressions such as that from a genius such as Shelley!

Webster testified that he never before spoke in an atmosphere of such sympathy and appreciation as braced him on the occasion of his Reply to Hayne. That atmosphere was no doubt an indispensable condition of the memorable supreme triumph of the speech. Who that has read the *memorabilia* of that remarkable man, Robert Hall, but has noticed how his pulpit oratory was fed and supported by the praise that surrounded him?

It takes a man enormously buoyant with self-estimation, like Wordsworth for example, to do without the help of present appreciation and sympathy. And, under the inspiration of applause, Wordsworth would have written better poetry than he did, merely and sheerly persistent through that inextinguishable sense in him of his own genius, which was at once the strength and the weakness of this least inspired of all real poets.

I, for my part, should like to know what the result would have been in the case of Walter Scott, had he lost for a term of years his standing with the reading public. Scott was a vastly courageous man, and he had quantity and reserve of animal spirits, the fruit of health and tempera-

ment, on which to draw for self-support against a slack time in his popularity. But I feel sure that heaviness of heart would have clogged that joyous play of the great brain, had the sense haunted him that he was writing what no one would praise, or, which is the same, what no one would read.

Almost ten years of his early manhood Tennyson was voiceless, chilled, as would seem, from singing, by the neglect or the contempt with which his poems had been received. Fortunately he lived long enough to outlive several of those reactions and vicissitudes of alternate challenge and acclamation which assure at length the poet's fame.

How it enhances one's estimation of the majesty of Milton, his genius and his character, that, "unchanged to hoarse or mute", he could go on, amid the ribald noise of the Restoration, to chant the great symphony of the "Paradise Lost"—this, with a contemporary authority in letters like Waller, to say of his work: "The old blind school-master, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man; if its length be not considered a merit, it hath no other"; and with, no matter whom, to express the "general feeling of his age" in saying, "That 'Paradise Lost' of Milton which some are pleased to call a poem"!

Well, what of it all? Shall we agree together to praise more, that we may have more to praise?

Doubtful wisdom. There is, in fact, praise enough bestowed, and dispraise enough. The trouble is that these, both of them, get famously ill-distributed. What remedy? None. To admire wisely is one of the last triumphs of wisdom. There is at least nothing for us, but to be as wise here as possible, and do our utmost to make others so. Our authors will have to get on as best they can with what chance praise, fit or unfit, falls to them. Let each man and woman live and write, as far as possible, in hope to deserve the fame that God himself pronounces lastly on each deed, and other hope of fame surmount and forget.

XXVII

RUFUS CHOATE AS A WRITER

RUFUS CHOATE enjoys a fame as lawyer which is one of the most universal, most picturesque, and most vivid, traditions of the American bar. No lawyer perhaps ever exercised a power with juries more nearly partaking of the magical, the preternatural, than in his day did Rufus Choate. In any case permitting appeal to the emotions of men, to say that Choate had undertaken a side before a jury, was almost equivalent to saying that that side would prevail. In one particular instance trial was had, time after time, of an accused man generally believed to be guilty; but, time after time, Choate succeeded in securing disagreement of the jury, until at last the attempt was abandoned in sheer despair of having justice done to the criminal. It once, to Choate's own face, came out in court that a man soliciting another to become his accomplice in crime met that other's objection that there was danger involved of legal consequences disagreeably affecting himself, by saying, " Oh, but then we will employ Choate, and Choate will get you off! " These are stories of

Choate which I suppose to be substantially true. They certainly illustrate the undoubted sovereignty that Choate exercised as advocate over the minds and hearts of juries.

There was a certain rage, a fury, an enthusiasm of apparent inspiration, in Mr. Choate's manner as he spoke, which made, on observers not familiar with the facts, the impression that the speaker was more potent than he knew, that he worked by an instinct of nature, a spontaneous impulse that was greater than he. The truth, however, is that Choate's oratoric madness had a conscious method of its own. His journals and his confidential communications to his friends display the immense, the lavish, outlay of labor in preparation which was the condition, to Choate, of his brilliantly successful forensic career. He was never so beside himself with the invading and usurping divinity within him, but that he knew quite well what he was doing, and why he was doing that. Said a friend to him once after hearing him address a jury, "Do you know, Mr. Choate, you, in your excitement, repeated yourself a great deal? One point you went over not only twice, but several times." "Six times," responded Choate. "That number was necessary. The first time was enough for half the jury, but I saw that the other six men were not yet mine. It was not till the sixth repetition that I got my last man."

Perhaps Choate's professional enthusiasm, his "avidity of fame", carried him beyond the just bounds of a good morality in the prosecution of his labor as lawyer. Of that question I do not here treat. Indeed, it was not of Choate the lawyer, but of Choate the writer, that I set out to speak.

We have never in our American literature had any other name than Choate that came so near as he to the possibility of rivaling the richness, the splendor, of Burke. For my own part, I do not hesitate at all to say that, with an admiration for Burke as high as any man's, I still find in the choicest passages of Choate a satisfaction to my sense of fullness in thought, harmony in rhythm, passion in feeling, poetry in imagination, that quite equals what I experience in reading Burke at his highest and best. In truth, there is no writer whatever in English prose who yields me so much of that peculiar delight in literature, for which we generally feel that we must go to poetry, as, in his most inspired composition, does Rufus Choate. There wanted nothing but the test of fecundity, of volume, it needed only body of production sufficient to have commanded continued public attention during a considerable period of intellectual activity while the work of production was going on, and then, after that, to stand permanently as an impressive visible sign of genius

that had fulfilled its task—I say it lacked this, and this alone, to enthrone Rufus Choate forever a peer among the great classical prose writers of the English language.

There is an individuality about Choate's style which seems almost to be eccentricity. But if he had written more, a great deal more, that very individuality of his would finally have conformed the public taste that judged it, and have become one of the undisputed elemental forces in literature. For Choate's peculiarity was in fact not something abnormal. It was not an individual dialect, an outlandish jargon, like the later manner of Carlyle. It was an elegant, urbane, cultivated speech, with the unmistakable accent of taste and genius. Choate's style is the spontaneous product of his thought and his feeling, joyfully submitting themselves to the labor of literary art. It is an immeasurable loss to letters that the conditions of Choate's life were not such as to cause him to produce a larger body of writing. The greater bulks that sail the high seas of literature will in the end, it is to be feared, bear him down and sink him out of sight. His craft is too light, carries too little burden, to hold its own amid the shock of such collisions as in these crowded lanes of ocean it inevitably must encounter.

Long sentences are a very marked characteristic of Choate. Two pages and a half, up to three and

four pages, are to be found occupied, each space, with single sentences. This alone, with some, will seem enough to condemn Choate's style. I, for my part, believe in the principle of short sentences. I do not propose Choate's peculiarity in this respect as a model to be adopted. But then, Choate's long sentences commend themselves to my taste and judgment—not indeed as the rule, but as admirable exceptions to the rule. They roll to shore like a wave that has traversed the Atlantic. But it has been a rhythmical wave, it has had its rises and falls, and it breaks in music and sheen on the shore. Look, it has brought pearls, pearls of thought, to your feet.

For nothing could be a greater mistake than to suppose that all this affluence of words exists in Choate by itself and for its own sake. Choate is not a whit richer in words than in thoughts. There is not an adjective that has not its needed meaning, its indisputable felicity. You marvel at the livingness of it all. Every sentence is from end to end like a living creature. One life-blood courses through its every clause, word, syllable. You might almost look to see the sentence move on its page.

I am irresistibly tempted to garnish this brief paper with specimens of the apt epithet, the picturesque phrase, the imaginative glimpse, the classic flavor, the insight of sagacity, the lightning of passion, that irradiate and qualify the splendid

tracts of Choate's rhetoric. Out of a single one of his pieces I could easily gather quotable illustrative phrases enough to make up the whole length of an essay like this. In truth, there is hardly any English writer of prose, every sentence of whose composition is more certain to be a last and consummate felicity of thought and expression. Take this one short sentence, describing, merely by the way, a certain place with its tenderly-remembered aspects of nature: "The sweet and solemn flow of the river [what liquid lapse of sound consonant to the sense, heightened with what tender imaginative interpretation!], gleaming through interval here and there; margins and samples of the same old woods, but thinned and retiring; the same range of green hills yonder, tolerant of culture to the top, but shaded then by primeval forests, on whose crest the last rays of sunset lingered; the summit of Ascutney; the great northern light that never sets; the constellations that walk around and watch the pole; the same nature, undecayed, unchanging, is here." If that one sentence is not, like Giotto's circle, proof enough in itself of the hand of a master, then my power of judging is at fault. I glance across to the page opposite and I light upon this, "the decorated scene of his larger labors and most diffusive glory", spoken of the halls of Congress, in connection with an illustrious legislator; and this,

“capacious public affection,” attributed to a great statesman; at the same opening, “the trophies which began to disturb his sleep,” in swift magical allusive recall of the story of Themistocles brooding wakefully over the successes of Miltiades. “You saw the flash and heard the peal, and felt the admiration and fear; but from what region it was launched, and by what divinity, and from what Olympian seat, you could not certainly yet tell.” “The reveries of ■ cloistered speculation.” “Cicero, through whose pellucid deep seas the pearl shows distinct and large and near, as if within the arm’s reach.” “I recall the husband, the father of the living and of the early-departed, the friend, the counselor of many years, and my heart grows too full and liquid for the refutation of words.”

But this is a vain attempt. You must read for yourself the whole piece. Considered quite apart from its justice to the subject, the eulogy on Daniel Webster pronounced at Dartmouth by Rufus Choate deserves the praise of Everett, “as magnificent a eulogium as ever was delivered.” The volume containing it cannot without great loss to himself be neglected by any lover of the noblest literature.

XXVIII

BEAM ON THEM

A SOLAR light in the face—who is it that talks about it?—is an exceedingly potent influence for anybody to apply that wants to do anything with anybody for good. It is especially desirable for the teacher. You cannot use, with a troublesome scholar, any other discipline so useful—and that is not discipline, it is something better.

What is solar light in the face? do you ask? Well, suppose the word spelled *soular*, and you have it. It is the light of the soul shining out of your eyes like the sun—it is love irradiating your features. There is seldom any hardness of a human heart that can resist this melting influence. You do not need to speak, you do not need to touch, you need only to look, if you look right. And the right look is the look of love. Beam on your scholars. Love them, and look your love. Are they mischievous? Do not be aware of it in your looks. Just beam on them with sweet good-will. If there is any malice, even the least, in their mischief, the malice will yield, and the mischief itself will change to pure, answering good-will.

The writer of this remembers well how he once

had to deal, as teacher, with a boy that had conceived a perverse prejudice against him. For a while it was will against will, and the boy's hardness waxed hard. But one day it occurred to that boy's teacher to think how foolish, how wrong, it was for him to let such a relation with his pupil stand. Immediately the teacher resolved to thaw the boy whom he did not get on well trying to break. At once he began to love that boy with sheer effort, and successful effort it was too. The effect was magical. The boy was surprised to find himself no longer resisted, but in sudden process of being won. And won he was, completely won. It was all done in the way here recommended. The teacher beamed on his pupil. That was all. The teacher drank light from the Lord, and just poured it on the boy from his face. It was a victory in which the Lord was the victor, conquering both teacher and pupil together.

Try it, teachers. Beam on your classes. But it must be real light, solar light, that you shed. And there must be warmth in the ray no less than light. And scholars, you, too, try the plan on your teachers. A frigid teacher can be thawed by his class. Beam on him, scholars.

Behold, let us all beam on one another, we that are beamed on by Jesus. It might be a much lighter world than it is, a world far more sweetly warm and pleasant.

XXIX

SIDNEY LANIER'S POETRY

IF Sidney Lanier's living lot was but half a happy one, the posthumous chance that has befallen his fame is to be reckoned a large compensation. He appears, a shining candidate for immortality as poet, in a well-printed, well-edited, well-published, but above all, well-introduced, volume of "Poems."

This volume I confess that I, but for my good fortune in being, for the sake of young readers in the house, member of a suburban "Book Club", might have escaped reading, even reading into, at all. The well-favored book came duly, in its turn with the rest, to my hand, and filled me with vernal delight—inspired "vernal delight", I ought to say; for is not such the rhythmic effect, as well as such the language, of the phrase in which Milton first taught us that rare wedding of noun and adjective? Sidney Lanier was born a poet, if poet ever man was born.

This is shown almost more in his bits of prose, from letters or note-book, culled with loving art so choice, and set, gemlike, so charmingly in bio-

graphic text, by the author of the "Memorial", with which the "Poems" are introduced. What pressure of genius was present and eager to find vent in almost any word this young Southron might write! Sidney Lanier was too intense. His intensity was his disease. He died of it at last—and so early! Of his intensity were born the chief faults that mar the performance, while not lessening at all the promise, that I find in his poetry. His genius had intensity enough quite to have spoiled his work, had he not possessed taste in well-nigh equal measure. His taste would probably in the end have rectified his genius, and enabled him to produce, in his maturity, far more nearly perfect work in verse than actually he ever did produce during his swift and splendid prime. In saying this, I do not moderate, I advance, the poet's praise; for I thus claim that he himself, the poet, was greater than any poem that he wrote.

Take the poem entitled "Sunrise," one of the so-called "Hymns of the Marshes." This piece has the place of honor, the first place, in the printed collection. It is one of the latest, it is perhaps the greatest, of Lanier's poems. I am not sure but I have seen somewhere an editorial opinion expressed that it was even the greatest poem ever written in America. If I wished to concede, I should wish to interpret the opinion to mean greatest in promise of great things to

come, greatest in evidence of poetic capacity, rather than truly greatest in itself, that is, in ungainsayable present performance. It is too full of whimsy—true poet's whimsy indeed—of conceit, of humored mannerisms, of quaint or archaic expression, of sought effect, and effect far-sought, to be in itself the great poem that such a poet, give him his time, evidently had it in him to produce. Still, it is of poetry all compact. Its very faults are but the oversportiveness of the spirit itself of poetry. Shelley never wrote anything more poetically out of reach, and unintelligible, to the mere understanding and reason of the non-poetic man. The "Lycidas" of Milton has been said to be a touchstone to reveal one's sense, or lack of sense, of what is poetry and nothing but poetry. But Milton's "Lycidas" is like an elementary proposition in "Euclid," compared with the rare and difficult quality of Lanier's "Sunrise." The truth is, "Sunrise" is too difficult. It is fine, it is high; but it is too fine and high to be properly called great. The great in poetry must have a basis of solidness.

But oh, how musical! The music, indeed, is perfect enough to have been the buoyant vehicle of still better poetry than this. The sense of the song sang itself—found its own pulses and beats of rhythm. You do not have to force the sound to match the meaning. The accent, the emphasis,

fall, to express the sense, exactly where they should fall, to bring out the music. The music is, I have hinted, more than the meaning. But the meaning is something—nay, it is even much; the case with Lanier being quite other than with Swinburne, who makes nonsense verses, that parse indeed well enough, but whose sole merit is that they sing like nightingales. Lanier's verses sing not less exquisitely than Swinburne's, and they say as well as sing.

“The Crystal” is a musical piece of blank verse, in which the motive seems well-nigh as much critical as poetical. It is a good illustration of the utmost extreme to which it is possible to go in making poetry—real poetry, not mere verse—of criticism. A contrast of “The Crystal” with Pope's “Essay on Criticism” would very well exhibit the essential difference between Lanier and Pope in quality of genius. Pope plays critic—in verse; Lanier plays poet—in criticism. The idea of Lanier's poem is to touch nicely the characteristic faults needing forgiveness, in many chief human geniuses, in order so to set off with foil of comparison the speckless perfect of Him whom, in his closing line, the poet apostrophizes:

Jesus, Good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ!

The criticism is generally sound and good, sharp in sense, while bland and suave in expression. The

subtraction from Shakespeare is large—too large, I will not say. The fine purity of Lanier's conscience is exhibited in it:

Thus unto thee, O sweetest Shakespere sole;
 A hundred hurts a day I do forgive
 ('Tis little, but, enchantment! 'tis for thee):
 Small curious quibble; Juliet's prurient pun
 In the poor pale face of Romeo's fancied death;
 Cold rant of Richard; Henry's fustian roar
 Which frights away that sleep he invokes;
 Wronged Valentine's unnatural haste to yield;
 Too-silly shifts of maids that mask as men
 In faint disguises that could ne'er disguise—
 Viola, Julia, Portia, Rosalind;
 Fatigues most drear, and needless overtax
 Of speech obscure that had as lief be plain;
 Last I forgive (with more delight, because
 'Tis more to do) the labored-lewd discourse
 That e'en thy young invention's youngest heir
 Besmirched the world with.

The following is a portentous reduction to be applied to Homer:

Father Homer, thee,
 Thee also I forgive thy sandy wastes
 Of prose and catalogue, thy drear harangues
 That tease the patience of the centuries,
 Thy sleazy scrap of story—but a rogue's
 Rape of a light-o'-love—too soiled a patch
 To broider with the gods.

Note there Lanier's modern Christian, perhaps we should say, too, Saxon, conscience again.

The closing passage, that which offsets the flawless title of Christ to limitless homage, is perhaps as good as the very idea of the poem admitted of its being. It is an intensified assertion of Christ's absolute flecklessness. But the case is one in which absolute flecklessness, granted, removes its subject out of all comparison with fellow, and thus, as it were, destroys the poem—not the poem that might have been, but the poem that is. The only *proper* conclusion of such a poem would be an argument, implicit, if not express, 'for the deity of Christ—an argument founded on the axiom that the sole absolute perfect is God. This was not apparently the poet's thought. But Christ's sinlessness is not, as the poet employs it to be, a self-evident fact. Indeed, if Christ were less or other than God, he self-evidently was not sinless, since he said things that less or other than God could not sinlessly say. The fundamental fault in the poem is that it is conceived in the spirit of reverent tribute, as to a man, rather than in the spirit of absolute worship as to God. I criticise it thus, not as theologically, but as poetically, considered. But while I criticise, I still more admire.

“The Song of the Chattahoochee”, as it is evidently one of the most joyful spontaneous inspirations, so also is one of the most perfect pieces of work in the book. There is almost nothing whatever here to limit the complete satisfaction of the

lingering, long-tasting mind of the most fastidiously critical reader. The river, soliloquizing, sings—with what supremely successful poetizing of prose proper names converted into spells of power to the imagination, with what music running over in supererogatory rhyme, with what pictorial gleam in chromatic words, words chromatic and canorous at once, with what effect of streaming haste, as in obedience to sense of farther mission not to be defaulted, and to sense of mystical duty, deeply drawing, toward “ The sea, the sea! ”

And oft in the hills of Habersham;
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

It is worthy of note that a good proportion—proportion in quantity good, but especially good in quality—of Lanier's poems first saw the light in the columns of *The Independent*, where, if I may venture to judge such a point, a greater amount of admirable original poetry used to appear than in any other periodical, weekly or monthly, in America.

XXX

A SIR PHILIP SIDNEY IN JOURNALISM

I REMEMBER, in once reading aloud continuously to some friends, by daily installments of an hour or so each, Guizot's "History of Civilization", to have been constantly impressed with a certain high-bred moral modesty in it, qualifying its intellectual boldness, which seemed to me at the time very like the Christian grace of humility. My audience was a very sensitive test of fineness and courtesy and moral grace; and I found myself constantly tempted to pause in the reading and inquire: "Is this deference, this concession, this generous doubt, on the part of the lecturer, the mere artifice of French good manners, is it even the mere humility of a wise worldly philosophy?"

It seemed all the while to be something nobler and better than either of these—a grace beyond the reach of art, and far, far beyond the reach of Nature. I do not know how I managed to be ignorant enough then (it was many years ago) not to understand what was Guizot's religious position; but I did not understand it, and I am noting the impression that the lectures themselves, quite

unassisted by anything extraneous to them, made upon my mind and my moral sense.

Something similar to this is the effect which I experience in reading the editorial columns of *Harper's Weekly*, now under the conduct of George William Curtis. It is faint praise of these columns to say that the spirit which pervades them is purer, sweeter, more manly, more Christian, than that which pervades the editorial columns of many of our religious newspapers. I do not know that there is any danger of a decline, on Mr. Curtis's part, from his own high standard, as the souring and mildewing August heats of the current presidential canvass advance. But I thought it only a just, and I should hope it might even be a useful, appreciation of noble journalistic manners, to take occasion, thus seasonably, to thank Mr. Curtis, on behalf of many, for the singularly graceful and gracious spirit in which he treats political questions in the editorial columns of *Harper's Weekly*.

I recognize the statesmanlike breadth of his view, the loyal tenacity with which he clings to paramount political convictions, the scimiter edge of his logic, unhindered from cutting home by the rhetorical grace of the curves in which it is wielded, the lubricant humor, the bland sarcasm, the delicious irony, which compose the literary element of his style; but, suffusing and transfiguring all, the moral quality of fairness, of charity, of broth-

erly *winningness*, toward every honorably-differing opponent, this seems to me to be in a still more eminent degree worthy of general remark and of general gratitude.

It is comparatively easy, I know, for a man consciously on the conquering side to be magnanimous and polite. Great as the temptation is, with coarse temperaments, to let the wine of success turn their speech into brag and their gait into swagger—admirable as it is when complacence with self is converted only into a trifle more easy and affable complaisance toward others—still there is, where fine temperaments are concerned, a greater temptation, and there is then the occasion for a more admirable victory. If Mr. Curtis finds himself by and by on the losing side of some great popular debate, he will then be able to exhibit his moral quality of self-control and good temper by a far severer proof. If the bravery with which, when sometime pressed to the wall, he turns to bay, be mingled with the same grace of chivalry as he manifests now in the victorious pursuit, his journalistic example may then be said to be safe and complete.

It seems almost ungracious to dash this bumper of sincere and spontaneous ascription with even a drop of other suggestion. But it will occur to many readers that Mr. Curtis the journalist, thus represented, is not quite the same with Mr. Curtis

the essayist and with Mr. Curtis the lecturer. And it must be confessed that the inviolate religious neutrality of *Harper's Weekly* is hardly so perfectly preserved when the journalist throws off his visor of impersonality, to face his audiences from the "Easy Chair" or from the rostrum. In fact, the difference is sometimes a little puzzling. Perhaps the most satisfactory philosophy of it is that every man must have his moral safety-valve, and that Mr. Curtis finds his in the occasional freedom of the essay, but especially of the lecture. It is hard, one is tempted to say, if the ill-humors that will breed even in the happiest human temperaments are to be absolutely denied all chance of escape. It would be fortunate for mankind if forward moral humors never were worse than in Mr. Curtis, never gathered greater head, and never forced a more dangerous vent.

XXXI

THE (OLD TESTAMENT) GOSPEL ACCORD- ING TO MATTHEW

WE mean Matthew Arnold—of course not irreverently; that is, not irreverently toward either Matthew, Matthew the publican or Matthew the professor.

Mr. Matthew Arnold comes forward at last, in a book, to let us all into his secret. He has found out, what we have all been wanting to know, namely, the real meaning of the Hebrew Bible. It seems that we have been wrong these four thousand years, more or less. It was time, indeed, that the ghost should appear to set us right. The ghost has appeared, and his name is Matthew Arnold. The announcement is, that "God" is a mistake, a ludicrous literary blunder. There is, in fact, no God—at least, none in the Old Testament Scriptures. The word is there, but not the Being. It is simply a trope, a symbol, an exclamation. The actual meaning is, *the not ourselves which makes for righteousness*—only that, and nothing more.

This is important. We should like to call the attention of the world generally. Why, is it asked,

have men managed to miss the discovery so long? For the very best of reasons—lack of “ culture ”. It takes “ culture ” to get at such discoveries. We should think so. We are dreadfully afraid that lack of “ culture ” will still be in the way of the ready acknowledgment of Mr. Matthew Arnold’s discovery as fact. It must be discouraging. And what if the mere lack of “ culture ” that prevails should actually let slip altogether this grave revelation? What if the world should come in time to forget that it had ever been made? When, we should like to ask our men of statistics and probabilities, might we look for a new prophet to renew the slighted proclamation? And at what period in the past has it perhaps before been made and profanely forgotten?

But seriously, Mr. Arnold, who thinks for himself, thinks freshly, freely, earnestly, conscientiously, and, after his sort, religiously, has published a volume entitled, “ Literature and Dogma ”, in which he undertakes to show that the Old Testament has hitherto been grossly misunderstood at its supreme point. He gravely maintains that the Hebrew Bible, rightly interpreted, knows nothing of a personal God, the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe. The Israelites, he allows, nay, urges, were a highly religious people. They, in fact, led and lead the human race in religion. We are all incalculably indebted

to them historically for what they have taught us. And what they have taught us is, in effect, this—that the constitution of the universe favors righteousness. Righteousness, Mr. Arnold finds the fundamental idea of the Old Testament Scriptures. "The Eternal", translated "Lord", or, more rarely, "Jehovah", in the English version of the Bible, is not, when properly understood, a being at all, but a term standing for the tendency of things, experienced by the pious Hebrews to be favorable to righteousness. This abstract conception, one of the most difficult and most sublime generalizations of the human mind, the Oriental Hebrew imagination no doubt personified. But this was the anthropomorphism of emotion, of rhetoric, of poetry. The ardent religious temperament of Israel was not satisfied with such loyalty to his conscience as could express itself in the cold language of intellect. It had to invent a language of the heart.

In short, Israel was religious. He accordingly worshiped the Eternal as a Being. He even loved the Eternal as a Father. But all the time he was conscious that he was poetizing! This conclusion Mr. Arnold arrives at by studying the Hebrew Scriptures, as he claims they ought to be studied, according to the methods of literature, rather than according to the methods of dogmatics. The language of the Old Testament, he says, is literary,

not scientific. It is fluent, not rigid; imaginative, not intellectual; emotional, not logical.

Read “ Literature and Dogma ” passively, with prepossession favorable to admiration, and you find the book charmingly written. Arnold’s Greek sentences—Greek, in their aggregation of clauses, without quest of periodic structure; Greek, in their ceaseless grace of beginning haphazard and trusting to come out somewhere; Greek, in their multiplication of qualifying particles and parentheses; Greek, in their easy admission of local color, and Greek withal in the fluent charm that enwinds them all—these Greek sentences of his are all fresh and radiant with the bloom of ardent thought, and of easy and artfully-artless expression. His book will not want readers among the more cultivated classes. It will no doubt exert a certain influence to infect minds, not so open to scientific contagion, with the epidemic doubt and virtual atheism that characterizes the time.

We wish here simply to state with earnestness our unquestioning conviction, that Mr. Arnold’s culture has been to him merely a means of enabling himself to see in the Bible what he brought the wish and the purpose, however unconscious, to see there. We believe with him that the Bible is properly to be read as literature and not as dogma. We are as averse as he can be to the force which theologians have sometimes put upon texts to make out

their creeds. We too are persuaded that there is ■ great deal of irreverent affirmation without warrant as to the mode of the divine existence. But, on the other hand, of this we are sure: That if the Old Testament Scriptures do not teach (in the literary way) the personality of God, as a moral and intelligent Governor of the universe, then it would be impossible for this doctrine, supposed to be true, to be taught in human language. No, where Mr. Matthew Arnold puts his enormous strain of "culture", and where the theologians have sometimes put theirs of dogma, upon Scripture, to make out their respective conclusions, we, with most men, use our common sense and find, whether true or false, the doctrine of a personal God, infinite, eternal, holy, wise, and good, taught with express and implicit inculcation the most various, the most impressive, the most touching and beautiful, that human language admits. We of course believe the doctrine thus taught to be as true as it is unmistakable. We believe it further to be as vital as it is true, and as blessed and gracious as it is vital. Not to find this doctrine as the key to the whole historical tuition of Israel, is to miss the solution of that problem by as wide a divergence as it is possible to make. While Mr. Arnold's book is apparently pure in its moral purpose, and will do some incidental good, it cannot but be radically immoral in the most of its influence.

XXXII

TWO MORE SPURS TO PEGASUS

THE fabled horse of my title was, I know, provided with wings. A flighty animal he, full of fire and mettle, spurning therefore the spur, you had to have a curb instead, to ride him with safety. He belonged to the Muses, so the fable at last came to be. We moderns accordingly associate Pegasus with genius, especially literary genius, and most of all, genius in poetry. But I choose to make this mythic steed serve a somewhat humble and work-a-day purpose. I am going to have Pegasus stand in general for the spirit of work, of achievement, in whatever department you please of human activity. I have already implied the supposition that our winged courser of the air, high-spirited as he is, and heady, needing a sharp curb and a taut rein held with a heavy hand, needs a spur, too, no less, and sometimes more spurs than one. The barb that must be checked must be chided also. At all events, whatever the truth may be in horsemanship, certain it is that the spirit of work, of achievement, in man, needs spurring. The sides of our intent must be pricked shrewdly, if we would work

and achieve up to the measure of what is really possible to us.

Let us set out with a frank admission. Let us admit that we are, all of us, as lazy as circumstances will permit. [This good-natured quasi-proverbial gibe at ourselves may be allowed to recur freely as occasion suggests.] It is a great and fruitful principle. We are to accept it, not with pride, but with perfect good-humor. We had better begin by accepting it in the gross for all mankind. We can, then, without so much damage to our self-respect, descend to the particular case, and whisper it closely to our individual secret soul, that we are no exception ourselves to the universal rule; that we, too, in fact, are as lazy as we can be under existing circumstances. If we have now got this well confessed silently, each one to himself, we are prepared to go forward and consider, perhaps with profit, certain spurs that may be found for goading to his best performance our highly capable, but abominably lazy, Pegasus.

And, in the first place, I reckon as a spur to Pegasus, that is, to speak literally, a motive to productive industry, the innate love that, notwithstanding our laziness, we all of us have for some kind of activity. For, observe, laziness is not dislike of activity; it is dislike of work. We all of us like to be active. What we all hate is industry. Industry is directed, self-tasking activity. Undi-

rected, self-pleasing activity is play; and we all of us like play. It is work, steady-going, prosaic, plodding, dogged, nose-to-the-grindstone, hard work that we naturally abhor. Many a lazy man has no idea that he is lazy, being deceived by the fact that he is fond of activity. I insist that we are all of us by constitution fond of activity. Well, there are vast differences among us, certainly, in this respect. You see, once in a while, a man who seems to be developing in the direction of mere vegetable existence, who stands still enough, and long enough still, to take root where he stands as if he hated locomotion and would like to be a cabbage. But, generally, it is true, that men are constitutionally active, at the same time that they are constitutionally lazy. And this inherent love of activity is a great spur to industry. But we need to recognize fully the fact that merely to be active is not necessarily to be industrious. We must turn our activity to production. We must work. And for work, the love of activity, though a spur, is not spur enough. Pegasus will gambol, and frisk, and cavort, and soar, and wind, and plunge, all for pure love of locomotion; but to carry you any whither, to perform a useful journey, he must feel a different spur from the passion for sport.

We must not imagine, then, that because we are fond of being restlessly active, we are sure at length to bring something of value to pass. Valuable

things are seldom accomplished for fun. Grim earnest enters into good work. Genius is mischievously misconceived, when it is figured as a frolicsome spirit. Genius is the spirit of hard work. Genius does not play; it works. It does not do great things because it loves to do them; it does great things because it will do them. Read Trevelyan's sketch of Charles James Fox. There was a great, festive, joyous genius, exulting in inexhaustible health. Fox's air of easy supremacy was such, that he had the repute of being a great statesman, a great orator, without effort. Nothing could be further from the truth. Fox was a hard worker. He won easily because he worked hard. His love of activity was put into harness. There is no other way. The road is steep, the ascent is long. Toil of heart and knees and hand—nothing less will gain the summit.

Another spur to Pegasus consists in ambition, or the love of glory. We are all of us constituted with a fondness for being thought well of by others. When this instinctive appetite for praise is strong enough and forecasting enough to take in the future as well as the present, and the remote as well as the near, we call it love of fame or glory. And the desire of glory is a great motive to achievement. It is, too, a comparatively high motive, as well as a potent one—not the highest and not the most potent, but still a motive of which we must

take serious account. Strike out from the volume of the record of what great things have been done or spoken or written in the world, all that has been written or spoken or done under the spur of desire for glory, and you would make blank some of the fairest and most splendid pages in the book. Milton, in those lofty lines of his, tells the story as only he could tell it who wrote out of an inspiring experience of his own. Every young man ought to have these lines by heart:

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise;
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

This spur to Pegasus, the passion for fame, is a favorite one with boys and young men. At least it used to be. I wonder if it is as much so now. How is it? Do the boys in the academy and the young men in the college still secretly dream of fame, as they used to do when I was younger? Do they read Plutarch's Lives and feel their hearts swell as they hang delighted over the deeds of Epaminondas and Leonidas, over the speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero? I wonder how it is. Tell me, my younger brethren, is the love of glory a living flame now in youthful breasts? Or has it faded and is it flickering toward the final going out? I have sometimes seriously feared whether the dreary materialism of the time, and the dull

doubt about a personal immortality, might not be quenching out of the heart of the young one of the finest of the earthly instincts and inspirations to generous achievement. Boys once were not ashamed to confess to each other their ambition to be great—great I mean in the sense, not of sordid self-advancement, not of mere place, but of real, inseparable, inextinguishable worth of character and work. I hope this is still the case. I pity the generation that shall be made up of men who, when boys, never knew what it was to have their hearts beat high with hope, and with resolve, to be great. It is an immense void left ghastly in the past experience of the man that cannot appreciate, from feelings of his own, what our Bryant meant when he wrote those pathetic and beautiful reminiscent lines addressed to Green River, whose banks were a haunt of the poet's boyhood:

And when the days of boyhood came,
 And I had grown in love with fame,
 Duly I sought thy banks and tried
 My first rude numbers by thy side.
 Words cannot tell how bright and gay;
 The scenes of life before me lay.
 Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
 Would bring the blood into my cheek,
 Passed o'er me; and I wrote on high,
 A name I deemed should never die.

My dear young brother, is there a secret spot somewhere in which you once highly dedicated

yourself to fame? I hope so. I am not making a one-sided extreme plea for the love of glory as an incentive to work. There are, as I have intimated, still worthier motives. But anything, almost anything, is worthier than the low greed of gain which materialism and skepticism create. Be a little romantic, young man. Keep your mind and heart open to great ideas. Expand your breast with the breath of noble inspirations. Drink deep at the fountains supplied to you in the glorious history of the great men of the past. I know of no better reading for young men—and by young men I mean men still capable of achievement—than the biographies of illustrious souls. There is a fine contagion in lofty examples. It is impossible for a generous mind not to feel spurred by the tales of what great things his fellows have accomplished in the past. You instinctively and irrepressibly resolve, ‘I, too, will be something and do something; I will not die and leave no sign.’ Hug this spur to your side every day. It will quicken you, madden you. The blood that slept will leap again. The heart that paused will beat with larger bound. The story of fame will drive the spur of fame. Sting yourself with this incessant goad, worn like the secret thorn that frets the peace of the ascetic penitent. Alexander, they say, slept with Homer under his pillow. He wished never to forget Achilles. He would have that hero haunt his very

dreams. Themistocles said that the trophies of Miltiades would not let him sleep.

Choose a better model than Achilles, but keep the reminder of your model under your pillow. Have a nobler rival than Miltiades, but let some remembered rival make you restless as often as you are inclined to take your ease.

XXXIII

THE PRESENT FAD OF "OUTSPOKEN- NESS "

I WONDER how many among our censors and custodians—ministerial, editorial, and other—of manners and of morals, are aware to what an extent has spread on every side, in the community of to-day, a certain principle, consistently carried out in a certain practice, of speech, social and literary—a principle and ■ practice which I conceive of now as a "fad", and which I will style the "fad of outspokenness". Resolutely and unflinchingly to "call a spade a spade", seems surprisingly, I trust I may say appallingly, to be regarded more and more as quite the thing to begin a new century with. It invades the sacred preserves of feminine, cultivated feminine—above all, indeed, cultivated feminine—modesty and delicacy.

The purpose of the present paper is chiefly to call attention to the fact, and to sound a needed alarm.

The Walt Whitman "cult" is no doubt to a considerable extent responsible for the state of things described. Until lately I had comfortably

supposed that the tendency to be "outsspoken", and to flout, at the point of delicacy in speech, the civilized scruples of society, was mainly, if not wholly, a masculine freak. But lately I have been startled to find that our charming counterparts of the gentler sex are going at a great pace the self-same way. Years ago I was guest at a gentleman's country-seat, where, to my surprise, I chanced upon a copy of Walt Whitman's "poems", in an unabashed, unabridged, unexpurgated, edition of them. I picked it up and having found some of the things in it that are fit to read, *virginibus puerisque*, I was struck with them afresh, and in all simplicity I essayed to share my admiration and enjoyment with my friend, the master of the house, who happened at the moment to come into the room where I was. "You will not expect me to stay to listen to anything out of that book," he said gravely, not tartly at all, and altogether in a calm characteristic manner of his which completely vacated his demurrer of any trace of what was disagreeable, while leaving it quite final in effect, and decisive. Perhaps he was afraid I meant to read some of the "outsproken" things in the book, and to those he would not give ear even to hear me condemn them. He then was not responsible for the presence of that book in his house.

Well, I rather admired the "No, I thank you,"

I received. It seemed to me indicative of virtue and pure taste still alive among us. For my friend was no obscurantist, and no bigot, much less a prude. He was not even puritanic in habit of mind or of character. He was simply an open-minded, cultivated gentleman, not yet, and indeed such that he was not likely to be ever, subjugated to be victim of the fad of "outspokenness."

Very different was a subsequent experience of mine, when an attractive and cultivated young married woman, whom, on that occasion I met for the first time, in conversation with me spoke, she introducing the subject herself of course (I should not have ventured it), with innocent-seeming, and evidently to herself delightful, enthusiasm, of Walt Whitman's "poetry". It took my breath away to hear her dithyrambics. I hardly knew how to take any responsive part, in such a line of conversation with a lady. I have been forced upon some practice in behavior since then, which has given me a little more presence of mind, and perhaps a little more command of resource, for use in emergencies of the sort.

For example, not long ago, it was my happy chance to sit at a dinner table well furnished with guests, having next to me on my right one of the most charming young women that I ever met. She was equally lovely in person, in grace of spirit, and in manners. I cannot recall exactly how it was

that Walt Whitman came to be named between this young lady and myself, but at any rate in the simplest and purest way imaginable she expressed herself as highly admiring and approving that "poet". I dropped my voice, not to be observed by any other among my commensals of the occasion as entertaining with a young lady such a topic, and assumed interrogatively that she must mean Walt Whitman in a carefully-abridged edition. "Not at all," she declared. "I mean Walt Whitman in full—nothing omitted." I quickly let the topic pass at the moment, with only the remark that she probably was innocently unaware of what the "full" Walt Whitman was.

Did I feel that a new light was thus thrown for me on this young lady's character, that in short she could not be the soul of purity and grace that she appeared? No, there was that about her, an aura, an atmosphere, that utterly forbade such a new and different interpretation of her quality. And I subsequently became satisfied that she knew her "full" Walt Whitman well; better, indeed, or at least more widely, if I could not admit more truly, than I did myself.

Here then was a cultivated young woman, of unquestionable refinement in grain of nature, and as pure, I could not but believe, as anybody ever is that has not purified himself even as He is pure—here was such a woman willing to profess herself,

and to be anywhere and everywhere recognized, a devout admirer of Walt Whitman. How do I explain a fact like that? Why, in the simplest manner possible; she had fallen under the power of the prevalent "fad of outspokenness".

That this charming young woman retained inviolate, as certainly she seemed to do, her purity and her modesty, in spite of her sinister possession by this freak in judgment and in taste, does not prove that the fad of outspokenness is harmless. She believed herself to be even "puritanic", so she said; and there was doubtless in her case an hereditary strain in the blood that tended powerfully to preserve her from immediate harm. But imagine only what the state of things would be in society and in literature, if this fad should become generally dominant. I cannot illustrate with specifications, for I should be committing myself the offense I deplore, an offense which has received in law the name of "indecent exposure". Even Walt Whitman, the apostle of this monstrously frank animalism, seems to shrink from carrying out quite to its logically legitimate expression the doctrine that he ostentatiously professes. For he uses a euphemistic avoidance, and, a certain something, which, with all his incredible audacity of speech, he dares not frankly name outright (though he makes his meaning unmistakable), he calls a "poem"!

It is no sin of illiberality, narrowness, bigotry, puritanicism, or whatever opprobrious name you may choose to employ, to say and to insist that this man has prostituted considerable native poetic gift and considerable culture as well, to very ignoble use in his "poetry", so-called. There ought, I think, to be just now a concurrent emphatic outspokenness against the fad of illegitimate outspokenness of which this "poet" is the high priest and apostle.

XXXIV

A GOOD WORD FOR ACTORS

EVERY season, or oftener, the still-recurring question persistently perplexes consciences: "Is it right for me to patronize the Spectacle?" Too many considerations are involved in the furnishing of an exhaustive and satisfactory answer to permit even a summary disposition of them in a brief paper like this. One bearing of the subject, however, frequently neglected altogether, may, at least, be suggested, if it cannot be discussed within the limits of such a paper.

Grant everything else that is disputed to the claim of those who justify the Spectacle, is there not room still for inquiring: How are the members of the histrionic profession themselves affected in their most serious personal interests? It is an incident that may be more, or less, frequently repeated, an episode merely, with the spectator—his attendance at the Spectacle. With the performer the Spectacle is a life. Perhaps the difference is important. Let us consider.

It may be highly conducive, for instance, to my physical health, if I have put too hard a tension

on my nerves or on my brain, to spend a long evening under the illusive, and so diverting, impressions of the Spectacle. Possibly it relaxes the exhausted tone of my bodily organization, as nothing else conveniently available could, and prepares to a retarded sleep. Such a possibility as this affords the most obvious justification—I do not pronounce whether sufficient—for the course of those men, who, overwhelmed with oppressive responsibilities in professional pursuits or in affairs of state, and unable to escape their haunting demon even for a night by fleeing from their city environage into the country, seek their needed change of scene and diversion of thought in the different, though unreal, world of the Spectacle.

But, whatever decision we may reach as to the beneficial influence of the Spectacle under certain conditions (comparatively seldom conspiring) on the physical health of spectators, the question remains untouched: How does the Spectacle affect the physical health of the performers? This question, however novel it may seem to some, is not a ludicrous question, considered purely by itself. But, considered in its vital connection with a question immediately beyond, it is far from being ludicrous. It becomes pregnant with serious interest.

How, I ask, does the entertainment of the Spectacle affect the physical condition, not now of

the spectators, but of the exhibitors? *I* am refreshed and inspired, we will say; how is it with them? The theatric or the operatic star, male or female, appears on the stage (at about the hour when, if Nature were heeded, spectator and exhibitor alike would be seeking their bed) under the inconceivably stimulating influence of that suspense, next to the most costly that can try a sensitive spirit, the doubt, the hope, the fear, concerning the popular verdict impending on his part or hers in the performance that moment in progress. What will be the state of *his* nerves when all is over? Will he sleep the more sweetly for having healthfully unbraced my tone?

‘But that is from the point,’ I am answered. ‘It is impertinent to ask how the performer is affected in plying his vocation. That is his concern, not yours.’ Yes; but for the moment I was making it my concern. That performer is my brother, my sister. They will kindly forgive the impertinence, if I bethink myself to inquire what it costs them to divert me. If there is no limit to the expense which I may properly incur myself in buying amusement, there may possibly be somewhere a just limit to the expense in which I may properly involve those who sell me amusement. Mr. Dickens has never received a sentence of praise more honorably earned than for his efforts to excite the sympathy of the vulgar public on behalf

of the much-suffering Infantile Prodigies that, under one form and another, have been made the central attractions of itinerant shows in Great Britain. His genius has taught the unthinking to understand that the background of life behind the garish scenes for these poor children was intolerable misery. May it be true of the legitimate, as well as of the burlesque, Spectacle, that its vocation involves the performers in a necessary wretchedness, not less real for relieving a foreground of swift and dizzy exaltation and meteoric fame; not less complete for being exquisite, instead of squalid, in its quality?

If I have not been misinformed, Mr. Booth used to suffer a prolonged agony of almost insupportable bodily prostration after sustaining a part in one of his brilliant representations. That is to say, the pleasurable—and, if you will, the sentimentally ennobling—excitement of listening and beholding, which acts, perhaps, as a medicinal counter-irritant to a high-wrought nervous strain in me, corresponds, in the performer, to a protracted and culminating draft on the sacred reserve of his most precious vital resources. Is this physical effect of his vocation, visited on the histrionic performer, limited to being a physical effect alone? Or has it, perhaps, a moral sequel—a sequel of moral life or death for the actor? Admitted that the amusement afforded by the Spectacle is worth a great

deal in every way to the public, still, *quære*, is it worth what it costs? A hearty laugh is good; a generous sentimental thrill along the blood is excellent; but suppose it costs—a brother, a sister?

An individual actor here or there may be more happily constituted in his moral nature than the great majority of his peers. Such an exceptional man perhaps can bear with safety those frightful chasms in existence, those abysses of despair (my language is figurative, but it is not too strong), which yawn between the successive pinnacles of exaltation, and which make up together with them, the experience and career of the professional actor. But to most of the theatrical guild there is that in the mere physical conditions of their art which almost necessarily breaks down their saving moral strength. It is practically impossible (and I speak here of this consequence, frightful as it is in itself, mainly not for what it is, but for what it signifies)—it is practically impossible for the average actor to resist the temptation to bridge over his intervals of depression—that is, nearly all the *days* of the theatrical season—by resort to strong drink. This virtual impossibility is in great part the reason for the proverbial intemperance of actors. Their art is their temptation.

Consider what it means, for example, to become ready for a leading part in a tragical representation. It means that the actor shall have entered

by sheer effort of will and of imagination into the emotions of some supposed real human being, as he passes through successive grave crises of his fate. It means that he shall have done this over and over again, until he is able, not to counterfeit the signs of that emotion (our demands from the actor are more extortionate far), but actually to be exercised by the emotion itself at will. He must suffer, at the additional cost of the supreme exertion of will demanded in his case, the identical mental and moral agony which, in the real life represented by him should properly, often of itself, have gone far toward killing the subject of it. Having thus prepared himself in practice and in rehearsal, he must enact it all afresh, with a strain of conscious vocal exertion far beyond the probable requirements of the actual occasion represented, before a large concourse of spectators, whose applause is his ecstasy, and whose disapproval is his despair. Such is the actor's life.

It was at a cost like this that the elder Booth, if the story is true of him (which I wish might never be printed again by religious newspapers as a compliment to the Saviour), acquired that fatal facility of summoning the appropriate emotion upon a given occasion, which he displayed when once asked in a mixed company to recite the Lord's Prayer. It is told that with clasped hands he first paused a sensible interval, while his lips grew

white and quivering; and then, the obedient tears streaming down his cheeks, went tremuously through the simple and beautiful petitions. It was no proof of the power of the Lord's Prayer. It simply proved the condition of the actor's emotional nature. Booth was an unmanned man. He was a victim of his vocation. He was morally unstrung—he was helpless—he was a wreck. A nature munificently endowed he sacrificed to the diversion of the cruelly unthinking.

I grant there are interests which may rightfully accept great sacrifices at the hands of those who serve them. Perhaps the public amusement may be such an interest. But I know of no interest which has a right to be maintained at the cost of the moral ruin of its servants. Certainly the public amusement is not such an interest.

And this is half of one side of a case which has very many sides.

[By a coincidence, striking, though not surprising, at the very moment when this essay is in the compositor's hands, there occurs in New York a theatric incident which might almost be supposed to have been preconcerted for the purpose of illustrating and confirming the views here presented. I transfer from a metropolitan daily newspaper the following telegraphic paragraphs, with no change except the suppression of names; I have

no wish to advertise either the play or the performer:

“ New York, Feb. 1 [1910]. Special. In attempting to respond to a third recall at the close of the first production in America of [a certain operatic piece] at the Manhattan Opera House this evening the prima donna fainted on the stage.

“ Upon this actress falls most of the nerve-racking work of the performance. She had been fearful that she would be unable to go through the first production here, but she maintained her nerve until the opera reached a brilliant conclusion, and collapsed only under the storm of applause that testified to her success. . . .

“ From the start of the opera until the final crash of the music the singer was almost constantly upon the stage, and as constantly under a terrific nervous strain.

“ The collapse of the artist under the frenzy of applause at the conclusion of the performance came, under the circumstances, as no surprise to the audience. Time and again women in the boxes exclaimed: ‘ How can she do it? It will kill her! ’ ”]

XXXV

“ THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN ”

WE never reverse our opinion of our school-mates. We very seldom change it seriously. No matter what they become in after life, or what they do, we always think of them just as we knew them when we played with them, studied with them, recited with them, were friends with them, or quarreled with them. The world may look on them as it pleases—we know better. The world may think William Smith a high-minded, pure, and honorable man. We understand perfectly well that he is nothing of the kind. We have not seen him for years; but we are certain that the boy who lied and got us whipped at school when he was the real rascal himself, who cheated us out of our marbles, who ran away with our string of “ minnows ” from the brook—we are sure that he is a liar and a cheat and a thief still, for all his fair outside before the world. The mean boy Bill Smith at school is not transformed into a noble man in the community by his being called William Smith and having “ Esq.” appended to his name.

Joe Higgins was a slow dunce of a boy when he was our schoolmate; and the Hon. Joseph Higgins, M.C., is a slow dunce of a man, whatever his constituency think of him. Peleg Stickle was an honest, good-natured, broad-spoken gawk of a fellow when we knew him at school. He wears fashionable clothes, sports a mustache, twirls a cane, and is a bank clerk now. We might not know him in his disguise. But the moment we recognize him his mask becomes transparent. The Peleg of old then peers out plainly to us, and we discover the same traits of behavior gesticulating in shadow from behind the gentlemanly exterior—the same uncouth traits that used to mark him as a boy.

There is something almost appalling in the persistency of nature and character. We meet a college classmate after years of separation. He is a member of a community in a certain well-defined relation to it. If we were strangers just introduced, we should judge of him by other people's judgment of him. We should assume that he really was what he passed for being. But he is our classmate. We forget at once what his neighbors say, and we know him for the man that we knew at college. He is conscious of our knowing him thus, and he drops every later-acquired convention of manner, as we do too. We call each other by the old names, and as naturally understand that

we really are what we were—let wife, or child, or neighbor think as they may chance about us.

What is the practical conclusion? That, character being so set and tenacious, Christianity cannot change it? No, but that nothing else can, and that Christianity itself will work slowly in changing it, and, after all, not change it so much as we sometimes unreasonably expect! We must use charity in judgment of others, and faith in labor for them.

XXXVI

A STORY OF CONFESSION

IN a district school in Vermont (" 'Tis sixty years since ") a conscientious, earnest Christian teacher was trying to do his whole duty, both as teacher and as Christian. Among the other exercises of his school, he introduced a concert recitation in one lesson, partly for the sake of diversifying the tedious monotony of the ordinary routine, and partly for the sake of a peculiar discipline for the pupils not otherwise to be imparted. There was an Irish boy, perhaps thirteen years of age, in the class, whose moodiness made him an almost impracticable element of discord in this concert exercise. Of course the success of the exercise depended absolutely upon the good disposition and prompt performance of every single member of the class. But this boy, naturally sulky, and perhaps additionally so as being ill-used at home, was slow and obstinate, quite to the baffling of the teacher's utmost efforts to realize his ideal of the experiment.

One day James was more exasperating than usual. Something very likely had occurred out of

school to roil his spirit, and his laggard voice hung on the rear of the rest, spoiling what would otherwise have been good harmony. The teacher prompted him pleasantly. In vain. Again. In vain. And again. But in vain. The sullen disobedience of the boy provoked the teacher too much. The next time he added a blow to his word that made James's ears ring and his cheek tingle. James was more attentive after that, but he was blacker and gloomier too. The exercise ended, the teacher returned to his desk, and James, with the rest, returned to his seat.

But the teacher was not at ease. He bowed his head and sat in silence. No one knew what he was thinking of, but all felt an unusualness, and guessed a significance, in the posture. At length he raised his head, and spoke. The whole school gave attention.

“James?” said he.

James had been lowering in gloom and resentment.

“Sir?” he gruffly responded.

“Are you sorry, James, for not having done as you should in the class just now?”

“Yes, sir,” James muttered, his manner unsaying what his words said.

“So am I, James. And, James, I'll tell you something else I am sorry for. I'm sorry that I gave you the blow I did. Perhaps you deserved

it, James; but I'm sorry I gave it, for I gave it hastily and in anger. I hope you'll forgive me, James."

Down went poor James's head, and he buried his face in his hands. The teacher continued:

"I teach you, scholars, that you ought to obey Christ, and I profess to obey him myself. He says, 'Confess your faults one to another.' I sometimes correct you, as a part of my duty. But I ought to make you see that I do it without sudden anger."

The school were all as still as death. Only stout and stubborn James's voice could be heard, as he sobbed aloud quite broken-hearted. All the rest of that afternoon James kept his head bowed down under the weight of his feeling. But the next day he came to school a changed pupil. The moroseness was all cleared from his face. A pleasant light had dawned there instead. He lagged no more in the concert recitation. A new spirit transformed him entirely. From the sluggish, unwilling, rebellious boy that he had been, he became one of the most cheerful, ready, obedient pupils in the school. His teacher's confession had conquered him.

The winter term of school was finished, and teacher and pupils parted. Two or three years after, however—or it may have been a longer time—the teacher chanced to be a guest for dinner at a hotel in one of the principal railroad

towns in Vermont. Among the waiters was one young man who singled him out for his marked, most assiduous attention. It happened to be a time when there was a very unusual congestion of people at table, insomuch that it was difficult for anyone to command proper attention and service. The teacher in question remarked with surprise that he was served, while others about him were neglected. He turned round in his seat to have a look at the waiter; he then understood what it meant. The waiter was James, graduated from his American district school to a place behind the chairs in the dining-saloon of a great hotel. There was a passing chance for the pupil to testify in his humble way the grateful remembrance that he cherished of his teacher. Perhaps all that teacher's other instruction had been of less use to James than that one act of just self-abasement on his part in obedience to Christ. The teacher had disregarded the hard maxim, 'Always be right before your scholars.' He had dared be wrong when he was wrong. His influence over his school never seemed to suffer, but to gain rather from his choice.

I do not need to tell who the teacher was. The hotel was the Bardwell House in Rutland.

XXXVII

WAS PAUL HOMELY?

THE question is absurd, and for that reason I ask it. An answer to it has been assumed that involves a false view of Scripture. The notion is current and unchallenged that Paul's personal appearance was, if not repulsive, at least, insignificant. This is gathered and, as I think, mistakenly gathered from what are supposed to be Paul's own allusions to the subject.

The chief place of Scripture relied upon to show that Paul was a man of mean personal presence, is the tenth chapter of his letter, his second letter, to the Corinthians, in which occur these words: "For his letters (say they) are weighty and powerful; but his bodily presence is weak and his speech contemptible."

Now, looking at it by itself simply, paying no regard to its connection with the context, what would a candid and intelligent reader, without prepossession to influence him, be likely to collect as the true sense of this passage? Why, assuredly nothing but this: That certain persons (or a certain person), not named, were accustomed to say

of Paul that, while his letters carried weight and wielded power, his "bodily presence", whatever that expression might mean, was feeble in contrast, and his "speech", whatever that expression might mean, was contemptible. Mark, this was the assertion of certain anonymous individuals. It is quoted from these. It is neither corroborated nor denied by Paul, as he quotes it. For all that Paul says, it may be either true or false.

The next verse, however, seems to imply an admission, made rhetorically, for the sake of the argument; rather, perhaps, I should say, hypothetically, instead of rhetorically: "Let such a one think this: that such as we are in word by letters when we are absent, such will we be also indeed when we are present."

This makes it clear that the contrast, even in the minds of those who opposed Paul, was not between his personal appearance and his gifts of eloquence, on the one hand, and his power with the pen, on the other; but between his severe and threatening style in epistolary communication, when he was at a distance, and his gentle and placable manner of dealing when he came into actual presence and contact with those to whom he wrote. He speaks, in close connection with this passage, of "terrifying" the Corinthians with his "letters". "Bodily presence," then, means not "personal appearance," but actual physical proximity—

presence in the body. For the sake of pointing his appeal to the Corinthians, Paul indulges the representation of his adversaries. He in effect says:

‘ They claim that I write terrible letters, whereas, when I come myself in person, I am wanting in force to execute. Very well; let such a man make up his mind that the formidable personage I seem to be in my letters, that same formidable personage I will show myself really to be in conduct when I come. My speech, then, will not be a thing to be lightly contemned. I shall not appear a man lacking in personal executive force. Yield now to me, while I am writing at a distance, that I may not be compelled to use rigor when I come among you. This I beseech and entreat. I am armed with authority; but my authority is for your good and not for your harm. Do not oblige me to exert it against you. I tell you frankly that my power was given to me by Christ, not to pull you down, but to build you up; for I do not wish you to be thrown into any terror by my letters. So here, now, in this strain of letter-writing, I adopt the tone of one beseeching. Brethren, I appeal to you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ—I, that am charged with being mean-spirited and craven when personally present, while, at safe remove, I use great, swelling words of menace in my letters, as to what dread-

ful things I will do when I come—I, this Paul, myself, take up the tone of entreaty, here, in my letter, for the very sake of not being forced, against my will, to employ severity in actual administration.

‘ But make no mistake. This is not weakness; it is only meekness. I have it still in mind, I am prepared, I am ready, to punish all disobedience. Perfect your obedience as fast as you can. The disobedience that remains after that, be sure will be amply chastised. There will be found no such contrast as my adversaries encourage you to expect, between my word and my deed, between Paul absent and Paul present.’

All this does not prove that Paul was a fine-looking man, most true, any more than it proves that he confessed himself to be an inferior-looking man. It simply proves that he is not dealing with any hostile charge that respected his personal appearance at all. The question of his looks, good or bad, is not under discussion. “ Bodily presence ” means presence, nearness, in the body—this and nothing else.

Again, the fact that those Phrygians made out Paul to be Mercury, while they called Barnabas Jupiter, is nothing whatever to the point of Paul’s personal appearance. But, if it were, Paul was not necessarily an insignificant-looking man. Barnabas might be much finer-looking than Paul, and Paul

still be handsome. I remember once seeing Charles Sumner and Fred Douglass stand side by side on a public platform. The nobler-looking man by far was certainly Sumner; but that did not prevent Douglass from being a very noble-looking man.

But the narrative itself tells us plainly why these pagans called Paul Mercury. It was because he was the principal speaker. Barnabas got dubbed Jupiter not at all, so far as appears, for his superior good-looks. It was probably because the local tradition made Mercury and Jupiter companions for such incognito adventures among mortals as was, to their heathen imaginations, then and there going on. The fact that Paul was the "chief speaker" gives no countenance to the idea that he was wanting in eloquence.

But was he not "rude in speech"? Are not these his own words concerning himself? Doubtful. They are, perhaps, only a disparagement of him which his enemies circulated. But even if not this, still what do the words imply? That he was not eloquent? By no means. Have there not been many examples of a "rude" eloquence? The probability seems to me to be that in the words "rude in speech" the disparagement intended was only that there was some provincialism in Paul's accent or in his dialect that Corinthian taste and culture could criticise. But eloquence and good-looks do not always go together. Paul

may have been a tolerably good-looking man, and not eloquent at all.

Well, what about that "thorn in the flesh"? Was not that some physical disfigurement of which Paul was ashamed, which hindered his effectiveness in public speaking? Possibly Paul squinted badly, it has been suggested. Yes, possibly. Not badly enough, however, to prevent his making a decidedly strong impression in a speech before one Felix. Now, I ask, seriously, is it not a bit ridiculous to suppose that Paul prayed earnestly thrice that he might be better-looking? Was that great man vain, then?

I conclude, therefore, that, if Paul was an inferior-looking man, which I am far from denying, there is yet, at least, not a particle of evidence in Scripture that he was. Let us inferior-looking Christians, accordingly, draw our comfort not from the fact that we are in such good company, but rather from the fact that personal beauty is a force made of so little account in Scripture that few words are therein said about it from Genesis to Revelation. No more moralizing upon Paul's homeliness until we are sure that Paul was homely!

[In the absence of information, or even of trustworthy tradition, as to Paul's personal appearance, the present writer in his poem, "The Epic of Saul", felt justified in using the poet's privilege

and freely drawing an idealizingly imaginative portrait of the great Jew in the prime of his early manhood, as follows (the Sanhedrim in session):

At last there rose
A new assessor in the midst to speak.

A young man he, who, in the general thought;
Wherever moving, round about him wore
A golden halo of uncertain hope
And prophecy of bright futures. Aspect clear
And pure; straight stature; foothold firm and free;
The bloom of youth just ripening to the hue
Of perfect manhood upon cheek and brow;
Lip mobile, but not lax—capacity
Expressed of exquisite emotion; will
Elastic and resilient, tempered true
To bend, not break, and ultimately strong;
Glances of lightning latent in the eye,
But lightning liable to be quenched in tears;
The pride of every Hebrew, such was Saul.

XXXVIII

AN INSTANTANEOUS VIEW OF MON- TEREY

It is not yet light, but the loud matutinal cock, innumera- bly, and indefatigably, on every side crows *reveillé* to morning and to me, and I get up. It is Monterey, in Mexico. While the impression is still fresh and strong upon me of the things I now, for the first time in my life, witness here, let me fix it, in at least a few of its features, by seeking to put it into words.

I sit upon the housetop as I write. Over my shoulder I look down upon a morning market scene, just across the street. The Mexican is not a lazy fellow. At all events, he bestirs himself betimes in the morning. This city of 40,000 people is already, at little more than five o'clock of an April morning, awake and astir. But what a queer city it is, to be sure, and, of 40,000 people collectively, how queer it is made up! Not in all the average tourist's Europe did ever I find anything so utterly and indescribably different as this is from my own native land. I never have seen the Orient; but this, I take it, must be the Orient, found by trav-

eling westward, instead of eastward, toward the East.

[I have since seen the Orient, and learned that my guess was true.]

For instance, here am I, Oriental-like, up on the housetop. True, I look about and do not see anyone else occupying a similar position. But then there seems to be no reason why not. The roofs are all flat, and they invite the lover of free air and wide prospect. Yonder and under, on the street, I see people in sandals shuffling along. This moment passes a man with buckets, sheet-iron or tin, containing I know not what, balanced in a pair, on some sort of wooden arm, across his shoulders. A donkey, urged from behind by a driver, waddles and wavers forward, loaded with bundles, one on either side of him, and each as big almost as himself—but bundles of what? They are wrapped about with coarse canvas. Perhaps fagots of wood may be in them. Here rides a cavalier on a mustang, with cans—of milk it undoubtedly is—slung on either side in fastenings to his Mexican saddle. Yes, those must be cans of milk; but what is in the pouches, woven basket-wise, that ride in company? Saddle-bags, with something in them for sale to the Monterey housewife, doubt not. There, now, that is wood, past question, borne by on yonder struggling donkey, bestrode, do you see? by a strapping Mexican with

his wide-brimmed *sombrero*—not ashamed, the lout! to add his own staggering weight to the weight of the wood which his beast must carry. I am glad—in fact it almost completely salves my feelings—that he has to sit accurately over the donkey's sharp-lined and incessantly-working haunches. A sudden lurch of the poor creature's body might easily slip the fellow off behind. Might I be there to see! The bearer of those balanced buckets comes back laboriously enough. They are filled now with what looks as if it might be mortar. A hod-carrier, I do believe he is.

I am distracted between two. One is a man poising on his head a pannier with baker's stuff, bread and cakes, in it; and the other is a man bringing, in like manner, a mess of lettuce to market. I have not noted that a cart has passed, laden with green fodder, of barley in ear, tied up in bundles, for sale. That milk, by the way, was milk of goats, the main reliance of this region for milk supply. There is little noise of wheels rattling o'er the stony streets, and very little, now that I mark the fact, of vociferation from men and women. Indeed, this is a strange silence, for a scene of life so busy. I think I never saw so much done with so little said. This emphatically does not apply to those assiduous cocks, who keep up their lively din, although the rear of darkness thin was long ago scattered completely. Their crow-

ing makes by far the most of the noise that you hear.

It has grown breakfast-time, and I must go down from this housetop. First, however, let me say that the market, opposite which I sit, is a building in the midst of the city. It is surmounted by a clock tower, which, to both eye and ear, tells the time for Monterey. The whole building has quite the aspect of a church, with sides and ends open. There is a kind of court adjoining, and here sit, sheer on the pavement, ranged in a row, a score or so of market people, men and women, with their little stock-in-trade of vegetables or fruits for sale beside them.

I was mistaken. That was not wood in fagots which I saw wrapped about with coarse bagging and borne by the donkey. I have since seen the matter close at hand, and inquired it out. Without the inquiring, I should have been puzzled hopelessly. What I saw looked, even close at hand, like charred wood cut into sections perhaps two feet or two and a half long, and about as large around as your arm. I tried to make it out indeed charcoal not quite carbonized. But no; it was the root of the maguey (pronounced ma-gay')—a plant which you would call the century plant—cured by charring the outside, and sold for eating. Buyers strip off the burnt surface, and chew the heart of the root for the juice to be expressed there-

from, so I am told. The maguey is a great product of this region. The thick, fleshy leaf furnishes a drink very much esteemed by the Mexicans, of quality yeasty, not unlike a lively, foaming root beer. This ferments, and becomes in effect a kind of hard cider. Another part of the plant yields a highly-intoxicating liquor, mescal. The fibers of the leaf afford a strong material for strings, and for a coarse, but wonderfully enduring, fabric used to make bags.

I was mistaken in another thing. Those pouches, or saddle-bags, which I saw riding cheek by jowl with the milk-cans dependent down the sides of that mustang—those were *not* receptacles of things to sell in connection with the milk. They were empty cases only, in which the milk cans, when full, had been brought to market. Going home, the equestrian milkman had not cared to put his cans back into their cases. The horseman did not distribute milk directly to actual consumers. Having carried his morning's stock to a place appointed for the purpose, and there had it officially inspected and approved as of standard quality, he left it to be sent about from house to house by footman distributors.

I was mistaken a third time. That was soap-grease, not mortar, borne in those balanced buckets.

Oh, the silence of this city! Silence and taciturnity; for the scene, nature, animate and in-

animate alike, is silent, and man (including woman) is, as it were, sympathetically taciturn. How wonderfully good-natured withal, these people seem! They do not scold man or beast; and—think of it—the beast is generally donkey! I am sorry for donkey. He looks woe-begone, underfed, and overlabored. Man oppresses him, no doubt, but donkey has such a reserve and revenge of immortal obstinacy, insupportable patience, incalculable perverseness! On the whole, pity donkey as you will, man is still more to be pitied. Did I not see two pannier-loaded donkeys take it into their heads, those unspeakable heads of theirs, to rub each against the other, until one of them succeeded in dislodging his burden, and scattering the objects of which it consisted in the street? And what did the driver do? Rage, roar, swear, beat donkey? Not at all. Not making one vocal sound that I remember, he simply gathered up his scattered stuff, replaced the things in their receptacles, and, in short, reestablished the *status quo*, and that was all. I cannot say but he contumeliously turned donkey about and about, meanwhile administering an admonitory blow or so, to teach the natural brute beast better manners. But there was no anger and no violence. This may have been an exceptional case, but it certainly was a case.

How can I, in a word or two, convey any impres-

sion of the general aspect that this Mexican town presents to the American visitor? To say that everything, almost, is strange, is only to say that hardly anything is like what you see at home. The architecture is strangely, orientally, different. The street is a curiosity to you. The houses are nearly all of one story. The front is pretty much of the same appearance, whether behind it be a dwelling, a shop, or a stable. There is very little variety of color. All, or almost all, is a dull white. The surface is very uniformly smooth and plain—a finish of stucco over stone. The stone is a soft, porous, spongy stone, full of flaws, and looking as if ready to crumble. The roofs being flat, with of course some slight incline for drainage, the architecture has, to American eyes, an abruptly-abridged, an apocopated, appearance. This is true even of the more pretentious buildings, such as churches, though these are of greater height. Every ordinary building is ranged in a quadrangle about an open court in the interior. Here is likely to be a well, fitted with a curb, always of the same style as the house walls. Leathern buckets reciprocally ascend and descend, playing over a pulley. The wells are deep, but the water is not cold. You get no really cold living water anywhere in this whole region.

Now I must frame this hasty sketch of Monterey, and hang it up for done. The frame shall be of

mountains, a most striking, picturesque environment, five miles away, but looking imminent, through this air. On the whole, Monterey has been to me an enlivening experience.

I do not forget that a brave fight was here fought by Americans, my countrymen, against the Mexicans. But I am not proud enough of the dreadful Mexican War to take any pleasure in describing such an incident of it. Let us bury that history of America's relation with Mexico under a different history, a history of doing and of giving, out of our strength and our wealth, to raise this people to a better life, and to a better outlook in the future, for here and for hereafter.

XXXIX

THE NOSE IN SONG

[A RATHER interesting history attaches to the following *jeu d'esprit*. It was accepted and paid for by *Scribner's Monthly*, but for many subsequent months it failed to appear, or at least failed to meet the writer's eye. He at length wrote to Mr. Gilder inquiring about it, and received a reply which, together with duly courteous explanation and apology, contained some curious information. "The Nose in Song," it seems, *had* been published, but on this peculiar wise: During the period, felt to be somewhat critical, of transition from the earlier to the later style and title of the magazine, when, at last, after much dubitation and equilibration, the fortunate name, *The Century Magazine*, was decided upon, before the first number under that designation was issued, it came to the knowledge of the office that a different periodical was about to assume the same title. In order to secure the coveted prize, it was necessary to be first in the field, and the enterprising publishers of *Scribner's Monthly* resolved to establish a legal claim of priority by rushing at once

into print with a very provisional number, the initial one, of *The Century Magazine*. To be quite exact, I need to say that what was thus published appeared as a "Supplement to the September Number of *Scribner's Monthly*." The year was 1881. "The Nose in Song" happened to be in type ready to hand, and that little article accordingly was made use of for the exigent purpose, and it actually constituted the principal single part of a *very* thin first number (calling itself "Supplement") of the new-named periodical—which, however, since of course it could not properly be reckoned as one of the twelve issues constituting the annual volume, was not put regularly into circulation among subscribers and buyers—whence it was that the publication of my little piece had escaped my attention. A copy was now sent to me as a curiosity of literature, and I still preserve it as such, for occasional use in the amusement of friends interested to see it.]

That is to say, "The Nose in Poesy." What is it that makes the nose so rare a figure in poetry? The eye, the ear, the organ of taste, the organ of touch—these all appear frankly in poetry, and are not ashamed. Why not also the nose? It is not because the sensation or perception of which the nose is the organ refuses to be sung. On the contrary, sweet scents are as poetical as sweet sights

or sweet sounds. Fragrance is as much at home with the poet as is music, or the beauty of the eye. Why—I repeat my question—is that conspicuous feature of the face, through which grateful smells steal into the sensorium, and there awaken emotions that utter themselves naturally in song—why is that organ not deemed fit company for the eye and the ear, to be named equally with them in the verse of the poet? Here, surely, is a phenomenon in æsthetics worth a moment's attention.

The nose is in itself not an ignoble appendage. Physiognomists find often much character in the nose. Descriptive novelists, who give catalogues of the features of their heroes and heroines, do not scruple to accord to the nose an honorable mention with the rest. Why is poetry so whimsically shy of the nose?

The word “nose” is not an *ill-sounding* word. It is capable of canorous swell and prolongation in pronouncing. It has unexceptional rhymes. What are the associations that render it hopelessly plebeian in the patrician view of poetry? The nose is as good a mark, as any feature on the face, of high blood. The nose, in fact, is the very elect feature of all for expressing aristocratic emotions. Do we not turn up our noses, pray, when we wish to gesticulate our disdain? The nose is as supercilious as the eyebrow, for all that we derive our adjective “supercilious” from the proud

Roman name for the latter feature. It is singular that so eloquent an organ of gesture for disdain should itself in turn be selected to experience the disdain of poetry. Why is it?

It is not a merely conventional exclusion that this injured organ suffers. We all feel the exclusion to be somehow just and unavoidable. We may weep and pity but the fact remains. Our instincts side against our sympathies with the wronged member, and we justify the poets.

I once ventured in a cultivated company to broach the present topic. I offered a prize to an ingenious lady there, whom I knew to be deft with the poet's pen, for a poem or stanza, which should contain the word "nose", so introduced as not to have the effect of bringing down the tone of the verse to the level of prose, or below it. The condition was that the word itself, no synonym, no periphrasis, no mere allusion, but n-o-s-e outright, should appear personally, and answer roll-call with its own proper voice. The result was promptly submitted in the following stanza, to be conceived of as belonging to some "passionate ballad gallant and gay", not here fully presented:

Oh, had you but seen the fair Geraldine;
As she turned to the Lord of Montrose;
As pale as a lily, as proud as a queen,
As fragile and fair as a rose—
Had you seen but the curl of her exquisite lip,
And the scorn in her exquisite nose!

The reader will certainly applaud the grace and spirit of the improvisation, whatever may be his verdict as to the success of the undertaking in its chief objective point. The poet caught her "nose", not in repose (without saying it goes), but in its most spirited gesture expressing its native "scorn". She took the nettle rashly, too, as one ought, in boldly making the word not only a rhyme, but the closing rhyme of her stanza. If she did not succeed, she did what was better, she deserved success. What is it in that intractable word which provokes you to almost smile when you come upon it, having with all comfortable seriousness passed safely over the word "lip" in the line just preceding?

In two poems Tennyson has ventured upon "nose", among the not infrequent, and seldom unsuccessful, audacities of his poetical diction. The splenetic monologist in "Maud" describes the lady of that poem with detail of feature betokening the critic about to be the lover:

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more, nothing more, if it had not been
For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the
 rose;
Or an under-lip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full,
Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose.

What exquisite curious pains, issuing in what exquisite final felicity, on the part of Tennyson, is

exemplified here! Does his hardihood triumph? Everything considered—who speaks, of whom, under what circumstances, in what view—perhaps yes. But it is because the poetry here runs very low, in a meter and rhythm answerable to the sentiment, and just barely differenced from an amble in prose.

In “Gareth and Lynette”, written so much more licentiously, with the license of a trained genius wantoning purposely into luxuriance, and giving loose to an almost degenerate mannerism, as if, for a moment, there was a lapse from the poet’s golden to a brazen age of his art—in “Gareth and Lynette”, the story and motive of which permits an indulgence that certainly the poet uses to the uttermost, Tennyson has three times put “nose” into his verse. First:

A damsel of high lineage and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom;
Hawk-eyes, and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

This describes Lynette, and who shall say that if “nose”, and a pug at that, can push its way into the presence-chamber of the Muses and secure recognition there—who shall say that it will not be with some such indefinable air of fine breeding as it puts on here? “Tip-tilted”, to be sure! That word with its alliteration and its assonance—if that

had been all, the obtrusive member would infallibly have been snubbed! But how, when the "tilt" at the "tip" is like the "petal of a flower"? That alters the case. Such a nose, with such an aspiration—the court herald will cry its name, and the assembly must receive it.

Once more. The discerning Launcelot detects the well-born youth under his assumed disguise of knavish rank:

Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and fine;
High nose, a nostril large and fine, and hands
Large, fair, and fine.

The "nose" figures here, one of the patents, plainly writ in Nature's ineffaceable hand, of good blood.

The setting provided by the poet, as seldom, very seldom, fails with Tennyson, justifies and approves the word. The poetry is not high, but it is high enough for the occasion and the speaker, and the poetry, therefore, such as it is—and it is real poetry though not high—does not suffer from the "nose" on its face. The "nose" belongs there, and is proper accordingly. For what is the "proper", if it is not that which belongs, that which is in place?

Yet a third time. That same Lynette's nose, first presented in repose, now in lively gest the poet shows. And this:

She thereat, as one
That smells a foul-flesh'd agaric in the holt
And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,
Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender nose,
With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling, "Hence!"

Isn't that vivacious? Another triumph for the artist. But we do not wish for more. This poet can do whatever he will. But let him will to do other things nobler and worthier.

Does Byron ever say "nose" in his song? Not unlikely. But it will be in "Don Juan," or other wantoning revels of his Muse; scarcely in the more romantic strains, such as "Childe Harold". There, however, he will say the thing "nose," though not the word. Instance that statuesque and breathing stanza, itself sculpture in action, like what it describes, about the Apollo Belvedere:

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light,—
The sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight.
The shaft had just been shot,—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

Conceive that dilated nostril—diaphanous with fine texture and fine passion—conceive it called "nose". But the moment you conceive it thus,

you have conceived not that, but something else. It is changed at once from an element in poetry to an ingredient of the humblest prose—'umblest, in fact. But suppose the famous statue be not at all the sun-god, but a physician, according to the outrageous conjecture of some prosing realist, then what? Why, "nose" would be quite good enough, and Byron should live again to transfer his stanza out of "Childe Harold" into "Don Juan."

Note that neither the thing "nose" nor the sound "nose" is the point of objection on the part of poetry. The thing "nose" gets in under an alias without challenge: "k-n-o-w-s" will pass in without hint of doubt from any quarter. It is the sound "nose" to represent the thing "nose" that makes the difficulty. The sound is accepted when alone; the thing is accepted when alone. Marry sound and thing, and they make a vulgar couple that high-toned poetry will not abide. Or is it that "nostril" is really a different idea from "nose", and not merely a different name for the same thing? And will poetry take the half, but refuse the whole? For, mark you, it is "nostril", not "nostrils", that poetry affects. It may be that one is enough, and two just too much, for poetry. So delicate a matter is this of the "too much"!

Not once does Milton condescend to "nose". "Nostril", also he, yes, even "nostrils", though

in a humbler strain, but "nose", perish the thought! Death—"meager shadow"—is represented by him, in his tenth book, as pasturing on the anticipation of future ravening among the creatures of the fallen human race. Death snuffs the smell of mortal change on earth, as carrion fowl presage the carnage of battle before it occurs.

So scented the grim feature, and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

Let that "grim feature", as, with his characteristic imaginative power, adequately seconded by mastery of expression, Milton calls Death—let but that horrible goblin of negation and absence have been obliged to "turn up" a "nose" instead of "upturning" "nostril"; and what a wreck there would have been of poetry! The "grand manner" of the "Paradise Lost" forbade "nose" to Milton.

Shakespeare, of course, extends his universal hospitality to "nose". Whatever is in nature is in Shakespeare, we are all bound by every convention to believe. "Nose", accordingly, occurs not infrequently in Shakespeare, but hardly where the drama leaves the ground and balances itself on wings in the air of real poetry.

The utter *naïveté* of Chaucer forbade his feeling the smallest qualm of taste about the matter. With

the most charming recklessness he could sing and say :

Full well she sange the service divine
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely.

Chaucer is not to be gainsaid on a point of clear sweetness to the ear, and so I dare raise no doubt as to the absolute full sweetness of that nasal singing of which he speaks. I only know that if the performance had been *such* twanging through the nose as I once heard in a country church from a female soloist in the choir, why I should have had to be deep in love with the singer to be able to use Chaucer's lines in describing the melody, and at the same time feel clear in conscience about having told the truth. What "entuning in hire nose" *that* was, Dan Chaucer! It needs all the quaint archaism possible of spelling and pronouncing to make it tolerable, even thus to tell how intolerable it was.

Now, if these brief notes of leisure born were taken to be such as closed grave doubts and questions here proposed, then these were such as men might scorn. But so far is this from being true, no one can be more conscious than is the present writer of the imperfections of his work. He has sought only to suggest what might be done. He respectfully proposes to some qualified English-speaking German the chance he has here of immortality, in

furnishing to the world an exhaustive monograph on "The Nose in Song." If some young Teuton, with his spurs yet to win, should take hold of it, what a dissertation might we not hope to have! Should this hint perchance meet the eye of any descendant, at all fit to be sprung from such an ancestor, of the great German grammarian, who, having passed his life in working at the Greek article, died at last, vainly, but nobly, regretting that he had not confined himself to the dative case of that article—let such a descendant consider well of this matter, and surrendering himself at once to a worthy enterprise, not too comprehensive, avoid committing over again, in some new form, the melancholy mistake of overwide diffusion of his powers, seen and deplored too late by his lamented progenitor.

XL

ATHENS IN NEW YORK

How many even of the most cultivated among us know that that ancient "city of the soul", Athens, keeps, and for thirty years past has kept, stationed in the metropolis of the New World a kind of garrison of intellectual occupation, in the form of a Greek club composed of scholars, and ripe and good ones, whose serious recreation it is to meet Friday evenings and read together the immortals of Greek literature? Such is the fact; and Friday evening, the thirtieth of December [already many years ago!], this club celebrated, with suitable observance and refection "light and choice, of Attick taste", the thirtieth anniversary of its formation. The writer of these words, as having been once an active member, and as accounted still a member *in rure*, was present by invitation to share the feast. The invited guests, not of the club, who sat down at the table, included Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, ex-Governor D. H. Chamberlain, Prof. (and Colonel) Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg, Virginia, Dr. (now Professor) Marvin R. Vincent, Professor Seymour, head of

the Greek department in Yale University, Professor Cooper, holding a like position in Rutgers College. Ex-President Woolsey, Professor Goodwin, Dr. W. S. Tyler, Professor Harkness, sent letters of regret. So did Dr. Kendrick, of the University of Rochester.

If I say that Prof. Henry Drisler, the American editor of the great Greek lexicon, occupied, at one end, a seat which Dr. Howard Crosby, sitting, an equal power, at the other end, called the head of the table—if I say this, and then that Dr. T. W. Chambers sat at Dr. Drisler's side, while Dr. Charlton T. Lewis, the versatile and all-accomplished editor of the great Latin lexicon, sat midway of the length of the board—it may easily be guessed how much learning was present, and with what balance its weight was distributed. Every symposiast, wherever seated, could feel that he was himself occupying a distinguished place, was sitting, in fact, very near to Macgregor, that unconquered movable head of the table. [I bethink me that I have written names belonging now, nearly all of them, to memories rather than to men!]

It was a genuine little republic of letters, or scholarship—one equal temper of Hellenic hearts; as it should have been, for such has been the Greek Club throughout its history. As Dr. Drisler said, acting informally in the capacity of chairman

—this, when it had been duly eaten and drunken and of an equal feast failed the desire in naught—as Dr. Drisler then genially said, the Greek Club had no president, no rules, no secretary, no treasurer, no treasury. They were just a mutually equal fellowship of gentlemen and scholars, meeting on the common ground of delight in the Greek language and Greek letters. For my own part, I can testify that, whether or not it was in some part due to the influence of the studies to which those Friday evenings were given, I have never witnessed a finer and sweeter urbanity prevail throughout any meetings of men with one another than was the law—unwritten, indeed, but so inviolate!—of all the occasions on which, in this club, I saw Greek join Greek for the reading of Greek authors—a wide selection, ranging from sober and very pedestrian Strabo to the wild license of Aristophanes and the eagle soaring of Pindar. I pleased myself with a sort of fitness found in calling this spirit by the name of Attic urbanity; but seriously I thought it was something higher—I thought it was Christian; and Dr. Howard Crosby, if he will pardon my thus publicly saying it [I trust he did pardon it] seemed to me a source of the spirit that I mean, in being its mirror, its pure and spotless exemplar.

After Dr. Drisler, as by seniority a kind of symposiarch for the evening, had read the letters of

regret, he said that there had been no arrangements made for toasts, or sentiments, or speeches. He would ask Dr. Crosby to say something, and then, with the Athenian assembly herald's proclamation of opportunity for whomsoever would to speak, surrender the occasion to the company.

Dr. Crosby responded, simply and gracefully and modestly, by reading some *memorabilia* of the history of the club, and he was about taking his seat when a call arose for a poem. (Dr. Crosby, on the twenty-fifth anniversary, five years before, had been poet of the occasion.) The call suggested to Dr. Crosby to say that the club had a poet present as guest; whereupon acclamation summoned Mr. Stedman to his feet. He made a charming speech, in the true spirit of the Attic occasion. In the course of it he disclaimed for himself the quality of scholarship in Greek; but Dr. Drisler very happily, not denying to him in form his disclaimer, rejoined that at least there was a gentleman of the same name in the city whose studies of Theocritus paralleled with Tennyson were well known to entitle him to the rank of Greek scholar. How true was this delicate praise of Mr. Stedman's Greek scholarship, beyond what the general literary public can be supposed to suspect, the present writer had the opportunity of learning that same evening after the symposium was done. He was privately shown the pages in

manuscript of a study by Mr. Stedman of Theocritus in the original text, which exhibited the poet and the critic in the character of a critical scholar and editor. When Mr. Stedman reaches the limit of age—far be it!—beyond which he must cease to write poetry of his own, then—and not till then!—may we see in print the final version in meter of Theocritus from his hand! [Stedman had his euthanasia without having translated Theocritus!]

It was very graceful—and it was a grace that he could afford—when Mr. Stedman in his turn called out a Yale classmate of his, by saying that in an English university town he once had found himself made little of until it chanced to come out that he knew a scholar who had done monumental work in the making of a recent Latin lexicon. English scholars were then ready with attentions to him, as soon as they learned that he enjoyed the personal friendship of Charlton T. Lewis.

Dr. Lewis responded in a felicitous strain, which he modulated very naturally to a gentle pathos, in reminiscence of members of the club who had gone on to the land of silence. The effect was like one of those pauses of conversation in the Phædon of Plato.

After Dr. Lewis came Colonel McCabe—or perhaps he was before; it does not much matter—

who delighted the company with a poem in prose dithyrambics, flowingly and glowingly chanted in praise of the Greek language and Greek literature. I said "delighted", but I might have said "surprised and delighted", for this accomplished Southerner had made his fame, to most at the table that knew him, as a wit, rather than as a scholar and an orator. He is a great favorite in English society, an honored and welcomed guest under the roof of Lord Tennyson, traits of whose personal bearing and character came out incidentally in the conversation which, as a fortunate opposite (or "antipod," I might say, under cover of Dr. Drisler's postprandial authority), I myself had the privilege of sharing, in the quality of listener and asker of questions. What did Tennyson mean by his line,

The bar of Michael Angelo?

was a question asked by one, not the present writer. The question was answered under express information from the poet of the "In Memoriam." He meant that deep horizontal line of corrugation, technically by artists called the "bar," that appears in the pictures, crossing the brow of the great Italian. The verse was in fact a reminiscent allusion to Arthur Henry Hallam's own occasional playful claim of possessing that peculiar signature across his own forehead. How much added pathos,

for one with this knowledge in mind, steals into the lines—

And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

To another question, whether “The Palace of Art” Tennyson meant Goethe disguised with obvious differences from himself, Colonel McCabe could not reply, but he courteously accepted the charge to make it a future point of inquiry from the Laureate. Colonel McCabe inquired about Professor J. F. Genung, remarking that he saw his book, “A Study of In Memoriam”, on Lord Tennyson’s table. After learning that this author was Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College, he asked also, or some one did, the pronunciation of his name, which was given, on undoubted information [the writer’s], as “Jenung”—last syllable accented.

The next speaker—conscript volunteer (if the solecistic paradox will be pardoned) like the rest (Dr. Overhiser, one of the earliest members of the Club, took the responsibility of first naming him)—after remarking upon the uniqueness of the phenomenon exhibited in the rise and persistence of the Greek Club—a thing, he believed, quite without parallel in any other studious interest whatever—hazarded himself, in that select presence of scholarship, to name to sensitive Greek ears an

outlandish barbarian name. Where nothing should be spoken that could not be spoken *Attice*, he alluded, in frank barbarian, to the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle", explaining that it had fallen to his fortune as "Counselor", so called, to this wide and numerous dispersion of readers, to enjoy the opportunity of exerting an influence in support of classical studies in English. That august circle of Greek scholars listened with indulgent curiosity while this speaker set forth how the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was to be regarded, not as a piece of charlatanry, a vulgar attempt to supersede and replace sound scholarship with substitute pretensions, but, on the contrary, as a loyal undertaking on behalf of popular culture, the purpose and effect of which were to heighten, and not to disparage, Greek learning, and Latin, in general esteem. The future, he thought, would show an increase in the number of students choosing Greek and Latin, as a result of the influence exerted by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

I have reserved one incident of the occasion with which to conclude this inadequate note of a unique anniversary. A modest member of the Club was challenged for a poem, which the symposiarch had somehow learned that this gentleman had prepared as his contribution to the "Attic cheer" of the evening. Mr. James Herbert Morse

then, after a tantalizingly humorous introduction of anecdote, somewhat in the manner of Mark Twain, read the following sonnet:

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.

Nay, brothers, Peace alone, with eye benign,

Fair Peace alone, with face and form divine,

Made haste to don her shining raiment. Nor

Had ever cause in us to weep therefor.

When to our call she came to meet the Nine

Who sang, or tripped it, down the stately line

Of ancient song, we sent no word to War.

Homer and Hesiod, Pindar and the three

High-sandaled heroes of the tragic choir,

And him whose laugh ran rippling like the sea—

The bright Ægean sea that loved his lyre—

For them Peace waved her wand, and bade them speak.

We sent no word to War, when Greek met Greek.

It was a just memorial of the spirit of the Club as the present writer always found it. No ripple of strife was suffered there to perturb the “quiet and still air of delightful studies.”

XLI

MILTON AS THE POETS' POET

THERE remains hardly anything at the same time new and true to be said of the illustrious author of "Paradise Lost." Some readers, however, may be glad to see what a rich garland he wears as poets' poet. This title has at different times been given to several different English names. Spenser was perhaps the first to receive it. Milton deserves it not less than Spenser. He deserves it more, perhaps—for besides being a favorite poet with poets, Milton has happened also to be made the subject of poetical description and ascription beyond, as I should suppose, the fortune of any rival whatever.

It will, perhaps, be interesting, if not instructive, to gather here into a sheaf some of the laurels that have thus been wreathed around the brow of Milton by the laureate company of the poets since his day. The subject will be poetry, and poetry, too, will be the main part of the discussion.

Of course there is no way but to begin with Dryden's famous hexastich:

Three poets in three distant ages born
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
 The next in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go;
 To make a third, she joined the other two.

The foregoing is not very good poetry, but it is very good epigram, as might have been expected—for Dryden is a master epigrammatist, if but an indifferent poet. Do not scrutinize the present epigram too nicely, and how admirable it is! The last two lines are the gist of it. What precedes is only preparation for these two. Necessary preparation, but as criticism not ideal. For though “loftiness of thought”, answering for sublimity, may doubtfully do to stand as the chief characteristic of Homer, and though Virgil’s quality may fairly well be expressed in the single word “majesty”, these two things, conceived as different from each other, cannot be said to compose together the character of Milton. Milton surpasses in sublimity, no doubt, and he is surpassingly majestic; but you would hardly balance the one attribute against the other, to express summarily his complement of qualities. The two attributes, sublimity and majesty, resemble each other too much to be good antitheses. But I must not suffer myself to be misled into such remark—this paper is not to be a criticism.

Let us have a sharp contrast next. Gray, in his ode on "The Progress of Poesy":

Nor second he,

[The poet means not second to Shakespeare, whom he has just celebrated]

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy
The secrets of the abyss to spy.

He passed the flaming bounds of place and time;
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze;
He saw; but blasted with excess of light
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Gray's method is nowhere better exemplified than in this resplendent tribute to Milton. The very terms in which he glorifies Milton, read as if, with fine adaptation, borrowed from Milton himself. The coincidence upon which here we chance is too good to be disregarded. Let us digress enough to bring in Gray's sympathetically varied characterization of Dryden which immediately follows in the text of the ode:

Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

The equalling of Milton with Shakespeare by Gray reminds of Tennyson in his "Palace of Art":

And there was Milton, like a seraph strong;
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild.

But Tennyson has something more elaborate on Milton. This happens to be in one of his experimental pieces. Trying that master hand of his—turned " 'prentice " on this occasion—at alcaics, a meter not often attempted in English, he makes Milton his inspiration:

O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
 O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,
 Milton, a name to resound for ages,
 Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
 Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,
 Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
 Rings to the roar of an angel onset—
 Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
 The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
 And bloom profuse and cedar arches
 Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
 Where some refulgent sunset of India
 Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle;
 And crimson-hued the stately palm woods
 Whisper in odorous heights of even.

One cannot refrain from pausing, after these lines, to exclaim, What charm-like, spell-like, witchery of words!

From one poet-laureate of England to another, is an easy transition. Run we back to Wordsworth. Of Wordsworth's sonnet to Milton I need give only the last six lines:

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
 Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Very different in spirit from anything hitherto given, is that burst of Shelley's in his "Adonais", allusive to Milton. It is curious how Shelley, in his unchastised youth of eager beating against the bars of convention and law, found his sympathy with Milton as much in ideas political as in ideas poetical:

He died

Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride
 The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathéd rite
 Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
 Into the gulf of death; but his clear sprite
 Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

It is the triumph of Milton as poet that he keeps his empire undisputed over minds that kicked with utmost energy against those religious sentiments which not only Milton the man held dearest, but

which Milton the poet insisted on making of the very fabric of his verse. Byron, too, and this amidst the ribald freedom of his "Don Juan"—*amidst* the freedom of it, and *with* the freedom of it—says of Milton:

A little heavy but no less divine.

It will provide a conclusion conformed to a canon of ancient art in letters, which forbade climax at the close, if now we present some lines from Byron, remarkable indeed, rather for ingenuity of adaptation than for high poetry, but still illustrative of the esteem compelled from their author for the sublime genius of Milton. The lines to be cited belong to Byron's "Hints from Horace," a work generally neglected, but certainly of notable merit, if not comparatively so good as Byron himself accounted it—who, I believe, preferred this satirical paraphrase of Horace to his "Childe Harold". For the full appreciation of the passage following, one rather needs to have before him for comparison the corresponding text of Horace. Byron paraphrases and satirizes, the reins flung loose on the neck of his foaming Pegasus. Bowles and Southey have just been named for contempt, when, in contrast, the measure and majesty of Milton's opening to the "Paradise Lost" is referred to:

Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire
 The tempered warblings of his master lyre;
 Soft as the gentle breathings of the lute
 "Of man's first disobedience and the fruit"
 He speaks, but, as his subject swells along,
 Earth, heaven and Hades echo with the song.
 Still to the midst of things he hastens on,
 As if we witnessed all already done;
 Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean
 To raise the subject, or adorn the scene;
 Gives, as each page improves upon the sight
 Not smoke from brightness, but from darkness light;
 And truth and fiction with such art confounds,
 We know not where to fix their several bounds.

"There is more of poetry," says Thomas Moore,
 "in these verses upon Milton than in any other
 passage throughout the paraphrase." And more
 truth than poetry at that, one might justly add.

The subject is far from exhausted, but enough
 has been produced to show that, in an eminent
 sense, Milton is a poets' poet.

XLII

A FEAT IN FORGETTING

I MAKE a contribution to psychology—that is, I suppose, to physiology, or at least to psycho-physiology. Such is the advance in “science” since my day! My part here in this great scientific movement, which tends so to confound matter and mind (or, at any rate, to confound mind!) is very humble. I simply contribute a fact.

Feats of memory I have seen celebrated not seldom. Feats of oblivion never, so far as I can recall. Is it that these latter so rarely occur? Or that they occur so frequently? Of course, I mean downright honest forgetting—the unconscious sort, not the sort conscious and intended. This latter sort is too common. Perish the thought that I should publish a shame of my own in that line!

I achieved once an exploit in honest forgetting which I venture modestly to think has not often been paralleled. It seems to me to deserve more fame than it is likely ever to enjoy, if, as hitherto, I confine my celebration of it to table-talk privacies.

It fell out on this wise: I sat at table, on an academic festal occasion, *vis-à-vis* with the gentle-

man who that morning had been the chief public speaker. I delight in admiring, and I delight in expressing admiration. I sometimes take the risk of injuring the subject of it, by expressing it openly to him. I did so at this time, adding—unnecessarily, unless to provide material for the present confession may be regarded as constituting a necessity—that I had never had the pleasure of hearing him speak in public before. “O, yes, you have,” he instantly responded. “Never, I believe,” I repeated in rejoinder. Although pretty nearly a flat contradiction between us, which might seem not in accord with the complaisance intended at first by me, this, on either side, was said of course in a tone and spirit light enough to avoid the seriousness of real dispute, and to constitute only a kind of bantering challenge from one to the other to prove his point if he could. I found at last that my friend, the speaker, abundantly could!

“But you have indeed heard me before!” he insisted. “Where, then?” I triumphantly asked. Vain triumph! “Here in this very building,” said he, with the air of one who knew whereof he affirmed. “And when?” I pursued my line of inquiry. If his illusion as to place was so strong, I might shake him by demanding specification under the category of time. He promptly named the year, and the season of the year. It was

only some six years before. "Now," I responded, "I can convince you of your mistake. I lived at that time in Cincinnati, was pastor of a church there." "I know it," said he, "but you were here in Rochester that Sunday on a visit." What pertinacious knowledge! I began to despair of disabusing his mind. He perhaps saw his advantage, for he added, "I can tell you the text from which I preached. It was, 'Thy gentleness hath made me great.' " "I remember hearing Dr. M—— preach once from that text," I said. "Yes," he unflinchingly returned, "you told me that at the time." I was struck dumb. I began to waver in my own mind, and I lost my mental foothold completely when he went on to say: "You returned to Cincinnati, and wrote a very kind newspaper note about your experience in hearing me preach in Rochester, wherein you said that if Dr. C—— was as good a pastor as he was preacher, his people had a prize in their minister."

So many circumstances accurately recollected and brought to bear against me were irresistible. I capitulated unconditionally. Now I have only to testify that in general my memory is very good, and that, especially in such matters as had just been involved, it was, and is, exceptionally tenacious and trustworthy, in order to make it plain that I had achieved a quite extraordinary feat in forgetting. It would seem antecedently impossible

that, with so many incidents to act as mordants and burn it into my memory, I could have forgotten the experience of hearing that sermon. I know not how to account for it, that I should have done so. What was it, O scientific latter-day physiologico-psychic philosopher, that intervened to flatten out so perfectly smooth that convolution of the brain wherein should have been folded up for safe-keeping the record of this experience of mine? It could not have been mere lapse of time, for the interval which sufficed for this oblivion was not long; and it could not have been unrecognized senescence, for then at least I was in the prime of manhood. It is a problem for which I have no solution; I simply submit my experience as a very curious feat in forgetting. Perhaps there is a lesson in it of charity in judging.

I have often thought that if anything had occurred to make it apparently my interest to have it believed that I really never before that day heard Dr. C—— speak in public, and if, after roundly asserting this as a fact, for instance, in a court of law, I had been confronted with Dr. C—— himself and had been confounded in the manner hereinbefore set forth, nothing could have saved my public credit as a man of veracity. People could hardly have been blamed for holding it to be sheerly impossible that I should have heard the sermon in question, have been sufficiently im-

pressed by it to congratulate the preacher, at the same time recalling to him the fact that I had heard the same text preached from before by a minister named, should next have gone to a distant city and there written, and printed in a newspaper, a note about the sermon—all this, and then have completely forgotten it all. It is incredible now even to me—but it happened.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, preached a discourse on Mr. Spurgeon—it was at the time of the famous “Down Grade” controversy—which read when published—for it was promptly published—as who should say “Brother!” and smite one under the fifth rib. A year or so after, in conversation with me, the preacher of that discourse affected to have forgotten all about it. “Affected,” dare I say? Had he not achieved an impossible feat in *forgetting*?

XLIII

MR. SPURGEON AND DR. McLAREN

IN the very terms of my title I have unconsciously involved a symbol of the difference between two differently, but almost equally, eminent men. Quite equally eminent perhaps they are, Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. McLaren; but they no doubt are somewhat unequally celebrated. Mr. Spurgeon is emphatically a man of the people; Dr. McLaren, less emphatically, but distinctively still, is a man of thoughtful, of cultivated people; and this contrast of character and of fame is very well conveyed in the contrasted titles by which they are generally known and named. Everybody says *Mr.* Spurgeon and everybody says *Dr.* McLaren.

“ Contrast of character and of fame,” I have said; but it is really a contrast of fame much more than it is a contrast of character that subsists between Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. McLaren. The great London preacher is intellectually capable of being, or he *was* intellectually capable of being, no less thoughtful and scholarly than his distinguished Manchester peer. He has chosen, deliberately chosen, to be a popular voice, when he might as

easily, had he so chosen, have been spokesman for the fewer, the choicer, the more cultivated. Let us not criticise the election of either, but, having thus noted it, dismiss it, remarking only that it turns out after all to be a matter of character with him—of moral, not of intellectual character—that Mr. Spurgeon has run the particular career that he has.

It is a noteworthy thing that the two most remarkable preachers of the time in England, the two most widely heard all over the world, two with such a polar difference stretching between them, should both of them be Baptists. Baptists, however, in the American sense and usage of the term, Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. McLaren hardly are. For both are “open communion”, and Dr. McLaren is even “open membership”. Mr. Spurgeon’s church invites Christian churchmembers of every name, baptized and unbaptized alike, to share her celebration of the Lord’s Supper, but admits to membership only such as have been baptized; that is, immersed. Dr. McLaren’s church, more liberally, receives into membership, as well as invites to communion, without reference to a precedent condition of baptism.

American Baptists, of course, would not approve the practice of either one of these churches. Mr. Spurgeon’s church, they would generally agree, is more nearly right, and Dr. McLaren’s church

more nearly logical. "What, then, is there," I asked Dr. McLaren, "to keep this church a Baptist church? The majority of the members might be non-Baptist." "In fact," Dr. McLaren responded, "half of my deacons *are* non-Baptist. There is a clause in the deed of the property requiring that the minister be a Baptist minister, and declaring also that the property is for the use of that denomination of Christians known as Particular Baptists." "Do you hold it to be your duty to *teach* that every Christian should be immersed?" "Yes, certainly, I insist upon this truth," said he—adding, with a smile betraying consciousness of a difference on his part from me—"in its just proportion."

The contrast between their respective congregations corresponds with the contrast between the two preachers. In quantity, Dr. McLaren's congregation is large; but Mr. Spurgeon's congregation is in quantity immense. Dr. McLaren's congregation is in a sense select; that is, it is made up of noticeably alert, intelligent minds. Mr. Spurgeon's congregation is miscellaneous, and the faces generally express less intelligence. His hearers are as receptive, perhaps, as Dr. McLaren's, but they are not, if one may make this distinction—they are not so recipient. They are more passive; equally willing to receive, but less capable of receiving.

Mr. Spurgeon, accordingly, in fact gives his

hearers less than Dr. McLaren gives his—less thought, less substance of instruction. One immediately feels like modifying such a statement as that. It is perhaps not exactly less substance of instruction that Mr. Spurgeon gives his hearers. Let us resort to Mr. Brooks's formula, "truth *plus* personality", and say it is less "personality" that Mr. Spurgeon supplies. He qualifies his preaching less than Dr. McLaren does his, with himself. Mr. Spurgeon might feel this to be praise; but I do not mean it for praise. He is in truth, as I think, not quite solicitous enough to add himself to his words. He preaches too easily, does not beat his gold sufficiently. Rather, to make better use of my figure, he is too willing to bring forward the same beaten gold over and over again, without having taken each time the requisite pains to beat it anew into fresh and different forms. His facility of speech is too nearly a fatal gift or fatal habit. One is tempted to ask: Ought he not to think more, and might he not wisely make his hearers think more—a little more? Would his influence thereby be necessarily less extensive, and would it not be both greater intensively and more certain to be abiding?

Dr. McLaren does not spare himself; or, if this appears unjustly to imply that, in the opinion of the writer, Mr. Spurgeon, on the contrary, does spare himself, let me guard my expression, and say

rather, Dr. McLaren concentrates himself upon his sermon. Mr. Spurgeon, who is perhaps larger in quantity, as also in essential quality not less fine, is quite equally industrious with Dr. McLaren; but, unlike Dr. McLaren, he diffuses himself widely in many diversified fruitful activities. More thoroughly, more intensely, vital discourse, I think I have never heard than I heard last Sunday from Dr. McLaren's lips. The speaker himself, in the act of speaking, seemed to tingle to his very fingers' tips with costly electric vitality. His voice was pitched sympathetically in a high key, a key in fact too high; the tension of it produced the effect of having grown to be habitual. At first it was slightly unpleasant to the unaccustomed hearer, as implying laborious strain on the speaker's part; but the harmony between the thought and the utterance soon obliterated the sense of this, and you came at length to feel that such utterance was required by such thought. Intensity, eagerness, unintermitted insistence, unrelaxing grasp of his hearer, mind and conscience and will—this is the predominant note of Dr. McLaren's delivery. His voice has a quality in it that will not let you go, and even his fingers curl tensely and prehensively as if to seize you and hold you fast. It might almost be said, too, that, like Coleridge's mariner, he holds you with his glittering eye; for although he may not fairly look at you so much as once in the

whole course of his sermon, yet his eyes, fixed forward, as if on his thought instead of on his audience, "glitter", and they fascinate you. This is from the very start. There is a pause after the speaker rises before he actually begins to speak; and when he does begin, it is in a seerlike manner, and with a far-forward-looking eye, which makes you instinctively think of Pope's line:

Rapt into future worlds the bard began.

You do not so much feel yourself personally addressed in the sermon, as admitted to hear a man think aloud powerfully on a subject in which you are perforce deeply, vitally interested. The aspect of the audience is, universally and continuously, well-nigh as eager and intent as that of the speaker. The silence is half as eloquent as the sound.

All this is very different from what takes place in the Metropolitan Tabernacle when Mr. Spurgeon preaches. The preaching is done almost without apparent effort. The voice is easy and natural. The gesture, when there is gesture, is rather graceful than forcible, rather unnoticeably appropriate than in any way striking. The flow of words and of sentences is like the unhindered current of a gently-winding river. The thought seldom excites you. You listen satisfied rather than stimulated. There is no pervasive intensity in the speaker's manner. There are even no intervals of intensity

in it. Perhaps it is his composed confidence in the power of the truth itself which he utters, that keeps Mr. Spurgeon from adding the impulse of his own personal will to the utterance. At all events, there is a singular absence of that intent insistence which you are forced to remark in Dr. McLaren. If you follow Mr. Spurgeon closely, it is because you find it easy and pleasant to do so, not because you feel a hand of compulsion upon you, rendering it impossible that you should do otherwise.

You spur yourself to heed and to judge what you hear, and you find things are said by Mr. Spurgeon which Dr. McLaren, with his different standard of homiletic propriety, would not permit himself to say. Mr. Spurgeon will, for example, preach on the text, "He shall see his seed", and make one of his divisions depend on putting the sense of oversight, of care, into the word "see". This is not handling the Word of God deceitfully, in any flagrant sense of the adverb, but it certainly is handling the Word of God homiletically. Another instance of freedom not to be commended, on Mr. Spurgeon's part, was his affecting to find a force of "into" in the Greek preposition *eis* in the text, "looking *unto* Jesus". That this was conscious homiletic license rather than unenlightened Greek scholarship with him, he made sufficiently evident by quasi-humorously saying, as he introduced the idea, "We Baptists, you know, have a way of in-

sisting that *eis* always means *into*." With this slender apology premised, the preacher proceeded to make it a point of his sermon that we were to look not simply *at* Jesus or *toward* him, but *into* him; that is, we were to study him deeply and learn the interior of his character. Dr. McLaren may sometimes strike you as an ingenious, even an over-ingenious homilist, but he would never frankly and consciously practice "*eisegesis*" like that.

These two great preachers are close personal friends. "You will like him," said Mr. Spurgeon to me of Dr. McLaren, when I expressed my intention to hear him in Manchester. He added heartily that he felt himself thoroughly at one with Dr. McLaren in the gospel that he preached. Dr. McLaren, with equal cordiality, spoke admiringly of Mr. Spurgeon, both as to his personal character and as to his intellectual gifts—which latter, he thought, qualified him amply to have been a more stimulating, more original, more suggestive preacher, a preacher more satisfying to the demands of the thoughtful and the cultivated, than, in fact, he has chosen to be.

Of both these two so different men I can gratefully testify that contact with them, whether through hearing them preach, or through enjoying the privilege of personal conversation with them, was an inspiring and ennobling experience.

XLIV

THE FACE AS AN AUTOGRAPH

ONE is struck, in Western travel, with a strongly-differenced type of physiognomy, observable among the people whom one meets. The lines of care and toil and anxiety and struggle are deeply drawn in the faces of both men and women. It will take the space of a generation, perhaps more, to soften, certainly to efface, them. What legends of self-denial, of privation, of hard worldly thought and purpose, of muscular and nervous exertion, you read on page after page of the great volume wherein you encounter your fellow creatures and peruse their faces! It is even pathetic. There is little beauty of lineament, for the intense strain of endeavor has distorted the features. The expression, too, is unlovely, for the endeavor has not been high and saintly. There is a certain stern and rigid fixity of look, a sadly matter-of-fact, not to say sordid, selfish, habit of countenance, hostile to everything like charm of expression.

I have in mind the real subduers of the soil, the old settlers of the region—the men and women that you meet, obviously just come from their farms

and their kitchens. I happened, traveling not long since, to fall in with some representatives of the sect or community of the Dunkers. These Christian people, the "brotherhood", as they themselves styled their collective body, had been holding their annual gathering at Ashland, in Ohio. This had just broken up, and a number of the attendants, returning homeward, took passage on our train. I entered into conversation with some of them. As the conversation proceeded, I could not but study their faces. What lack of intellectual horizon was depicted on them! What a long habit of narrow thinking! The poor, dear souls, I hope I did not in any wise despise them. Surely I had no right, but I did pity them. And I got a wholesome lesson. For I said to myself, How infallibly habitual thought and feeling write their autograph on the face! You think a certain thought, and that thought makes its visible sign on your features. Think it again, and again the features are made to bear the sign. Think it habitually, and the face is molded into a constant corresponding expression. And how many worse things there are to be written on the face than even narrowness of mind! Selfishness, insincerity, anxious greed, what hideous autographs these inscribe upon the face! And what a singular tendency there is for expression of countenance to spread itself from one to another! It is a true benediction to a household if

one member of it maintains a placid, sweet, unworldly look on the face. That look has a contagion. It is a perpetual gospel. The secret of it lies in unworldly thought and feeling. Who can wear the look but one whose fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ?

XLV

BAYARD TAYLOR'S "FAUST"

[CONNECTED alike with the writing, and with the first publication, of the following paper, there is a story worth telling. I happened to be in the editorial office of *The Independent* on some errand, no matter what, which having accomplished I was taking my leave, when Dr. Edward Eggleston, then editor of the paper, spoke and said, "Here, Mr. Wilkinson, is a book we would like to have you review for us." It was Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's "Faust", put up in a handsome, even imposing, form of volume, fresh and radiant from the printer's and the binder's hands. I paused to look at the book, and Dr. Eggleston continued: "We had a man nominated to us for reviewer, who was recommended as having already written five or six reviews of the book in as many different periodicals." Dr. Eggleston named the candidate, a gentleman now no longer living. Dr. Lyman Abbott, then plain Rev. Lyman Abbott, was, as I seem to remember, the nominator, but we will let the nominee remain anonymous. Dr. Eg-

gleston smiled amusedly and remarked, "I thought I would try a fresh hand."

When I showed myself well-inclined to undertake the task, Dr. Eggleston handed me the book, observing, as he did so: "I hope you will find yourself able to speak favorably of Taylor's work in this book, for we felt compelled to speak in quite the contrary sense of his late novel when it appeared." I replied that I had a good prepossession in favor of Bayard Taylor as poet, and I did not doubt I should be well pleased with this work of his hand. "Well," said Dr. Eggleston, "of course we wish you to write according to your conviction, without reference to what I have said. But we should be glad to have the review *as promptly* as possible."

I carried the book home, assembled a number of other translations for collation and comparison, got out my copy of the German original, and set to work. The result disappointed me. I was obliged to speak less favorably of Mr. Taylor's performance than was sincerely my wish. I despatched my review without much delay to Dr. Eggleston, remarking to Mrs. Wilkinson, "Dr. Eggleston was in a hurry to get it, but, mark my word, he will be in no hurry to publish it." And sure enough, he very kindly acknowledged the receipt of the MS., but said I must not be surprised if it did not appear immediately, as the foreman in the print-

ing-office told him there was already a large quantity of matter for the literary department of the paper standing in type waiting to be used. "Yes," said I to Mrs. Wilkinson, "he is taking advice about publishing it, staggered by its difference from the other reviews he has seen."

I decided to relieve the editorial mind, by offering to assume myself the responsibility, and let the article appear with my signature, although, on my own account, as I wrote the editor, I should prefer to sink my single individuality in the multiple individuality of the paper. In due time, the review came out, *unsigned*, *The Independent* taking the responsibility. Dr. Eggleston afterward told me that, staggered by the tenor of the review, he went home and read up about Goethe himself, and so became satisfied that in respect of what was said or implied concerning Goethe the man, his chosen reviewer had the facts to support him. Then, as to points of literary criticism and German scholarship, Dr. Eggleston said, he took recourse to Mr. C. F. Briggs ("Harry Franco"), who, in due course, reported that Mr. Taylor's critic had the right of it there. "This explains," said Dr. Eggleston, "the delay that occurred in the printing of the review."

By the way, the fact that one and the same man wrote those five or six reviews of this book, in an equal number of different critical literary organs,

throws an interesting light on the chances a careful buyer might in some cases have of being wisely guided in his choice of proper books to add to his library. From my knowledge of that numerous reviewer's diverse relations in the periodical world, I judged with much confidence what periodicals would publish his reviews. There would be *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *The Galaxy* (a highly respectable periodical, afterward absorbed, I believe, by *The Atlantic Monthly*), *The New York Times*, *The Examiner*, and perhaps *The Christian Union* (now *The Outlook*). My readers may imagine for themselves the course of investigation pursued by this supposably wary and circumspect appraiser of books by means of book reviews. He meets in his morning *Times* a long, apparently well-informed, laudatory setting forth of the merits of Bayard Taylor's translation of the "Faust", and makes a mental note of the fact. But let me see, he says, what other critics have to say of the performance. He soon after buys *Harper's Magazine*, and in the pages of that trustworthy periodical finds a notice not dissimilar in strain from what he remembers reading in his *Times*. But wait, says he, till I see what my daughter's favorite magazine, *The Galaxy*, thinks of the work. Striking concurrence of view, actually some of the same, or almost the same, expressions of approval. I can make no mistake in pur-

chasing a book so unanimously praised. *Harper's Weekly*, *The Examiner*, come in (and, after them, *The Christian Union?*), and now the investigator is sure that there could not be such applause from so many different voices without true worth to evoke it. And he has been reading in a vicious circle of one man all the time!

Well, perhaps Dr. Eggleston did wisely to try a fresh hand.]

We praise Mr. Taylor's work faintly with sincere pain. He has done well what had already been done better, and what, in truth, did not deserve to be done at all. Happily for good taste and good morals, "Faust" is in itself, for the most part, too dreary a poem, wherever it is not also positively too disagreeable, ever to become popular in an English translation. There are a few passages in it justly to be excepted from this condemnatory sentence; but, on the whole, our regret, inspired by regard for the public edification, that attention should be freshly directed to "Faust" by a fresh attempt to translate it, is very satisfactorily alleviated by our cheerful confidence that the inseparable and unalterable qualities of the original will disgust most of the readers whom the showy performance of the translator may happen to attract.

Perhaps hardly another production exists, of

genius confessed to be of the highest order, whose reputation is so purely a conventional reputation as is the reputation of "Faust". The poem, both in its conception and in its execution, is German to the last degree. The English taste that sincerely enjoys it must be an artificial taste, to be acquired, we should say, not without many laborious qualms of literary nausea. We feel sure, therefore, that there is not likely to spring up any wide popular demand for Mr. Taylor's "Faust". Purchasers need not wait for a cheaper edition, such as followed the first stately form in which Longfellow's "Dante" was presented to the public. The new "Faust" will remain a handsome and high-priced book. We are glad to see it handsome, for Mr. Taylor's labor deserves the compliment. And it ought to be high-priced; for its market should be pretty strictly confined to rich collectors, who will pronounce the title *Fawst* and never read the book.

We heartily wish, we confess, that Mr. Taylor had experienced, at the outset of his task, a sentiment of repugnance like that with which Coleridge recoiled from the proposal that he should become the translator of "Faust." Coleridge had introduced the literary fashion of English admiration for German poetry and German philosophy. He had produced an incomparable English version of Schiller's "Wallenstein", and he was urged to undertake the translation of Goethe's "Faust".

In his "Table Talk" he is reported as saying: "I debated with myself whether it became my moral character to render into English—and so far certainly lend my countenance to—language much of which I thought vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous. I need not tell you that I never put pen to paper as a translator of 'Faust'". Coleridge was no Puritan, either in conscience or in taste; but his revolt from the almost unredeemed buffoonery, or low-bred and impious waggery, or vile professional panderage, which so largely makes up the gross bulk of Goethe's "Faust", was the sincere instinct of both his taste and his conscience. We are unaffectedly sorry that Mr. Bayard Taylor betrays so little sign of having been compelled himself at first to struggle against a similar distaste for his self-set task. If he ever felt an honorable horror of his work, he has succeeded but too well in overcoming it. Not a trace of it appears. It is a thousand times to be lamented that, to the qualification of adequate poetical gifts of his own, and of an acquaintance—rather, as it were, vernacular, to be sure, than scholarly—with the original German, Mr. Taylor should add also the ambiguous qualification of a moral and æsthetic capacity to become the congenial and successful translator of "Faust". But he has chosen his wreath, and he has earned a full title to wear it.

For Mr. Taylor's natural endowments as poet

we entertain a very high regard. We can easily believe that, with happier conditions of exterior circumstance and of individual bent, he might have won a name in poetry hardly second to that of any American rival. It is a real loss to literature, as well as an immeasurable loss to himself, that so good a possible poet should have turned out, instead, an indifferent traveler, a tedious novelist, a public lecturer encouraging us to cultivate a French conscience, and at last the complacent translator of "Faust".

Mr. Taylor tells us in his "Preface" that he conceived the idea of translating "Faust" twenty years ago. The space of time during the interval since then, which he has probably spent in "reverent" and affectionate brooding over the poem, can but have had a serious effect upon his own mental and moral history. The traces of this effect seem to be discernible here and there in the "Preface" itself. Goethe, one would say, must have taught the American translator, contemporary and fellow countryman of Bryant and Longfellow, to use the illustration which he borrows from the immodest mythologies of Paganism to set forth the intimate union of form with meaning in poetry. Mr. Taylor characterizes the "beauty" of this fable as "*mysterious*"—a point in which we imagine he will find many to agree with him. One is tempted further to attribute by conjecture to a

malign influence from Goethe occasional more serious lapses of Mr. Taylor into a libertine style of conception and expression in his original poetry. An instance occurred in some otherwise exceedingly beautiful oriental verses of his published in *The Nation* a few years ago. The editor or the reader was invited by the poet to " permit the dream ". The editor permitted it, and after that the reader scarcely had his alternative.

The prose style of Mr. Taylor's " Preface " well illustrates the disadvantages under which a man labors who, not being a scholar, attempts to do a scholar's work. The newspaper is a poor school in which to learn the graces of correct and scholar-like expression. Mr. Taylor evidently felt the proprieties of the occasion calling upon him to chastise the negligences of his customary style. His success, perhaps, is creditable, but it would hardly pacify a Rhadamanthine judge. The style of Mr. Taylor's " Preface " is in painfully instructive contrast to the massive simplicity and Greek repose of the " Preface " to Mr. Bryant's " Iliad ". It is difficult not to feel, however, that the contrast springs partly from a source deeper than difference of mental constitution or mental accomplishments.

This ill-constructed sentence is an instance of the *newspaperishness* that clings to Mr. Taylor's most careful style: " Moreover, the plea of select-

ing different meters in the hope of producing a similar effect is unreasonable, where the identical meters are possible." Mr. Taylor says, "In poetry which endures through its own inherent vitality," where he means "In poetry *that* endures". This slovenly and sometimes really confusing exchange of the relatives is of frequent occurrence throughout the prose of the volume. Mr. Taylor quotes a sentence of several lines from Mr. Lewes, and adds, "Which is certainly *correct* of any translation," etc. Of Mr. Hayward he says: "*Wherever* two phrases may be used to express the meaning with equal fidelity, he *very frequently* selects that which has less grace, strength, or beauty." Of course, Mr. Taylor means "*where*", etc. What he actually says is, that, where two alternative renderings of equal fidelity to the original are possible, Hayward in every instance very frequently selects the less felicitous one. He speaks of Mr. Hayward's translation as having "received so much acceptance". Again, Mr. Taylor says: "We must, of course, gratefully receive [accept?] such an outline [*i. e.*, a prose translation] where a nearer approach to the form of the original is impossible; but, until the latter has been demonstrated, we are wrong to remain content with the cheaper substitute." Grant "*the latter*" to be good English here, who then could extricate a proper antecedent for it from the confusion in which it stands? Mr. Low-

ell's "Fable for Critics" is referred to as his "Fable for the Critics".

A few characteristic slips in verbal points may also be noticed, which occur in the text of the translation. "Magister" Mr. Taylor pronounces with the accent on the first syllable, violating alike the Latin, the German, and the English orthoëpy: "I'm Magister—yea, Doctor—hight"—where a better authorized usage would omit the auxiliary. A very simple transposition would then allow the accent to rest where it should, on the second syllable of *magister*, instead of the first. Mr. Taylor uses "*cotemporary*" for *contemporary*, a choice on which Bentley would say he was to be "*congratulated*".

Mr. Taylor has an invocation to Goethe, written smoothly in German verse, the sentiment of which is as safely commonplace and trite as is very sure to be poetry conceived in one language and expressed in another.

With the auguries for the character of Mr. Taylor's workmanship which his "Preface" has thus supplied, we may proceed to a little examination of the translation. The natural comparison is, of course, with the translation executed fifteen years earlier by Mr. C. T. Brooks. Mr. Taylor felt the necessity of anticipating the unfavorable criticisms obviously suggested by such a comparison. He does so by stating that he formed his purpose of

making a version of "Faust" on the principles applied by Mr. Brooks, several years before the latter published his volume. The careful reader will note that Mr. Taylor abstains from claiming to have actually commenced the work of translation before Mr. Brooks's version appeared. He merely gives us to understand that he previously projected the work. The novelty and originality of Mr. Brooks's plan consisted in his attempted reproduction of the original, in all its infinite variety of versification, mood for mood, rhythm for rhythm, meter for meter, and rhyme for rhyme. This, Mr. Taylor assures us, was exactly his own idea. But Mr. Brooks, though he may unconsciously have had in Mr. Taylor a partner of his purpose, was first and alone in proceeding to put the purpose into execution. He executed it with a taste, a scholarship, and a skill, of which the original was not worthy; but which certainly left nothing to be desired, if anything even were possible, in the way of improvement. It would be easy to take an impression of something like unfairness, not intended, we are sure, toward his predecessor, in the manner in which Mr. Taylor dismisses his reference to Mr. Brooks's work, and goes on laboriously and disjointedly to justify a self-evident principle of translation of which Mr. Brooks's work had been for fifteen years an admirable though unnecessary demonstration. We will let

our readers see for themselves how far the two translators' results resemble each other.

We begin with Goethe's "Dedication". The original of this is conceived in a sentimental spirit of pensive recollection, which allies it, in all but a certain chivalrous sincerity, not to be imitated at will, to a mood familiar with Schiller. The poet first addresses the imaginary personages of his drama, with whom he had become, as it were, personally acquainted in the course of the work of composition. "Faust" had been projected a quarter of a century or so before. We give two stanzas. Mr. Brooks:

Once more ye waver dreamily before me;
Forms that so early cheered my troubled eyes?
To hold you fast doth still my heart implore me?
Still bid me clutch the charm that lures and flies?
Ye crowd around! Come, then, hold empire o'er me;
As from the mist and haze of thought ye rise;
The magic atmosphere, your train enwreathing,
Through my thrilled bosom youthful bliss is breathing.

Ye bring with you the forms of hours Elysian,
And shades of dear ones rise to meet my gaze;
First Love and Friendship steal upon my vision
Like an old tale of legendary days;
Sorrow renewed, in mournful repetition,
Runs through life's devious, labyrinthine ways;
And, sighing, names the good (by Fortune cheated
Of blissful hours!) who have before me fled.

Mr. Taylor:

Again ye come, ye hovering forms! I find ye;
 As early to my clouded sight ye shone!
 Shall I attempt, this once, to seize and bind ye?
 Still o'er my heart is that illusion thrown?
 Ye crowd more near! Then, be the reign assigned ye,
 And sway me from your misty, shadowy zone!
 My bosom thrills, with youthful passion shaken,
 From magic airs that round your march awaken.

Of joyous days ye bring the blissful vision;
 The dear, familiar phantoms rise again,
 And, like an old and half-extinct tradition;
 First Love returns, with Friendship in his train.
 Renewed is Pain: with mournful repetition
 Life tracks his devious, labyrinthine chain,
 And names the Good, whose cheating fortune tore them
 From happy hours, and left me to deplore them.

There can be but one opinion, we should say, as to the comparative merit of these two renderings, considered merely in the light of English poems. Mr. Taylor's "find ye" is purely a signal of distress for rhyme, having no equivalent in the original. In the next stanza, first, how life "tracks" any kind of "chain", and, secondly, how a "chain", being "tracked", can then properly be described as alike "devious" and "labyrinthine", are both points even more mysterious than the introduction here of the figure of a "chain" at all. Rhyme is a great matter; and rhyme is

responsible, we suspect, for this replacement of Goethe's intelligible expression "Life's labyrinthine, devious course".

The songs of the angels which commence the "Prologue in Heaven" are much admired by those who do not feel the measureless contrast between the Uranian inspiration of a Christian poet like Milton and the desolate endeavor of a pagan poet like Goethe. They certainly are versified with astonishing power in the original German. Mr. Brooks's translation of this begins:

The sun, in ancient wise, is sounding;
 With brother-spheres, in rival song;
 And, his appointed journey rounding,
 With thunderous movement, rolls along.

Mr. Taylor's:

The sun-orb sings, in emulation;
 'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round;
 His path predestined through Creation
 He ends with step of thunder-sound.

We do not think Mr. Taylor's rendering is either so noble in sound or so faithful in sense as Mr. Brooks's. "*Vollendet*" in the German can scarcely here mean "ends", as Mr. Taylor has it. It rather means "accomplishes", as implying present continuance of the action. "*Donner-gang*" has an effect of elastic, resonant detonation in it

which no English rendering can equal; but it is better represented by Mr. Brooks's "thunderous movement" than by Mr. Taylor's "*step of thunder-sound*", in which the italicized word introduces a strangely incongruous image for the sun's style of locomotion.

Here is a passage which, but for the taint of insincerity in it, might be almost wholly pleasing, if one could forget the situation, and the reason of the situation, in which Goethe places Faust to make him utter the soliloquy. We need not describe the situation further than to say that it is worthy of the vulgar invention of the low-minded great man that Goethe was. Mr. Brooks:

Faust [*gazing round*]. Welcome this hallowed still retreat!

Where twilight weaves its magic glow.
Seize on my heart, love-longing, sad and sweet;
That on the dew of hope dost feed thy woe!
How breathes around the sense of stillness,
Of quiet, order, and content!
In all this poverty what fullness!
What blessedness within this prison pent!

Mr. Taylor:

Faust [*looking around*]. O welcome twilight, soft and sweet,
That breathes throughout this hallowed shrine!
Sweet pain of love, bind thou with fetters fleet
The heart that on the dew of hope must pine!

How all around a sense impresses
 Of quiet, order, and content!
 This poverty what bounty blesses
 What bliss within this narrow den is pent!

The difference once more happens to be nearly all in favor of Mr. Brooks. He is far more faithful to the German than Mr. Taylor, he is more grammatical in his English, and we fail to see wherein Mr. Taylor has improved upon his predecessor in choice of felicitous language. "That breathes" should, of course, be "that breath'st", in Mr. Taylor's rendering. But the German is "weavest", as Mr. Brooks has it, although in the third person of the verb. What Mr. Taylor means by binding the "heart" with "*fetters*" may be divined with help of supposing a mixture of metaphor not wholly abhorrent from his habit of conception; but what he can mean by "*fleet fetters*" it is not so easy to guess. Mr. Taylor injures the original when he mistranslates "The *heart* that on the dew of hope must pine". Goethe represents not the heart, but the love-longing of the heart, as living a languishing life by feeding on the dew of hope.

We give the following incantation as illustrative at once of Mr. Taylor's plastic power in versification and of that want of scholarship on his part which sometimes makes this skill of his unavailing or even ridiculous:

Base being, hearest thou?
 Knowest and fearest thou
 The One, unoriginate,
 Named inexpressibly,
 Through all Heaven impermeate;
 Pierced irredressibly!

The original offers a pretty intractable piece of work for the translator. Literally it reads:

Reprobate being!
 Canst thou read Him;
 The never-originated,
 Unuttered,
 Poured through all Heaven;
 Wickedly pierced?

it being a necromancer's spell of circumlocution for the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Taylor's "Through all heaven impermeate" is a simply absurd contradiction of what he intended to express by it. He attempted to use a master's privilege, and make a word. His success has ill justified his temerity. In the first place, "permit" Mr. Taylor his evident "dream" that the syllable *im* may incongruously strengthen, instead of necessarily negating, the meaning of "permeate"; permit, too, his further dream that the coinage would then be active, not passive, in its sense, and we have for result this extraordinary syntax: "That dost permeate into through all heaven". But the prefix *im* built upon the prefix *per* could not possibly

have any other than its privative or negative force. Consequently, instead of characterizing this ineffable as diffused throughout heaven, he has in a singularly nugatory manner characterized it as *not* diffused throughout heaven; or, rather, he would have succeeded in doing this except for the inconvenient circumstance that *impermeate*, if it were admitted as a word at all, would be equivalent to *impermeated*, and mean, not "undiffused", but "unpenetrated"—applying thus to the substance containing, instead of the substance contained. The final result accordingly is, that in attempting to say of this mysterious essence that it permeates heaven, Mr. Taylor has contrived to represent it as not itself permeated. With what not permeated he leaves to us to conjecture, merely stating that, at all events, it is not *through* heaven.

We have no room for further citations. Nothing that we could print from the poem, however translated, would greatly interest our readers. Our conclusion is that, while Mr. Taylor has perhaps here and there done better than Mr. Brooks in points of mere verbal or rhythmical felicity, the difference in his favor is not great enough to outweigh Mr. Brooks's advantage in every other attribute of a consummate translation. It is a case in which taste and scholarship on the one side existed in a degree that made them more than a match for the preponderance of technically poet-

ical skill on the other. The clear priority of Mr. Brooks in the identical undertaking which Mr. Taylor proposed to himself, of course, leaves the balance of merit still more strongly inclined against the subsequent translator. Mr. Bayard Taylor's "Faust" has no substantial claims, either for its original or for itself, to be ranked in a triad of translations with Longfellow's "Dante" and Bryant's "Homer". It would be brilliant if it were a pioneer experiment. As the case stands, it is without a sufficient reason of existence. The older is better. And we want no English "Second Part" of "Faust".

XLVI

GOETHE'S " FAUST "

THE formula, " There is one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet ", does not more conclusively constitute the shibboleth of orthodoxy for the Mussulman, than constitutes now the shibboleth of culture and of soundness in literary judgment, the sentiment, There has been one truly GREATEST poet since Shakespeare, and that poet is Goethe. Equally unquestioned and absolute is the literary convention that of all Goethe's poems the " Faust " is his masterpiece.

Prescription of this sort is seldom, perhaps never, successfully disputed by criticism. Criticism, in fact, usually finds its account in concurring, and in pointing out, with superfluous zeal, the justifying reasons. If it does not cordially concur, it complaisantly acquiesces; or, if it does not quite acquiesce, it at least remains silent. Almost never does criticism raise a voice in challenge of a literary claim once secure in universal acknowledgment.

Not with diffidence—on the contrary, with all confidence which it would be mere affectation to dissemble—but with that degree of deference al-

ways due from an individual to the public, I venture to create an exception by calling in question the right of Goethe's " Faust " to be accounted a great poem. My present allotment of space is narrow and I shall need to economize it. The turns, therefore, and phrases, the circumlocutions and ambages, which would indicate a becoming reluctance on my part to strike ruthless blows at a venerated idol of convention—all these I will ask my readers kindly to imagine on their critic's behalf. It would take too much room for me here to supply them. I proceed at once to give some of my reasons for not thinking the " Faust " of Goethe that great poem which it is currently reputed to be.

I. In the first place, its subject is not noble. What is the subject of the " Faust "? It is the mediæval myth of a man who, for a consideration, sold himself to the devil. This myth had often been poetically treated before Goethe's time. Marlowe in particular had made it the subject of a truly remarkable poem, a tragedy, which Goethe at one time seriously thought of translating. At most, nothing in the way of true greatness ever was possible to a poet treating such a subject, except to confer dignity upon it, or to infuse tragedy into it, through some surprisingly lofty or pathetic interpretation applied to the myth. Goethe's chosen method was to make Faust a *blasé* scholar, and have him, in disgust of study, turn rake at middle

age and transact with the devil for the enjoyment of the body of a girl of " fourteen " or thereabout. That, reduced to its lowest terms, is the scheme of Goethe's " Faust "—of the First Part, that is to say, which practically, for almost all readers, constitutes the poem. Was there ever a Circean transformation more abject than is to be seen in modern culture and taste down on all fours at the feet of a poem like that, ogling up emulous admiration and worship at it for " great " ? On a theme such as Goethe made the theme of his " Faust ", no treatment whatever could possibly produce a great poem. The theme itself, so conceived, is too essentially, too irredeemably, base.

This objection to the " Faust " in its theme, I make, not on moral, but on literary, grounds. The poem was hopelessly from the first condemned by its theme to be an æsthetically ignoble poem. That is, the poem as a whole. There might be passages in it of beauty, of pathos, of power. A poem, however, is not a great poem simply because it contains fine passages, no matter how many fine passages it contains. Greatness in a poem must consist in the greatness of the poem. And a poem, I say and repeat, whose chief action consists in a disgusted scholar's becoming debauchee and, under contract with the devil, hunting down a young girl " past fourteen " to a doom worse than death—such a poem is not, cannot be, " great ".

So much for the idea of the "Faust".

II. In the second place, the structure of the poem—which, however, I cannot stay to criticise in any detail—is highly inartistic. In ostensible form, it is a play, a tragedy; but the action is clogged with the dreariest monologue and dialogue, which do nothing to help forward the catastrophe, or else is absolutely interrupted and postponed with long, irrelevant parentheses of pure devilry which it is weariness itself to read, and which, in the representation, nothing could carry off with spectators, unless it were tricks and shifts of theatrical scenery. The "Faust", in short, is largely a mere bizarre mosaic of odds and ends of verse composed at wide intervals of Goethe's experience, which the poet vainly sought at last to mold into the unity of a poem.

The imagination, therefore, shown in the "Faust", whatever that imagination may be, at least is not the supreme imagination which creatively projects a whole great design at once into being. It must be looked for, not in the poem as a whole, but in passages of the poem. Let us take a celebrated passage of the "Faust", a passage much praised for its imaginative quality, and, using it representatively, put it fairly under criticism to see how it will stand the assay.

"Minute criticism!" I hear some one exclaim; "but minute criticism is not the right test of imag-

inactive writing." Whereto I reply, That depends upon the criticism, but not upon the minuteness of the criticism. If the criticism is sound criticism it remains sound criticism to whatever degree of minuteness it is carried. And here is the crucial test of imaginative writing, as of all other writing no less: Will it bear to be criticised minutely? Minute criticism may, no doubt, disclose unsuspected faults even in good writing; but in the best writing it will disclose unsuspected beauties, and, according as the number of such unsuspected beauties, disclosed by criticism, is great, the writing in question is finally ascertained to be indeed of the best. If criticism pronounces a given passage of poetry to be not true, but false, imaginative writing, then the proper way to defend that passage is not to call the criticism " minute ", but to prove the criticism unsound.

With this much premised—by the thoughtful at least not likely to be gainsaid—let us take up the famous " Prologue in Heaven ", prefixed to the " Faust ", and look at it closely. This prologue consists of two parts, of which the first is nothing if it is not sublime, and of which the second is blasphemous. To show that I do not use the latter epithet lightly or in the figure of hyperbole, I need merely to remark that Goethe makes the Divine Being say to the Devil, now in audience with Him, mocking after his wont:

Pray, come here when it suits you, for I never
Had much dislike for people of your sort.

Let us give the first, the sublime, part of the Prologue (to which we confine ourselves) a fine chance by studying it in the version of a poet. This first part consists of three short odes or hymns, chanted successively in praise to God by three archangels, who finally join in a short chorus. Shelley translates:

RAPHAEL.

The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of heaven;
On its predestined circle rolled
With thunder speed; the angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance;
Though none its meaning fathom may.
The world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

It is fair to say that, as verse, the original is finer than the translation. With the versification of the passage here to be criticised, I have no quarrel. It is unimpeachably musical and good. This granted, let us consider the thought and the imagery.

First, as to the point of view occupied by the archangel who sings. This is fixed by the poet himself in his title. Raphael is "in heaven". From ■ standing place in heaven, supposably central, as in the immediate presence of God, what should the observer behold? Not certainly our solar system

merely or chiefly. But so Goethe misconceives the matter, for he has Raphael speak of " the sun " by eminence among his brother-spheres. The reason for this Goethe does not, as he should, make appear. Let that, however, pass.

First, what reader of mine that loves poetry thinks it a high, an ennobling, conception of the sun's going that it is accomplished with thunder-clang? Such appears to be Goethe's thought, notwithstanding that Shelley, with perhaps a truer poet's sense, has changed the original " *thunder-march* " to " *thunder-speed* ". In the second part of the " Faust ", the idea of roaring noise as an accompaniment of the sun's motion is emphasized. There the pagan imagery of a chariot driven by Phœbus apparently justifies the representation. The sound is the sound of whirling wheels. But for a Hebrew " heaven ", which here, of course, is Goethe's, such imagery would be out of place. To conceive of thunder-sound, however the thunder-sound be produced, as constituting an incident of the sun's career, seems to me to be using the imagination to degrade rather than to elevate the thing described.

In the second place, it is an unpoetical inversion of the true order subsisting in the hierarchy of the universe, to subordinate angelic intelligences to any material object, even to a material object so magnificent as the sun. This subordination, how-

ever, is implied by Goethe in his making the angels "draw strength" from the view of the sun. Far truer in poetry is Tennyson's representation:

Though worlds on worlds in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?

The line,

Tho' none its meaning fathom may,

rings hollow. Why should Raphael point out that the sun was invigorating to angels notwithstanding its mystery? Is it because its mystery enhances its magnificence, and therefore its invigorating virtue? Then, all the more, why should the sun invigorate *notwithstanding* its mystery?

"The world's unwithered countenance," is Shelley almost more than it is Goethe. What Goethe says is, "The inconceivably high works [of creation] are lordly as on the first day."

Gabriel takes up the strain:

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adorned Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks; and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

Now the thing that is fatal to the immediately foregoing, considered as imaginative writing, is this: There is no conceivable point of view, on earth or in heaven, from which Gabriel could see what he undertakes to sing of as if he were seeing it.

From the given point of view, "in heaven", there is no such phenomenon observable as the alternation of terrestrial day and night. That alternation is exclusively an experience of sojourners on the earth, absolutely incapable of being observed from any other point of view than an earthly one. It was, therefore, quite falsely imagined by Goethe for his angel in heaven, that the said angel should be watching the diurnal succession of light and darkness on the earth. Again, to descend, as Goethe makes Gabriel descend, from the idea of the whole earth's orbital career (or even from the idea of the earth's rotation on its axis, if that rather be meant—the poet leaves the point indeterminable) to the comparatively insignificant idea of the sea-surge, constitutes a clear case of anticlimax. Goethe perhaps felt this, for he returns to the former idea, in the closing lines of Gabriel's song. If, to find consistency for Goethe's representation, you suppose him to conceive of his angels as singing *reports* of what they had visited the earth to observe, then you are caught on the second horn of the dilemma. Although a visitor to the earth

might indeed experience here the alternation of day and night, he could not experience that alternation in any such way as Gabriel describes it—for Gabriel describes it as from a point of view exterior to the earth, that is, from an impossible point of view; and certainly no visitor to the earth could *observe* that swift motion of the earth (whether diurnal motion or annual) so emphatically insisted upon by Gabriel. In short, I propound it as an insoluble problem: To find for Goethe's angels the point of view which will make possible to the imagination what Goethe has them sing and say.

Michael having, in his turn, made as sonorously empty a declamation in verse as did his predecessors, Goethe has done with sublimity; for the rest of the poem is anything rather than sublime. Poor Shelley! no wonder he said in a note to his translation of "this astonishing chorus": "Even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*"! Shelley might have comforted himself. There were no valuable ideas to be lost in translation, and the reader is quite needlessly "surprised" to find, after fair analysis of the passage, a *caput mortuum* in his hands. The *caput mortuum* is the literary property, not of the translator, but of the original poet.

If, by the way, some candid and careful reader should raise with himself the question, Would not perhaps the " Faust ", in its original text, make an impression quite different from that which it makes in English translation? This may be said in reply: Undoubtedly it would; a different impression and a far finer impression—as respects *form*. As respects *thought* we have Goethe's own word for it—Goethe was before Emerson in standing up strong for translations—that the essence, the substance, of any literary work, is quite capable of being successfully transferred from language to language. I have not thought it worth while to point out the lack of feeling, of fervor, in the praises of Goethe's angels—so in contrast with the raptures which make the angelic ascriptions in Milton morally as well as intellectually sublime; but the Arctic frigidness of the lyrics just examined would condemn them, if they were not, as they are, otherwise abundantly condemned.

III. My third reason for not thinking Goethe's " Faust " a great poem, has already by anticipation been involved in my second reason; but it is distinctly additional to that, and it deserves to be separately and emphatically stated. It is the fact that there is no high imagination in the poem. We have tried the work at its imaginative highest and found it wanting. I am quite willing to grant that there are in the " Faust " several passages of the

pensive pathetic which possess a certain charm. That charm is easily overrated, but let it be never so fine, its kind is such that no degree of it could make the poem marked by it "great".

IV. In the fourth place, as there is no high imagination, so there is no high thought, in the "Faust", and that is to me a further reason for denying greatness to the poem. Of course this point of mine is such that I could not sustain it by instances. I could indeed easily befoul these pages with instances enough of low, sensual, literally devilish, thought and suggestion. Such instances abound in the "Faust", making the whole thing reek nauseous—I need not say to the ethical—to the æsthetic sense. But, however many such instances I should adduce, it would still remain possible that there might be some generous, some noble and ennobling, sentiment which I had consciously or unconsciously suppressed. If there be one such inspiring, purifying thought in the "Faust", let somebody bring it forward, and I shall be confuted. Can a poem be truly great which has in it much that is low and nothing that is high? What constitutes true greatness in a poem?

V. A fifth reason for not accounting this poem great, I find in the fact that there is no fine character represented in it. The only character in the "Faust" that anybody would undertake to con-

found me by naming as a fine character, would be Margaret, the young victim of Faust and the Devil. But Margaret is not a fine character. Observe. She is young enough to be odiously described by Faust, fierce with male desire, as " past fourteen." She is a sweet, innocent creature—so Goethe would evidently have us conceive her—and yet at her first interview with Faust, a perfect stranger to her (except that she has just before pertly and knowingly repelled an insult from him offered her on the street), she complains of her mother that, without any need compelling, she makes her daughter overwork. Previously—so Goethe with peculiar vulgarity provides—Faust, by contrivance of the Devil, had, in her absence, visited Margaret's bedroom to whet his beastly lust with what he there might see and imagine. Margaret, returning after Faust and the Devil had gone, undresses and sings the following song—a song fitter for Faust himself than for a guileless girl:

There was a king in Thule;
True even to the grave;
To whom his dying mistress
A golden beaker gave.

At every feast he drained it;
Naught was to him so dear,
And often as he drained it,
Gushed from his eyes the tear.

When death he felt approaching,
His cities o'er he told;
And grudged his heir no treasure
Except his cup of gold.

Girt round with knightly vassals;
At a royal feast sat he,
In yon proud hall ancestral
In his castle o'er the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,
And quaffed his last life's glow;
Then hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the flood below.

He saw it splashing, drinking,
And plunging in the sea;
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,
And never again drank he.

It is the fact, I believe, that Goethe had composed this drinking-song as a separate recreation of his muse, years before he seriously began writing his masterpiece. Rather than lose the chance of working so pretty a bit now into his mosaic of the " Faust ", he was willing to mar the one hopeful creation of character in the poem by making pure young Margaret sing it to herself as she went to bed. On a hint from Faust, this inexperienced pure young girl goes quite beyond his suggestion and says that *if she slept alone* she would unbolt the door for him! In short, she courts her fall,

and falls. And then, *after* she has thus been the means of her own mother's and of her only brother's death, and of the death of her child as well—after all this (and she, poor creature, now in prison awaiting death, and gone distraught), Margaret is represented as wandering back in imagination, and in outright expression, too, with her seducer, as wandering back delighted to the pleasure of the flesh enjoyed with Faust on the night of her ruin! Such—but I have not half done justice to the hoydenhood of Margaret—is Goethe's reputed fairest imaginative creation in female human character! ("Gretchen [Margaret] . . . among all Goethe's creations takes the highest place."—*Herman Grimm*.) And this Margaret is offered to us in pictures from the hands of famous artists! What pure woman but would blush, if she thought rightly of it, to have such a picture in her house?

VI. Does the admirer of the "Faust" say, 'It is the wealth of wisdom in the poem which makes it great'? Very well, that gives me occasion to set down now a sixth reason for not thinking the "Faust" a great poem: There is no really sound, sweet wisdom in it. Knowledge of the world there is, that is, burnt-out debauchee's knowledge of the world. Goethe is strong here, and apparently he feels it, for it everywhere seems impossible for him to keep back his voluptuary hints and allusions and maxims. These escape him on every

occasion, and he quite superfluously creates occasions for displaying them. But is such the stuff of which poetry is made? And "great" poetry? If I wanted this sort of thing I could get it better, far better, and better commended by style, out of prose Montaigne.

I should sincerely like to show here, if I could, something of the vaunted wisdom of the "Faust", but I feel powerless. I suspect, indeed, that "none its meaning fathom may". For though all my life long I have been hearing of the renown of the "Faust" for its wisdom, I cannot remember that I ever met with any attempted displays of that wisdom in particular example. All has been vague and general wonder and praise—very exciting, to be sure, but very unsatisfying, to the exasperated imagination of the desirous student. Herman Grimm, in his elaborate "Life and Times of Goethe", has spoken what may be called the last word of culture and criticism on the poet and his "Faust". The "Faust" he unstintedly calls the "greatest work of the greatest poet of all nations and times". He says also: "The work contains, besides its manifest poetic beauties, a gigantic treasure of worldly wisdom", adding, "partly in such an enigmatical form as to challenge not only the acuteness of the ordinary reader, but also the ever-renewed study of the learned." How tantalizing! No specification vouchsafed of example!

Still some particular example we need, and since necessity is laid upon us, let us even try to find some particular example for ourselves.

Wisdom has been said, not unwisely, to consist in, first, choice of worthy ends, and, second, choice of fit means to secure the worthy ends chosen. Let us see what end of life Faust is made by Goethe to choose for his own. Faust's end, when found, will prove to be Goethe's end also—for Faust is Goethe. Herein surely ought to be wisdom, if there is wisdom in the " Faust ".

Faust, then, having closed with Mephistopheles, answers to the latter's question, " Now, what will you have? " as follows:

" Pleasure is not the question: I devote myself to the intoxicating whirl;—to the most agonizing enjoyment—to enamored hate—to animating vexation. My breast, cured of its thirst of knowledge, shall henceforth bare itself to every pang. I will enjoy in my heart's core all that is parceled out amongst mankind; grapple in spirit with the highest and deepest; heap the weal and woe of the whole race upon my breast, and thus dilate my own individuality to theirs, and perish also, in the end, like them."

In order not to distract the judging mind with aught of the fascination due to exquisite mere form in verse, I here have gone to Hayward's celebrated prose translation of the " Faust ". Readers, if they consent to forego the poetical alloy, will, perhaps, be the better able to get the pure

gold of the wisdom. Revealed in the preceding extract, you have Goethe's wisdom, in so far as wisdom resides in choice of ends. For, note, it is an end chosen, an end beyond which nothing further is proposed—the idea, on Faust's part, of having in one's own single self, all the experience, whether of good or of evil, possible to the whole world of human beings taken together.

Or, will some one say, Faust here was crude and hasty; Mephistopheles teaches him better? It is, indeed, I reply, true that Faust is mocked by Mephistopheles for his choice; and so Mephistopheles mocks incessantly at everything; mocking is the very idea of him. But do we go to Mephistopheles for wisdom? Since when is it found out that wisdom is in mockery! Nay, Faust, I repeat, is Goethe himself, and if there is wisdom in the play, the wisdom is uttered by Faust. Among the personages of the plot, who else is there, pray, than Faust, to be the mouthpiece of wisdom?

So much, then, for the wisdom of a wise end in life. I submit the question, Is it a wise end for one to choose, the having of all possible human experiences? The idea is striking, it is audacious; but is it wise? Observe, it involves the commission of crime—since without crime committed, how could there, for example, be the experience of remorse? The fatuity of this whole thing is so arrant, that one can hardly command patience to show the fatu-

ity. How is that man ever to feel remorse who is capable of committing crime for the sake of feeling remorse? But what I have quoted from the " Faust " is the quintessence of the practical wisdom of the play, and of the practical wisdom of the author of the play. For such was the author's own scheme of life.

The choice of means was, indeed, fit to the choice of ends, and, after its sort, therefore wise. Here it is. We italicize the significant words:

" I have long loathed every sort of knowledge. Let us quench our glowing *passions in the depths of sensuality*; let every wonder be forthwith prepared beneath the hitherto impervious veil of sorcery. Let us cast ourselves into the rushing of time, into the rolling of accident. There pain and pleasure, success and disappointment may succeed each other as they will—man's proper element is restless activity."

It was not sensual pleasure for the sake of the sensual pleasure, but sensual pleasure for the sake of the " experience " to be thence acquired, that Faust chose. Mark, too, sensual pleasure was the means actually set at work to bring to Faust the fruition of his chosen end of life. And that—dreary wastes of well-versified, unintelligible vaporing, and the wildest orgies of mere devilry apart—that, I say, is in brief and in essence the " Faust ". A great round of varied human experience to be got through indulgence of sensuality

—such, irrelevances retrenched, is the sum and substance of the "Faust". Do I describe a noble poem? But I indeed describe the poem that Goethe was qualified to write.

Is it objected, But Faust became very unhappy, and does not Faust's unhappiness relieve the poet and retrieve the nobleness of the poem? I reply, Not in the least. Faust wanted to be unhappy. Unhappiness was a necessary part, a part expressly named by him, of that full-rounded human experience which he sought as his chosen *end* in life. The sorrow that he feels is not represented by the poet, it is not accepted by the subject, as in the nature of retributive sorrow. It was mere "experience". Sorrow, too, sorrow only it was; it was not remorse. Look narrowly. Faust does not accuse himself; he bemoans himself, that is all. Faust was incapable of remorse. The man who seeks all experience as an end in itself is not capable of all experience. He cannot, for example, experience remorse, he cannot experience repentance. Impossibility ghastlier still, he cannot experience the solemn joy of self-sacrifice.

It is an evil, evil day for any nation or any generation of men when it accepts such a poem as the "Faust" for a truly noble poem. It is a truly ignoble poem. No felicity of form can redeem its central essential vulgarity.

XLVII

CANAL HORSES

THESE are not, generally speaking, “ coursers of immortal strain ”. They do not belong to the class of “ tempest-footed ” steeds. But they are, nevertheless, a useful race, and not to be thoughtlessly disparaged. They are, to say the least, far more serviceable to the needs of modern civilization than such favorites of sporting biographers and genealogists as the late lamented “ Lexington ”, or than such delicate and daintily-bestowed aristocrats of the strictly amateur turf as the living and far-fleeting “ Dexter ”—long may he trot! [No need to expunge this note of long-past date.] Canal horses may perhaps now and then kick. Poor brutes!—

Whom there are none to praise;
And very few to love.

They have not many indulgences of any sort. Kicking is with them almost always a purely harmless pastime. They draw no carriages to be injured by their heels. Let them disport themselves! They may possibly shy at times. Innocent feint of youth and high spirits! There is no vehicle to

be overturned by their gambols; suffer them thus playfully to recall

The times when they remember to have been
Joyful, and free from blame.

Canal horses, it may be, have been known to run. Bless their broken wind and stiffened joints! Their running seldom jeopard's life or limb. Permit them freely to draw taut the slack tow-line, and merrily cause to glance the light caique betwixt the green brinks and through the running foam! The ocean, Webster says, seems to wave with a gentle magnificence, to waft the burdens of an honest commerce. Begrudge not, then, the exceptional frolic run, to the canal horse also, as the consciousness of his vocation mounts more nimbly to his brain, and his limb grows limber in his haste from lake or river to sea.

But, like the preacher, I spiritualize. This preacher had chosen for his text the well-known passage, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" "My dying hearers," said he, "the sacred writer here no doubt referred to a *speritoal* horse." I refer to figurative canal horses. I felt myself buoyantly and irresistibly borne, by the very vivacity of my heading, toward a too rollicking treatment of my theme. The fact, of course, is, that the eccentricities, for the freedom of which to canal horses I found myself grow unexpectedly

rhythmic as I pleaded—these sportive excesses are occasional and unusual merely. They are by no means characteristic of canal horses. Canal horses are recommended to my present purpose of conveying instruction in parable, by other and more solid, if less shining, qualities. I set them forth here as the homely symbol of that useful, however much despised, and however often self-disparaging, class of men and women by whom, after all, the most of the work of the world has to be done. Life is a tow-path to most of us. Splendid spurts of effort, on the whole, avail us little in it. They are magnificent, but they do not forward us much. The average human life is not a race-course, returning ever into itself in a barren and vicious circle, and surrounded on every side with an amphitheater of breathless expectation and suspended applause. It is not a field of combat, where charger neighs to charger, and paws the impatient dust into the air, eagerly snuffing “delight of battle.” from afar upon the tainted breeze, and ready to win all in a moment with one wild dash of delirious onset. The world, for the most part, is given, not to race-horses, and not to war-horses. It belongs to canal horses. Not the sudden burst, not the rush of thunder, the tense, short strain of nerve and sinew—no; it is the long, slow, tiresome, but untiring, *dead pull* that wins—for the most of us. All honor, say I, to the canal horses!

It is very fine to be always easily equal to great occasions, when great occasions emerge. But great occasions are rare in most lives. Better, upon the whole, it is to be steadily, evenly, true to the little needs that arise every day and every hour, than to neglect these, and wait to make up the loss by splendid deeds in momentous crises that may never arise. It is worthier to be canal horses, tame, slow, but useful and long-enduring, than to champ the curb, chafing for the signal that may never summon you to the career for glory's goal, or for the trumpet that may never call you to the whirlwind of the battle charge. Let us turn our attention to the multiplying of canal horses!

There is no sphere of life where canal horses are not needed. But they are certainly as much needed in all sorts of Christian work, as anywhere else in the world. Patient continuance, endurance to the end—this is the virtue that is crowned. Ask any wise church what sort of pastor they prefer, and they will answer, 'Commend us to the man that can *hold out* doing well, rather than to the uncertain man that will once in a while do brilliantly.' Ask any wise pastor what sort of Sunday-school superintendent he prefers, and he will answer, 'Give me the man of steady, uniform habits, of studious, industrious character, rather than the man of spirited starts and dazzling freaks.' Ask any wise superintendent what sort of teacher suc-

ceeds best, and he will answer, ' The conscientious, hard-working, painstaking man or woman that depends on *effort*, and on God, week after week, month after month, year after year, rather than the man or woman of a piety that comes and goes in flashes, of genius that disdains toil, of zeal that is now torrid and the next moment is congealed with cold.' Ask any watchful and wise teacher what sort of scholar is most hopeful, and he or she will answer, ' The plodding, faithful one that always gets the lesson by hard study and not by wit, the one that *does*, and not the one that *might* do.'

Ask the editor of any good periodical what sort of contributor he likes best, and he will very probably answer a little diplomatically, for his corps of writers includes some brilliant, as well as many merely industrious and talented, names; but I will venture to guess that in his inmost heart he depends on making his paper come up to his ideal, by the help mainly of men and women that boast no genius, except the genius of patient application.

Let us teach, and let us practise, the solid virtues. The showy ones will come often enough of themselves. Nevertheless, God be thanked also for genius. The charger whose neck is clothed with thunder, the racer whose limbs are winged with speed, let them be honored, too.

But remember the canal horses.

XLVIII

HOW GIRLS MAY MANAGE THEIR FATHERS

It is very different now and here, from what it used to be in some countries, and what, in some countries, it is still, with daughters. Daughters in some countries are esteemed a kind of misfortune to their parents; fathers do not like to see daughters born to them, even the mothers, too, meet their little daughters with scant welcome. But American fathers love their daughters, and daughters here have a peculiar opportunity. They can do far more than sons to make their fathers' homes happy. It is of this privilege belonging to daughters that I want to speak.

In the first place, girls, this is because you are girls, and not boys. Boys are very well in their way. I have nothing to say against them. They, also, have their peculiar mission. But boys are not girls; and because they are not, the peculiar things that girls have it in their power to do toward making a happy home for fathers, boys cannot accomplish if they try. A girl is a very sweet creature in herself. God has made her such, and she can-

not very well help it, at first. Afterward she can, and sometimes, I am sorry to say, she does. So it is not exactly complimenting you, it is praising God rather, when I tell you that you are in your very nature a blessed and beautiful creation. God bless you! It will be your own fault, girls, if you do not grow up to be a light and a joy, and a brooding of peace in your fathers' homes. Remember, it is in itself an immense opportunity of good simply to be a girl. Make the most of it.

In the second place, being a girl, you are much at home. Your father leaves you at home when he goes away to his business in the morning, and he finds you at home when he returns from his business at evening. You are, like your mother, a kind of habitual, and necessary, and inseparable, part of your father's idea of home. He misses you when you are absent. Your brother may be gone (he probably is gone—it is the way of boys) most of the time. He has great affairs of his own to attend to, and these affairs are out-of-doors. His father does not think it strange not to see him about; he remembers when he was a boy himself. But the daughter, she is, with the mother, the light and delight of home. She is at home, and she is home, in great part.

In the third place, girls have indoor employments and amusements that somehow are pleasant for fathers to see. You sit and learn to sew. You

practise on the piano. Well, now, you do not play very well, that's true; and your exercises are not in themselves the most interesting and delightful possible, we all understand that. But then it is our daughter you are, and that makes all the difference in the world. The somewhat monotonous *pound, pound*, and *tinkle, tinkle*, of the piano, under your inexperienced fingers, is music to us after all. We should miss it sadly if the fingers grew stiff and cold.

In the fourth place, girls have naturally sweet little affectionate ways that soothe and soften and comfort their fathers. Those maiden daughterly kisses—how they humanize us! Those caresses of the little hands—how they mesmerize us! We fathers need such things to keep us sweet-hearted. Ah, girls, what a mission is yours to your fathers! Recognize it, welcome it, fulfil it well.

But now I am going to preach a little. You see, girls, I have been thus far only mentioning reasons why it is that you, as daughters, *are* so much to your fathers. I must go on to tell you how you may grow to be much more to your fathers. You must not rely on what you are naturally. You must keep trying to be more and more.

In the first place, then, be sweet-natured. Be lovely. Be cheerful. Be good. Cultivate a pleasant voice. Speak in pleasant tones. You may acquire a good habit, or a bad habit, in this respect,

exactly as you choose. Don't whine when you speak. Don't mumble. Say what you say with a clear articulation. You cannot imagine how much more agreeable it is to hear you speak clearly and purely, than it is to hear you talk through your nose, or to hear you chew your words. I have known cultivated women who spoke with such a correct and elegant articulation, that it was a positive pleasure to listen to them on that account alone. Study to deserve being called a "pleasant-spoken" girl. It will make you a large crumb of daily comfort to your father.

In the second place, learn to read well. I don't mean learn to call words right with facility. Learn to *read* well. That means a good deal. But do it. Then select rare bits of good literature, and at the fit moment offer to read aloud to your father. It will afford welcome relief, perhaps, to some train of thought that is passing wearily through his mind. But remember that you must read *well*.

In the third place, commit to memory choice little poems, and have a store of them ready to draw from at a moment's notice. There will be twilight seasons before the lamps are lighted, and while no one wants them lighted, just yet, when a beautiful piece of poetry, "not from the grand old masters", you know, but from some simple singer of the heart and of the hearth, would be a charming break to the silence. To hear a daughter's youth-

ful voice recite it, clearly, musically, sympathetically—how sometimes such an influence would open a father's heart!

In the fourth place, if you have the voice for it, by all means learn to sing. Have a treasure of sweet songs safely hidden in your memory. Master them perfectly, words and tunes. Notice what pieces please your father most. Practise them until you cannot improve yourself in them any more. Then be ready to sing them cheerfully and thankfully whenever your father asks you. Sometimes you may do it or offer to do it without his asking you. But watch carefully your true opportunity. Don't intrude yourself. But, above all things, don't raise difficulties or objections when your father asks you. No matter what you are doing, give it up, whatever it is, at once, and comply.

Now I have much more to say on this subject than you will be willing to read at any one time, so I may as well stop here, since I have already made my sermon long enough.

Only I must add: Eschew gum-chewing! No, I take that back, and beg pardon. It was a needless affront to say it. I had not been talking to girls who would think of such a thing as indulging that detestable habit.

XLIX

IS IT RIGHT SOMETIMES TO LIE?

My title asks a living question. There are thousands on thousands of consciences that, for the practical direction of conduct, desire an answer. These consciences will all of them be the better or the worse, as also will be the resultant condition of society, according as the answer is true or false.

Let us begin with fairly admitting that there are good men, conscientious men, truth-loving men, who would answer our question with a prompt and unfaltering, Yes. Theory, chiefly, this would be, in the case of such men. Practically, they might never once find, in their actual experience, the theoretic justifying occasion of the lie. But is their *theory* sound? It is, I repeat, a very vital question in morals. Let us consider it earnestly without passion.

It would be easy, nothing easier, to raise prejudice on the one side or on the other. We might exclaim vehemently in favor of uncompromising, unvarying adherence to truth. We might call names, and denounce as jesuitical the idea that the end sanctifies the means, that any consideration

whatever of advantage to be gained, to anybody whatever, can warrant a deviation from truth. We could declare that we would not believe the man under oath, who should avow it his ethical opinion that he might sometimes justifiably lie. This, on the one hand. On the other hand, we might argue to the natural sensibilities. We might contrive a moving illustration. We might suppose the case of a man so circumstanced that by lying he could save the life of a fellow creature, when he could save that life in no other way. To make the supposition harrowing, the fellow creature might be the man's own sister, mother, wife, child. The lie in question should be to a ruffian seeking to murder, a wretch with no right to the truth. The supposition duly made, with every accident supplied to make it appeal to our hearts, we might triumphantly ask any doubter, Would not the man do right to lie to that villain for the sake of rescuing that beloved life?

We should thus array prejudice against prejudice, but we should be no nearer than we were before to a satisfactory solution of our problem. Let us then proceed differently. Let us calmly reason the matter, not as if in order to establish a foregone conclusion, but as if in order to arrive at the truth. The truth I believe to be, that lying is never right. But we will argue the point, not declaim about it.

In the first place, What makes it wrong in general to lie? I ask this question, not speculatively, for I am not going to deal with the subject after any abstract method, but practically. Well, the reply of those who justify lying upon hypothetical occasion would, I suppose, be this: Lying is wrong, because it tends to the injury of our fellows. Those who justify lying upon hypothetical occasion, could hardly reply otherwise than so. For, if lying be wrong in itself, nothing could possibly make lying right; lying might be more or less wrong, but it would always be wrong. It must, therefore, be a set of circumstances such or such, if it can be anything, that makes occasional lying right. The justifying circumstances, if such ever exist, must be of a nature to make the lie more serviceable to well-being than would be the truth. It is, according to this theory, the paramount demand of love that, in the given case, supersedes the rights of truth-telling. You can do more good by lying than by telling the truth. This is the short of it. Sacrifice of truth, in the particular instance, will be more useful than, in the particular instance, would be adherence to truth.

Now, instead of attempting to prove false the principle, that we may lie where lying is more useful than telling the truth, and instead of attempting directly to show that, in point of fact, lying is in no instance more useful than telling the truth,

I submit an argument in the form of what is called *reductio ad absurdum*, for the consideration of readers. I will suppose the principle generally adopted and acted upon, that lying is right if you can do more good by lying than by telling the truth. What now will be the consequences inevitably resulting? Here is our supposition: Moralists succeed in getting the idea accepted by people in general, that truth-telling is not in itself obligatory, but obligatory only as conducive to the well-being of society. People are not to tell the truth because the truth is truth, but because the truth is useful. In any case in which a lie would be more useful than the truth, you may tell the lie in preference. Nay, in such a case, you must tell the lie. It is then not simply your privilege, it is your duty.

Such, I say, we will suppose to be the agreed-upon, the current conception as to the right and wrong of lying. Very well, my neighbor is either a conscientious man, or he is not. If he is not a conscientious man, he will lie to me whenever, say, he thinks lying will be more beneficial to himself. If he is a conscientious man, he will lie to me whenever he thinks it will be more beneficial to me, or perhaps to the community at large. In this state of things, I do not know, I never can know, whether I hear truth or a lie from my neighbor. For aught I can at any time tell, my neighbor is deceiving me, to benefit me. I cease to have confidence in

his word, though I may have all confidence in his good motive. I no longer am deceived, to my good. I do not believe now, and the benevolent lie accordingly does not serve its benevolent purpose. The principle of telling the truth or a lie, according as love may dictate the one or the other, defeats itself. The lie can only benefit by being believed, but it is not believed when there is a general understanding that lying is sometimes justified by circumstances.

I am very sick on my bed, and I know that my physician thinks it proper to lie to me about my condition, for my good. Now evidently I cannot, in any given case, be certain whether he judges that case to be a case for justifiable lying. My uncertainty defeats the end of benevolence for which the lie may, as is by some maintained, morally be told. Imagine the unsoldering effect of this doctrine on the family, on society. How self-evident, or, if not self-evident, how irresistibly evident on reflection, it is, that such a principle of ethics must be unsound.

I know it will be held by the clear and honorable adherents of this principle that what they argue for, is the abstract and hypothetical justifiableness of lying on the conceivable occasion, and not at all for any such application of the principle as I have here suggested. They would say, The justifying case might never occur. It would, at all events, be

in the highest degree exceptional. But you must not shut us up intolerably. And to tell me that I must not lie to an assassin about to take the life of my mother, when by the lie I might save my mother's life, this is intolerable. Lie I would, under such circumstances, and feel that, before God and man, I was doing right; indeed, that I should do a dreadfully wrong thing were I *not* to lie.

To this I rejoin, such a case is certainly hard. Most men perhaps would, so situated, tell the apparently necessary lie. Not all, however, of these very men, would deliberately beforehand adhere to the principle that the lying done would be right. They would prefer to regard it as an offense to be very leniently condemned, rather than as an act of transcendent morality to be absolutely approved. But, at any rate, the lie of necessity, so called, is *not* a lie of necessity absolute. For it is never absolutely necessary to lie. It is only sometimes from appearances highly desirable. When desirable, it is so in order to the gaining of some good to self, or to others, greater than apparently could be gained by telling the truth. Let us face the thing squarely. What justifies us in lying, if we are ever justified in lying, is the consideration that the lie is, in a given case, more profitable, upon the whole, than the truth would be. There is no principle of justification for the occasional lie, no principle conceivable, but this. Are you willing,

then, to accept it as a principle, that whenever lying will be more profitable on the whole, that is, to you and to people in general, than would be telling the truth, on such occasions it is right to lie? A pregnant principle! Are you willing to accept it? Note, if it is *ever* right to lie, when more good will result than would result from telling the truth, it is of course *always* right to lie when such is the case. I ask again, Are you prepared to accept this for your principle, and to teach it to men? What a world of men this world would be, if everybody were, on every occasion of life, to calculate the chances of its being more profitable on the whole, that is, all creatures considered, to lie, than to tell the truth, and then were to act accordingly! Everybody else would have to make a counter calculation to match. *You* would be calculating whether it might not, all things considered, be better to lie to me; and *I* should have meantime to calculate what the probabilities are as to your opinion in the case. A delightful moral world to live in, our world would thus become!

I know what replication to this will be made. It will be said, But the occasion for lying would hardly ever really occur. Generally speaking, almost universally indeed, it would be for the good of the universe that truth, and not falsehood, should be told.

We shall all heartily agree that this must be so.

Truth-telling is an interest of inestimable importance to us all. The principle of truth-telling is more important than can be any gain in particular cases to be secured by adopting the principle that sometimes we may rightly lie. If God's providence presents to us a terrible apparent dilemma, if He puts us where we must either sacrifice the principle of truth-telling, or lose some incalculably precious interest, some interest even not our own, had we not better, I now with all earnestness ask—had we not better take such hard assay as a sign from God that here is a case in which His will is that we should suffer for the truth? Is God Himself so careful of human life, for example, as to warrant us in drawing the inference that we may rightly lie to save human life? Is it certain, can it be, in any given case, that God's will is we should *at all cost* save a fellow creature's life? Does God's Word teach it, does His providence teach it? Conceive yourself, not simply misleading a bad man in some way, but outright averring to him the thing that you know is not, solemnly, with all affectation of absolute sincerity, saying and protesting to be true what you know to be false—does not this make you wholly revolt as at something contrary to your indestructible moral sense? Under stress, you might do it? Not under stress, will you calmly say that doing it is right?

Well, there possibly are some spirits singularly

strong in purity, that might hold the principle we have been considering, and suffer no moral deprivation from its influence. But the most of men who should embrace such a doctrine would, upon occasion, be very apt to question with themselves whether the present were not a case in which to put the doctrine into practice. It would require very little sophistication of conscience on his part, for a man under temptation to convince himself that, since admittedly sometimes it was right to lie, it was right to lie now. There is no certain standard available for the degree of "necessity", so called, which creates justification for lying. Every man would have to make his standard for himself. It is much to be feared that there would be a painful difference of standard between man and man, nay, between the same man and himself, according as his mood varied, or his temptation, or according as he had gradually deteriorated morally under the influence of his opinion. I speak now of the average man. I admit that the exceptional man might possibly resist the deteriorating tendency. But we must plan for the average man. And the scheme of morals which is unsafe for the average man is by that token a false scheme of morals.

Let us be upright. Let us tell the truth. Let us believe in telling the truth. Let us, whether in practice or in theory, make no exception to the

obligation of truth-telling. It is impossible for God to lie. Let us be imitators of God as dear children. "Lie not one to another" is an apostolic command given with no exception expressed or implied. Let us obey, in spirit and in life.

L

UNCONSCIOUS PRAYING

WE do a great deal of unconscious praying. That is, we often pray for things we have no idea we are praying for. We cannot use the simplest form of petition—say, for instance, “ Bless me, O God ”—without doing this. How do we know what it means for us to be blessed? True blessing, for us, may imply many things that we should be very slow to pray for in express terms. Still we pray every day, “ Bless me, O God.” This is what may be called unconscious praying.

But now the question arises, Do we really pray, when we say, “ Bless me, O God,” unless we are willing to be blessed—so willing that, if it were revealed to us what the blessing implies, we should still say, “ Bless me, O God.”? Consider that question well. Supposing, when you pray to be blessed, you were suddenly caused to know that blessing for you means a long course of severe discipline—how then? Would you offer the prayer? Or would you be struck dumb? And if your words would halt, then, were you really going to pray? Do we really pray for any good that we

should not still pray for, though we knew that, in order to our having it, we must needs go through heavy trials, loss, disappointment, bereavement?

The writer remembers once talking with a minister of deep Christian experience, and saying to him—it was many years ago, the writer was much younger than now!—"I sometimes try myself by considering how far I am ready to accept anything that God may have in store for me. I conjecture this and that and the other evil chance that may befall, and ask myself, 'Would it find me resigned and obedient?' " "Yes," said the friend addressed, "and what is your reply?" "Well," answered the writer, his confidence tempered, as he thought, with suitable meekness, "I have believed that I should be able to say, 'Thy will be done.' " "But God has a way," said the more experienced and wiser one, "of taking us as we have not conjectured, with all our forecast. I used myself to test my heart with questions and conjectures such as yours, and I reached the same satisfactory result. But God *overset my reason*, and I had not thought of *that*."

We need not vex ourselves with forecastings of our future to determine, for our own satisfaction, whether or not we should, in a given hypothetical case, be acquiescent in the disposal of God's providence. This is not wise, perhaps not childlike enough. But when we pray, "O God, bless me",

or, "Thy will be done", such prayer invokes not simply the end, but also the means to the end seen to be necessary, or fit, by our Heavenly Father. When the means are applied which will bring the end, well is it for us if we do not faint, and, as it were, unpray our prayers. We need to meditate much on the ways of God. We cannot study too deeply the meanings of God in his transactions with our souls. Let us be sure that God is all the time at work for us, answering every prayer of ours that he has himself truly inspired. It would be enthusiasm and infatuation for us to conceive, in every case, or, with excessive confidence, in any case whatever, that we understand aright all the purpose of His ways. But we may, and we should, observe and consider and compare, and try our best to interpret, the course of our experiences. The things that now go amiss with us, the losses and the crosses of our lot, these may be the very things that we have unconsciously prayed for. It helps us greatly to bear our afflictions; more, to profit by our afflictions; thus to think of them as possibly ways on God's part of answering our unconscious prayers. There is no road for us, by which we can reach the goal of perfection, but a road that is hard to our feet. Certain high and rare excellences of Christian character can be nourished and ripened only through a discipline of mortification and sorrow. And when we ask

God to bless us and take us close to himself, our meaning must be, Adorn us with these choice graces of the Spirit. We pray for humility. This is our word and our thought. We desire the blessing sincerely. God hears us and says, 'There is a child of mine praying to be humble. He does not quite know what it will cost him to have his prayer answered. It will cost deep wounds to his pride. He will bleed till he faints. But there is no other way. I will answer his prayer.' Such, anyone that reads this, may be the significance of what *you* are suffering. Be strong and of good courage. Submit to be bruised and broken under God's blows. The end will repay the means. It is sweet to be healed, but even the smart is sweet. God is thus answering your prayer. You prayed for this, when you prayed to be humble. It was unconscious on your part, but God knew, and he is at work.

We pray, when we sing, "Oh for a closer walk with God!" Do you really want this? Are you really desirous to live in a sense of closer relation with God? Then you are willing to suffer all that God sees to be needful to bring you nigh to himself. And, constituted as we are, or fallen as we are, and situated in a fallen world, we never are fitted for close companionship with God except through experiences that sicken us of trying to get our good and our joy out of things that are here. Prosperity tends invariably to please us with our-

selves, and being pleased with ourselves is to be far from being pleased with God. Self-complacency is a very pleasant sort of worldly good, but it is a worldly good. So very pleasant, indeed, is self-complacency, that if we can only enjoy it undisturbed, we want nothing better. Our self-complacency accordingly must be disturbed. We must be disappointed. We must have our poor human cisterns broken. The love, the appreciation, the admiration, of our fellows, so dear to us because so nourishing to our self-complacency, these must be cut off from flowing into our too-easily contented hearts. Somehow we must be shut up to cry out, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.' Then, and not until then, may we be ready, like Enoch, to walk with God. And for such desolations of spirit as these we perhaps pray, unconsciously, when we pray for higher spiritual attainments. Let us remember this. We cannot truly pray, and *lightly* pray, for likeness to Christ. We cannot truly pray, and lightly pray even, "Bless me, O God!" Such prayers, if they are truly prayed, include petitions of which we are unconscious when we offer them. It is a deep saying of John the apostle, can we enter into it? "And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us: and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we

know that we *have* the petitions that we desired of him." The petitions must many of them have been unconscious petitions, but the answers to them we may be sure that we *have*. Let us be conscious in receiving the answers, however unconscious we were in preferring the requests.

LI

A GLIMPSE OF THE YOSEMITE

“TREMENDOUS!” said I. I was replying to our driver. After taking us rapidly down several laps of the dreadful zigzag by which approaching travelers descend the sheer wall of the Yosemite Valley, he had just turned round to his passengers with a question directed to me. The question was triumphantly asked: “What do you say to it?” “Tremendous!” The driver, no doubt, thought my reply was commonplace, as I certainly thought his question had too much confident levity in it. My reply, in fact, was not commonplace; but how should the driver guess what extraordinary, what Miltonic, weight of meaning went into the adjective I used? “Tremendous!” That was exactly the word—meaning “suited to inspire trembling.” I never saw such awful aspects of Nature anywhere else in the world. The Alps are awful, but not as the cliffs that wall the Yosemite Valley are awful. Among the Alps you hardly anywhere lose out of your view some reliefs of loveliness, of softness, to mitigate the frown with which Nature salutes you. But here the frown is unrelieved.

You are oppressed, you are annihilated, by it. It is indescribably austere and awful.

And then the height—the height and the depth! What sheer descents—without resting-place for the shuddering eye, till the eye reaches the bottom of the abyss, more than three thousand feet perpendicularly beneath you! See that sailing hawk hung plumb over the middle abyss. He is almost on a level with your eye, seen from where you now stand, on the crown, for instance, of Glacier Point; but it makes you faint to feel what breathless depth of fall is directly underneath him.

I am seeking only to make the reader comprehend how the tourist is impressed as he enters the valley from above, and begins to be shot back and forth, like a weaver's shuttle, through the dizzying turns and returns of the zigzag shelf of road by which, behind four roundly-trotting horses, he is helplessly let down the cliff-side into the valley. "Tremendous!" answered I, with the aforesaid Miltonic weight of emphasis on the adjective. But the driver cheerfully urged on his already cheerful horses, and cracked his whip over them to encourage their speed. The actual situation of the passenger did not at all assuage the awe inspired by the scene. "Grizzly Bear" is what the word "Yosemite" is said to mean. "Grisly Terror", rather, under the first impression communicated, your student of Milton might feel like naming the

place. I still try to describe the tyrannous spell of stern and dreadful grandeur which seemed to me at the first, and which seems to me now, the predominant character of Yosemite scenery.

Our approach to the valley was by what is called the "Milton Short Route", from San Francisco. (The word "Milton" in this name is not to be taken as yet another involuntary allusion of mine to the great English poet, to serve the present description. "Milton" is simply the name of the town at which "staging" begins.) You are driven rapidly after well-conditioned horses that seem to enjoy the trip as well as you do. The landscape through which at first you go is by no means tedious, but it is not very enlivening. Decidedly enlivening, however, is the jostle you experience, jounced ever on and on by your four-horse-power living engine, over roads not yet this spring subdued from the annual roughness of Nature to the annual smoothness of art. This, especially if you sit, as I did, on the top of the Concord coach, where you get the full benefit of the vehicle's sway and swing.

Occasionally an aspect of Nature meets your eye that seems as if it might be New England; but in general the scenery strikes you as namelessly different from what you could see in New England or New York—different, and less interesting. There is a lonesomeness impressed upon the land-

scape, a lack of human association—except such human association existing in forsaken scenes of old California mining, as serves but to increase the effect of lonesomeness. I thus describe the earliest stage of the drive. The last fifteen hours of staging—there were about eighteen hours in all—were full of entertainment and delight. Glimpses of deep ravines foretokened what we were to expect when we should reach Yosemite. But the most beautiful and the most interesting things that we saw, we saw in the forests through which we passed. There were the “big trees”. These we had expected and were somewhat prepared for. But there was another feature of the sylvan scenery, of which we had not heard, and which to us was scarcely less enjoyable than were those world-famous Titans of the forest. This consisted of trees decorated with a peculiar growth of moss.

The moss I speak of was not at all like that pendent Florida moss which makes the woods so weird, and on the whole so gloomy, in some parts of the South. The moss we saw was vivid yellow-green in color, and the frolic picturesqueness with which it arrayed the trunks and the branches of many trees was a perpetual feast of surprise and delight to our eyes. The trees were mostly ever-greens—cedars, pines, spruces. The lower limbs of many of these had died; but only to take on in death a beauty finer than they wore in life. For

that yellow-green moss clothed them thick, often to their very ends. The appearance then was as if of trees sprouting spars of vegetable gold; or, where the limbs had twigs, the likeness would be of branching vegetable coral, golden-green in hue. The trunks, too, of the trees were sometimes exquisitely decked with spangles of the same moss, disposed in rings following the lines of knots left where limbs had perished from the parent body. Not seldom you would see a group of trees standing together, "richly dight", with such reliefs of difference among themselves in color, shown against the blue of sky overhead, and contrasted by the ground of white in snow spread underfoot, that it seemed less like reality than like a picture of fairyland. I think I never met with sylvan charm more uniquely beautiful.

As to the "big trees". We passed them, going in, and they disappointed me. Well, they were large trees, very large, no doubt of that. But when the driver pointed out one, and said it was twenty-two feet in diameter, I mentally paced off that linear measure, seven good strides, and I decided that it would be impossible to take seven good strides on the diameter of that tree. I simply did not believe the measure attributed, because I could not. Returning, I submitted the matter to test. I had provided myself with ample length of twine to measure the girth withal. A credulous lady of

our party saw my provision, and said my string was not long enough. I laughed wisely, and replied that if that string did not go round the tree I would give her the tree outright. We arrived at the spot, and I leaped out with a friend, to triumph by indisputable ocular demonstration. As soon as I began to circumambulate that tree, string in hand, I felt beaten. My string gave out at about halfway round, and we had to resort to a spool of linen thread that happened to be available. That thread I now have, to confound any doubter who will do me the honor to ask to be confounded by it. We went away from that spot, and immediately drove *through* a tree which had been tunneled to serve as a roadway. This was a dead tree, the stump of which still stands stanch and good. Literally, our stage-coach, with its four horses, drove through that tree. There was room enough, from side to side of the tree, for three such equipages as ours to stand abreast between them. The whole length of our turnout, horses, vehicle, and all, was received at once within that capacious and hospitable tree-trunk. This will be difficult for those who have not seen it to believe. And yet, such is the harmony of Nature, on the spot itself and amid the actual environment, it almost seems a thing even not so very remarkable. You look at the mighty trees and pronounce them large, imposing, colossal; but somehow they do not affect you as

prodigious. They fall into the order of Nature about them, and are not at all the monsters to view that your previous knowledge of their dimensions had prepared you to expect. That is the simple truth, if the truth must be told, about these noble trees.

The particular features of the Yosemite Valley are, most of them, very felicitously named. There is one vast rock, first to face you as you descend by the "Milton Short Route" into the valley, which bears, and fitly bears, the name, El Capitan, The Captain. It is rock—pure and simple, a sheer front of granite—three thousand feet high, in one unbroken, or scarce-broken, fall from summit to base. It stands bolt upright, abrupt, peremptory. It is more than perpendicular; it beetles and impends near two hundred feet over into the valley. You may well be awed beholding; but you need not fear, for the mass is one; no flaw, no seam, no fragment that could fall; a solid mountain of granite. Where else in the world can you thus stand close under three thousand vertical feet of granite frowning directly down upon you?

I made the ascent of Glacier Point, the point commanding the widest and finest single view of the valley. I might have had a saddle-horse for three dollars; but I thought I would renew my youth and go up afoot. I did so, leading a troop of horseback climbers to the number of perhaps a

dozen or fifteen. It was, physically speaking, a portentous climb, about five miles of sharp ascent; but, sentimentally speaking, it was magnificent. Soon I had a large portion of the valley rolled out flat and silent far beneath me. But, far above me still, on the yonder side, the beautiful, the glorious Yosemite Fall sheeted down its white dispersion of waters, through the whole of its first long leap downward of sixteen hundred feet. So on and up. The weather was lovely, the morning air was elixir. I left the troop of riders behind and out of sight, except as I could occasionally look down and see them below me winding up a dizzy fold of the zig-zag trail. I could not see above me the height at which I was aiming; but, from the powerful reduction of perspective, already applied by my altitude to the landscape of the valley below, and, truth to say, from the report of my undisciplined muscles, it was clear that I must be nearing the top. I met a boy bringing down a packhorse. "Halfway up?" asked I, cheerfully, and with moderation, not to appear at all foolishly confident of having nearly mastered my task. That boy smiled compassionately and shook his head. "A quarter of the way?" "Yes," with a candid air, as of a really reasonable estimate. I inwardly knew that this candor was an affectation on that boy's part. So, stout-heartedly, on and up again. In fact, I could manifestly see the beginning of

the end. Still, ever and anon, a turn in my path would bring me into view of the " Sentinel Rock ", towering apparently undiminished in altitude above my head. How that mighty warden of the valley, with his stone immitigable front, did dominate me! I never felt so abased, so annihilated. But on and up. At length I came to what I may charitably suppose to have been intended as an encouraging legend, attached to a tree. I have seldom been more discouraged than I was now, by cheering news. " Half-way tree to Glacier's Point " ! The solemnity of an inscription forbade the supposition of trifling. But I plucked heart of hope out of the jaws of despair, and continued to climb. When at last I stood on Glacier Rock, and confronted, with perhaps even a somewhat overlooking eye, the precipice-brink, across the valley, from which the Yosemite Fall took lightly its long leap downward, I felt sure that I must indeed be, as, according to the authorities, I actually was, not less than three thousand two hundred feet above the level of the valley. " Awful! " was the exclamation most commonly heard breaking from the lips of the beholder gazing down from the summit. Awful, but sublimely awful, it was.

I shall never sufficiently have described what every human being that has, or can have, the opportunity, should see for himself. I close abruptly with a laconism of General Grant's. A few years

ago that silent man—silent, indeed, now!—visited the valley and ascended Glacier Point. I could not learn that he spontaneously uttered any single word, to express his emotions at what he saw. But his guide, a most estimable man, asked him, after all was done: “ Well, General, does it come up to your expectation? ” “ Quite! ” monosyllabically replied the General, and said nothing more. It was a reticence worthy of the man. But was it reticence? For had he not completely expressed his mind? Perhaps it was only a case in which rhetorical moderation performed the part of eloquence.

Whatever height of conception may be yours concerning the Yosemite, I can confidently avouch that, to your future experience, the reality will match it—“ quite ”.

LII

OUR CONTINUING NEED OF PAUL

I FEAR it is not adequately considered, among even the more thoughtful Christians of our day, how much we still need the contribution made by the Apostle Paul to the most vital parts of the religious creed by which the Church of Christ, without distinction of sects, professes to live, and but for which indeed it could not continue to live. As I have heretofore tried publicly to render clear, the cry, so rife everywhere about us, "Back to Christ!" really means, from the lips of many who utter it, "Away from Paul!"—nay, even, almost, "Away with Paul!" With many zealously active and widely influential Christian teachers and writers the feeling has been growing stronger every day for now a decade of years or more that the Apostle Paul has too long been suffered to dominate, too exclusively, our conceptions of Christianity. The view has been propagating itself by boldly declaring that the proper way to regard Paul's writings is to regard them not as setting forth authoritatively the true doctrines of Christ, but only as setting forth one great mind's own in-

dividual way of conceiving those doctrines. The doctrines themselves, it is urged, in their unadulterate purity, are to be sought in the words of the living Jesus, as those words are reported by the four evangelists, but especially by the three synoptic evangelists so called, Matthew, Mark, and Luke. The records of these historians, we are told, are to be carefully sifted; for the truth which they give is mingled with error—the error of imperfect report and imperfect transmission. Besides this, so we are further given to understand, there is the error, an uncertain amount, to which Jesus himself, as proved by his own admissions of ignorance on some points, was liable.

To this pitiable state of hopeless incertitude as to what we may hold for true in religion, we are reduced by the methods of Biblical criticism at present in practice.

In such a condition of things our need of Paul is a crying need. Without him, the Lord himself, whom, as risen from the dead and glorified in power on high, Paul thought he was serving, throughout that flaming missionary career of his, is on the very imminent breaking verge of being quite lost to the Church, degraded from the rank of a Being who had existed before the world was, through whom indeed the world was made, and who now lives and reigns in the heavens, to the rank of a man who was singularly good, who was

gifted with singularly fine and clear religious intuitions, but who was simply a better specimen of humanity than any that had before appeared, or any that has appeared since. We are this moment unconsciously on the steep decline of the way toward reproducing in ourselves that experience of Mary, bewildered at the tomb of Jesus: "They have taken away the Lord and I do not know where they have laid him!"

A signal, a capital, fact in the life of the Christian Church is, at this very moment, as it always has been, that, for a Savior and a Lord who now *is*, and who is active still with all power in our behalf, for a living, an ascended, a glorified Christ, who can forgive sin, can raise the dead, can take us to Himself where He is in the heaven of heavens with God—for this Christ Jesus, the Christ Jesus in whom we have trusted as an almighty redeemer, to whom we sing our songs and pray our prayers—it is, I say, a fact not to be lost sight of, that for this Christ Jesus—clearly defined in conception, vividly figured in imagination, firmly adhered to in faith—we are chiefly indebted to the Apostle Paul. It was to render this immortal service to his church that Jesus Christ fitly, in the case of one of his apostles, and that one the greatest, waited till after His own resurrection and after His own ascension to glory, before calling him to that task of apostleship for his Lord which, to the

everlasting profit of mankind, he fulfilled so faithfully and so well. It well behooved that the great apostolic witness to the transcendent, supramundane person and activity of Christ should be summoned to his mission by ■ Christ that had already re-entered His eternal, transcendent, supramundane, sphere of power and glory, and that he should be visibly and audibly *thence* summoned, as, in fact, Paul was.

It is true, of course, that the pre-existence of Christ and his exaltation to eternal glory following his death, are both of them facts plainly enough announced in words of his own, spoken during his earthly life and reported by the Gospel historians. But it is Paul, and Paul alone, of the New-Testament writers, who gives these two facts that comparative prominence which, it must be conceded, properly belongs to them, if they are indeed facts, facts of history, and not fictions of the imagination. Paul makes almost nothing of the earthly life of his Lord—so completely do the heavenly life that his Lord lived before the world was, and the heavenly life that his Lord resumed after He was crucified, usurp the rapt faith, the kindled imagination, the adoring affection, of the great apostle to the Gentiles. So strikingly is this the case, that this conspicuous characteristic feature in Paul's epistles is even sometimes made a point against him, as if the things, some of them

at least, that he relates soberly about himself in his relation to Christ were too much in the air to merit serious heed. But this objection is the objection of very wrong-headed criticism. Nothing about Paul is more solidly real, more inexpugnable, than his commonsense, his perfect sanity. He is to be believed altogether in what he testifies, or not believed at all.

That Paul occupies himself to such an extent with Christ's person and Christ's activity in the supernatural sphere, is quite as it should be; for if, previously to that ever-memorable noonday which found Paul a persecutor on his way to Damascus, he had known Christ "after the flesh", subsequently to that experience of his he knew him so no more. Paul's glances at Christ's earthly life are invariably glances merely. What he dwells on is his Lord's power and glory before and after the period of his humiliation in the flesh. It was needful for the Christian Church that there should be one potent spirit among the apostles, prepared by such an experience as Paul's experience was, in being called by a supernatural voice from heaven to his apostleship—by a voice self-certified as the voice of Jesus of Nazareth, risen from the dead, ascended, and glorified—that there should, I say, be one spirit among the apostles, so endowed by nature and so qualified by unique experience as was Paul, to lay a commanding and an enduring

emphasis on the vital fact that it was not Jesus as a man among men, but Jesus as supreme divine Lord over men, who was Savior of the world, if the world had a Savior. The Christian Church cannot afford to obey the call "Back to Christ!" if that call be understood to mean back to the earthly Christ of the Gospel histories away from the heavenly Christ of the epistles of Paul.

The tendency, now so strong and prevalent so widely, to deal with Jesus on severely "scientific" principles of historical criticism, simply as a man who lived once in Palestine, and whose words and deeds were very imperfectly reported by very ill-qualified biographers, biographers who must be halted with challenge at every point and not confidently relied upon, unless they *all three* happen to relate the same thing in the same way—I say all "three", not all *four*, because John is to a great extent discredited and counted out as not John, but another man by the name of John!—this tendency, however it may suppose itself to be peculiarly loyal to Jesus is, in deepest truth, the most specious and the most dangerous disloyalty to him that he has ever encountered in all the centuries since he finished the work on earth that was given him to do.

Let it be duly considered, if Christ comes at length to be measured by this rule, the time will then not be distant when He will be still further

reduced; and from being the pre-eminent, the ideal, the flawless, man, will be found out to be, at best, a man not well enough known to deserve such distinction, and, at worst, a man shown to have had his limitations, his weaknesses, his infatuations, even his faults of temper in speech and in behavior, such as bring him down after all quite comfortably near the level of the better sort of average human nature. This is the inevitable logical end, in effect upon our conception and estimate of Jesus, to which the current disparagement of Paul as accredited authority—a disparagement carried forward in the interest of ostensible superior fidelity to Jesus—is swiftly though unconsciously tending.

Already, for an ever-increasing number of “scientific” Biblical students and teachers, the aureole of exquisite miraculous story that surrounds and beautifies the birth of Jesus, is dissipated under the solvent searchlight of historical criticism, and He becomes merely the natural son of Joseph. His resurrection from the dead is similarly volatilized away into a posthumous revival of beneficent influence. The quasi-historical documents that seem to teach something more real, more substantial, than this, are admitted to be interesting *memorabilia* of a notable personality that appeared once in Palestine, but they are held to be destitute of such credentials for accuracy as could commend them

to the confidence of the trained historical scholar and critic.

In such ■ state of the case, our present need of Paul is incalculably great. Let the Gospel accounts of the resurrection of Jesus be given up as non-historical, there still remains the unquestionably historical and authentic testimony of Paul. This testimony is such that no fiercest crucible fires of historical criticism can possibly in the least affect it. Nothing even conceivable, except the actual literal resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, can account for the undoubtedly historical phenomenon of the Apostle Paul, his career and his written words.

Our need of Paul is great, but God has graciously made Paul equal to our need.

LIII

ALL FOR ONE

“ If you do that again, I’ll kill you! ”

The schoolmaster overheard this among his boys one day in their playground at recess. He at once called them all in. The girls then went out, and while the boys warmed themselves a moment at the stove, for it was winter, he had a talk with them. They were quite willing to hear what he had to say, for they had been called back into school almost as soon as they got out-of-doors that day.

“ Boys,” said the schoolmaster, “ what was that dreadful thing I heard just now from some of you when you were out? ”

“ Why, I don’t know of anything! ” said one, “ nor I ”—“ nor I ”—said another and another with the utmost surprise.

“ But I heard something very dreadful,” said the schoolmaster.

The boys looked as if they would like to know what.

“ I heard a boy threaten to commit murder,” continued the schoolmaster gravely.

The boys looked shocked, but incredulous.

"Yes," said the schoolmaster, "I heard one boy say—I don't know what boy it was and I don't want to know—but I heard him say, 'If you do that again, I'll kill you!'"

The boys all laughed and looked greatly relieved. They thought their teacher had made a grand mistake in not knowing how to take boys' talk for what it meant.

"Why, Mr. —," they all said together, "we don't mean anything when we say that. It's just talk."

"Not mean anything when you threaten to kill each other! Why, boys, it sounded horrible."

"Why, we were just in fun."

"In fun! How could I tell that? I thought I ought to call you all right in, when I heard that. And, boys," with increased gravity, the teacher said, "if I hear any such thing said ever again, I shall do the same, I shall call you all in. How can I know that it is in fun?"

The boys were bright-witted little fellows, and they knew well enough what the teacher meant. They were used to hearing him say things for them to guess out for themselves. They thought now that the laugh was on themselves, and not on the teacher, for he understood them better than they did him when he first began to speak. But one of them said:

“ Why call us all in, Mr. ——? Why not just call in the boy that says the bad thing? ”

“ That would seem fairer, wouldn't it? ” said the teacher.

They all agreed that it would.

“ But I shall not do in that way, boys, and I will tell you why. In the first place, you know, I could not always tell what boy it was, and I would rather not ask you to tell. In the second place, you might sometimes try to get one of your playmates provoked, on purpose to have him called in for saying something in a passion that he ought not to say. But now, if I call you all in, whenever one of you uses wrong words, then you will all have an interest to keep each other from using wrong words. I want you to learn that we all of us in this world are better off for everyone's doing what is right.”

The boys were pretty well satisfied with the teacher's reasons. After that the teacher never once had occasion to call the boys in before their recess was done. But he did overhear them saying to one another:

“ There, now, don't talk like that, or the teacher will call us in! ”

LIV

PRIEST OR PREACHER, WHICH?

THERE are priests, and there are preachers. Preachers are men that preach. Priests are men that " officiate ". Are you a priest, or are you a preacher? But let me speak to my brother in the pew, as well as to my brother in the pulpit. How is it, my brother in the pew, is your pastor a priest, or is he a preacher? It makes a great difference.

When I say " priest ", of course I do not mean the minister of that body of Christians who *call* their ministers priests. These ministers, called priests, divide themselves, like other ministers, into the two classes that I here venture to describe as priests and preachers.

The " priest " does things for people, that is, instead of people. He " performs " " divine service ". He is a well-bred man. He dresses decorously. He announces hymns properly, that is, professionally, with the tone heard in the pulpit and heard nowhere else, or, rather, produced by no one but the priest, who not seldom learns at length to produce this peculiar professional tone wherever he goes. The priest reads the Bible in ■

similar tone of solemn difference from anything natural to the human voice, when the human voice is otherwise employed than in doing the priest's work. He prays as if he were delivering a little oration to a distinguished public guest—always in the regulation tone. He does not preach, he “ sermonizes ”, that is, he intones ■ homily respectably written by him, or for him, no matter which, with nothing unsound in it, and nothing to disturb anybody's sensibilities. If he “ gives notice ”, he does it in a manner not to difference this exercise from the rest of the “ service ”. There is nothing striking about the cycle of ceremony from beginning to end, unless it be a striking absence of anything striking. The hearer, or spectator, feels comfortable in the assurance that everything will go on as usual. He need not concern himself to pay strict attention. Whenever he perchance rouses to listen, it will be the same tone, and the words muffled in that will sound the same. He may as well go to sleep. To sleep he goes, or, what, for the purpose of true listening, comes to the same thing, he thinks his own thoughts, whatever these thoughts may happen to be. The priest will be too well-bred to invade his mind with thoughts foreign to these. The priest will not invade his ears with any sounds to require his heed of them, as possibly signifying matters of urgent present importance to him. At the close of all, the satisfied attendant will rise

mechanically to take the benediction standing, and pass out of the house feeling that he has now accomplished one more Sabbath-day's journey toward—somewhere or other, he does not trouble himself to consider where. He, at all events, has behaved himself like a respectable citizen; and he has done it without any conscious effort, unless, indeed, he has made some exertion not to fall dead asleep lest he should snore.

Now I am not going to say what proportion there is of such men in our pulpits. Nor am I going to say what proportion there is of men in our pews that like well enough to have such men in our pulpits. My private opinion is— But I am not going to publish my private opinion, for then the opinion would be no longer private, and I could not affect any mystery about it. I will rather tell a little story for the truth of which I am able to produce excellent vouchers. Two men talk together on car-board. They are acquaintances, of the same city, casually met. Says A to B: "So, then, your pastor has resigned." "Yes," says B, briefly. A pause. "Well," slowly and thoughtfully A resumes, "I am sorry. I liked your pastor. I used to go to hear him preach—about once a month. Not oftener than that. In one sermon he would give me enough to think of for a month. I shouldn't like to hear him regularly. He would stir me up too much. I don't like to be stirred up. Now my pastor, I

can hear him easily. He doesn't disturb me. I can hear him right along without being excited." B heard A say this, and made no reply. But B reported it to me, and I made a mental note of it. I thought A was a good type of certain hearers of preaching, as, too, his pastor was a good type of certain ministers that create such hearers.

Now in whatever proportion such hearers compose the average congregation, it is, I believe, undeniable that they create a condition under which it costs heavily to any man to be a real preacher, and not a mere priest.

The real preacher is a living voice, for he is a living soul. He does not do things for, that is, instead of, people. He does things *to* them, *with* them, *in* them, *through* them. He deals with souls. He invades consciences. He summons wills to unconditional surrender. He is not conspicuously well-bred, though he is well-bred. Decorum is not his chief "note". His chief "note" is reality, genuineness. His voice is not a tone, it is the many-toned organ of thought, of feeling, of will. He tells the number of a hymn as if it was a number, though of a hymn. He reads the hymn as if it was a hymn, and not an incantation. He reads the Bible as if it was human speech, though God speak in it; and God speaks in it all the more for its being human, and then being read as such. He prays as if he wanted something of one that had it to give.

380 PRIEST OR PREACHER, WHICH?

It is petition, not inventory. It has the rising inflection of request, not the monotone, or the heavy fall, of sonorous declamation. He preaches, not "sermonizes". He does not carry one tone, and that a holy, unrelated tone, throughout his entire discourse. If he says a common, everyday thing, he says it in a voice of this present world. You feel transacted with, as you hear him. The soporific, far-away tone and manner of "officiating" are not in him. You are shaken up. You have your ears boxed. The man is speaking to you. Hark! he says something. He means *you*. Attend to him. Attend? Why, certainly, what else can you do? Those real tones forbid everything but attention. This man is a preacher, not a priest.

Brother of the pew, do you know that to be a preacher, not a priest, is enormously hard work? And do you know that you have yourself some responsibility in the matter? If you do not want a priest, do not make your pastor one. If you want a preacher, make your priest one.

Brother of the pulpit, rouse you! Are you willing to be a priest? Be a preacher. God called you to be such. Make your calling sure.

LV

THE TRUE STORY OF A FAMOUS SPEECH

THE famous speech is that of Daniel Webster, delivered at Rochester, in which he is reported to have proposed to pay the national debt with a silver half dollar, then and there produced and tendered, and in which, moreover, he is reported, alluding to Genesee Falls, to have declared that no people could be enslaved that had a waterfall a hundred feet high. The popular story is that the great man was on a certain public occasion, in Rochester, so far under the influence of strong drink as to deliver himself in a strain of maudlin discourse, of which the foregoing passages, here given in substance only, are remembered and representative specimens. Is the popular story the true story?

I, for my part, had seen and heard so many allusions to this speech, so many allusions with circumstance, that I did not doubt but some escapes substantially of that sort were justly attributable to Webster. I easily believed, with the majority,

that here was a shameful lapse on his part, that could in no way be denied. Not needing to be confirmed in this belief, I yet, while recently a resident of Rochester, encountered casual confirmation, in a way that seemed to leave no opportunity for doubt. A valued personal friend of mine, of high character, with whom I happened to be speaking on a subject naturally suggesting the mention, said to me: "Mr. —— [a distinguished citizen of Rochester, formerly mayor of the city] told me last night that Webster, at a public dinner, actually fell into his arms." The allusion tacitly implied was to the occasion of the traditional remarks of Webster which I began with substantially repeating. Nothing, therefore, could have seemed more final and conclusive. The directness of this testimony was *almost* perfect. There was but a single step of remove from first authority. The honorable ex-mayor had not told me, but he had told a highly-esteemed friend of mine. I *did* not question before; but I *could* not question now.

However, being interested in the question of Webster's character, and having by nature and through habit something of the lawyer's sense of the necessity of sifting testimony, I resolved to call on the venerable ex-mayor myself and learn, if I could, the facts in full detail from his own lips. I invited a business man of the city, a gentleman of the highest reputation, whom I

knew to be concerned, as I was myself, to learn the unvarnished truth about Webster, to accompany me.

We found the ex-mayor affably ready to satisfy our curiosity. I began, somewhat abruptly, after the matter was introduced: "I heard, Mr. Mayor, that Mr. Webster actually fell into your arms." "So he did," was the prompt reply. Why question further? Was not the case closed? But I pursued: "Will you be kind enough to relate all the circumstances of the occasion as fully as you can?"

"It was the State Agricultural Fair. Mr. Webster was to be the speaker. He arrived ill; in fact, unable to fulfil his engagement. Mr. Seward took his place." The Mayor here related pleasantly an incident that occurred on the fair grounds. Mr. Van Buren was there, and, fatigued, was resting himself, seated on a temporary railing, set up to serve the purpose of an inclosure. "On the fence, eh, Governor?" blandly inquired, I *think*, Mr. Seward (it was possibly Mr. Webster himself), as he passed the astute and cautious politician, holding there his unconsciously symbolic perch, a humor which the reminiscent Mayor enjoyed recalling. "But," resumed the Mayor, "Mr. Webster rallied, and in the evening a banquet was given in his honor, at which he spoke, delivering, as was presumed, the discourse prepared for the Fair; a

splendid speech, at any rate." "Anything maudlin about it, Mr. Mayor?" "Nothing. On the contrary, it was a magnificent piece of oratory." "What were the topics discussed?" "Principally, I think, the tariff question, though there was some allusion, I remember, to state repudiation of debts." "Did Mr. Webster take a half-dollar out of his pocket and propose paying the public debt with it?" The Mayor looked puzzled, but said he remembered nothing of the sort. I mentioned the current story to that effect. The Mayor repeated that he recollected nothing of that nature. "Did Mr. Webster, perhaps, in speaking of the obligation of public debts, use the half-dollar emblematically as a gesture of emphasis?" The Mayor could not say. "Was there at this point anything incoherent in Mr. Webster's speech?" "The furthest from it possible." "What, Mr. Mayor, were your opportunities for observing and hearing?" "I was mayor of the city that year, and so sat next Mr. Webster. General Wadsworth presided, with Mr. Seward on his left and Mr. Webster on his right." "Did Mr. Webster take wine?" "He did. He took wine with his food, and while he was speaking he from time to time sipped it from his glass, General Wadsworth filling the glass and icing the wine." "Did the wine seem to have the effect to cloud his mind or thicken his utterance?" "So far from it, I never heard

him speak better in my life, and I heard him often."

"Well, Mr. Mayor, how about his falling into your arms? Tell us about that." "Well, he closed his speech with a beautiful complimentary allusion to Rochester and her fine water-power. He said the Queen of England could boast no such fall of water in all her three kingdoms. No country, he said, need be dependent on a foreign nation for manufactures that possessed such a resource as Genesee Falls, a waterfall a hundred feet high. 'I propose,' Mr. Webster said, 'a sentiment: "The City of Rochester and the Mayor *thereof*!"' [Our genial informant, a fine, erect, venerable figure himself, imitated with admirable effect Mr. Webster's peculiar emphasis and intonation on the word 'thereof' and the gesture, on Webster's part, that accompanied.] With these words Mr. Webster turned toward me, placed a hand on each shoulder, meanwhile leaning nearly his whole weight on me for an instant, then wheeled round and settled into his seat." "And that was the way in which he fell into your arms?" "That was the way." "That was all?" "That was all." "Then he did not fall drunk?" "Not at all. He was not drunk." "He *took* his seat, did he?" "He did. The whole action was just a playful gesture of compliment." "So, then, there was nothing in his speech about the impossibility of

enslaving a country that had a waterfall of a hundred feet?" "Nothing more than what I told you."

So much for the dialogue of this interview with the Mayor. The occasion described by him was identified in more ways than one, and quite beyond question, with that on which the maudlin remarks traditionally attributed to Webster were reported to have been made.

My friend drew up in writing a report of the interview, covering its material points; and this I soon after read aloud to the Mayor, who, having indicated a few unimportant corrections, which I made on the spot, set his hand to the document, as a faithful representation of what he said. This memorandum, authenticated by the Mayor's autograph, is before me as I write.

I confess to a regrettable omission on my own part in not having afterward asked the friend who was my first informant just how he received, as I undoubtedly suppose he did receive, from the Mayor the wrong impression that that gentleman meant to represent Webster as having fallen into his arms *intoxicated*. But the explanation is easy and obvious. My friend had heard the stories as I had heard them about Webster; and, very naturally, he misunderstood the inadvertently-unguarded expression of the Mayor, precisely as I, too, was near to misunderstanding it myself, when,

subsequently, the Mayor, with characteristic frankness and promptness, reaffirmed the fact, in answer to my question.

It behooves me to add that a few days later we called on another Rochester gentleman of high reputation who was present on this celebrated occasion. This second informant was, he told us, seated at the extreme end of the table (a long one), away from Mr. Webster. He agreed that the speech was a noble one—he thought, never surpassed by Mr. Webster; but he added that at a later hour, after the festivities had proceeded to great length, Mr. Webster was called out a second time, and that then he appeared to him not to be in a condition for speaking. “Did you attribute his disqualification to wine?” “I did.” “You know Mr. Webster was ill when he arrived—” “Yes, I was at the station, and they got him on a platform car to speak; but he said little or nothing, was obviously unfit for the exertion.” “Well, he was thus ill; he had then rallied and made this long and exhausting speech; he had sat out a tedious after-dinner round of talk, till twelve or one o’clock at night; now, with his constant habit of going early to bed, with his enfeebled condition at the start, with the prostrating effect of the extraordinary exertion of the evening, the natural nervous reaction having occurred, query, may not his evident incapacity to speak on this second call be

accounted for without our attributing it to wine? ”
 “ Well, perhaps. I would not certainly say, but I judged it to be due to drink.” This distinguished gentleman had no report to make of maudlin remarks uttered on any one of these several occasions by Mr. Webster. All that he witnessed was a slowness and an apparent inability to use his vocal organs on the part of Mr. Webster. This last we know, from unimpeachable testimony, was a constitutional peculiarity of the man from his early years. Often, in attempting to begin a speech, he experienced a kind of paralysis of his vocal organs, that he could not overcome without moistening his mouth.

The occasion herein referred to was in 1843. To the same date belongs a reminiscence of Webster’s social and religious habit of mind, which I find in the *Commercial Advertiser* of the period just succeeding Webster’s death. The coincidence of time may serve to throw a light upon the likelihood of Webster’s committing the fault charged upon him, at the same moment that he was talking, at the house of his Rochester host, in the strain indicated by the following paragraphs written by the editor himself, Mr. Francis Hall, who was fellow guest at Mr. Ely’s with Mr. Webster :

“ Some years ago, we had the pleasure of spending several days, in company with Mr. Webster, at the residence of a mutual friend, Harvey Ely, Esq., at Rochester. During

that intercourse we had more than one opportunity of conversing on religious subjects; sometimes on doctrinal points, but more generally on the importance of the Holy Scriptures, as containing the plan of man's salvation through the atonement of Christ. So far as our knowledge of the subject extends, Mr. Webster was as orthodox as any we ever conversed with.

"On one occasion, when seated in the drawing-room with Mr. and Mrs. Ely, Mr. Webster laid his hand on a copy of the Scriptures, saying, with great emphasis: 'This is the Book!' This led to a conversation on the importance of the Scriptures, and the too frequent neglect of the study of the Bible by gentlemen of the legal profession, their pursuits in life leading them to the almost exclusive use of works having reference to their profession. Mr. Webster said: 'I have read through the entire Bible many times. I now make a practise to go through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers, as well as for divines, and I pity the man that cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and of rules for his conduct. It fits man for life, it prepares him for death.'

"The conversation then turned upon sudden deaths, and Mr. Webster adverted to the then recent death of his brother, who expired suddenly at Concord, N. H. 'My brother,' he continued, 'knew the importance of Bible truths. The Bible led him to prayer, and prayer was his communion with God. On the day on which he died he was engaged in an important cause in the court then in session; but this cause, important as it was, did not keep him from his duty to his God. He found time for prayer, for on the desk which he had just left was found a paper, written by him on that day, which for fervent piety, for devotedness to his Heavenly Master, and for expressions of humility I think was never excelled.'"

I do not in this paper undertake more than to fulfil the promise of the title and give the true story of a celebrated speech. The inebriety that occurred and that gave origin to the traditional escapes alluded to, was, I am persuaded, in the brain of some imaginative (or perhaps imaginary) listener, and not in the brain of the speaker. On the general topic of Mr. Webster's personal habits I do not now speak—I, perhaps, hereafter may; but, according to the best information in the nature of the case obtainable, I pronounce the story of the half-dollar liquidation of the public debt proposed by Webster, and the story of the maudlin eloquence uttered by him about the waterfall a hundred feet high, to be, both of them, mere and sheer myths. They will not die for yet a generation; but, meantime, I shall have done my part toward killing them.

LVI

“ MAXIMS ” *à la* LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD is to be judged gently for his cynicism; it is quite possible that, moving in that false and corrupt society, he did not know even one really good person—that is, one genuine Christian. Or, if he did know one, he, being such as he was, did not *know* him.

Injury not resented is half escaped.

The best revenge is not to feel the injury.

Pride invites injury, and often the most cruel hurt from injury is to pride.

Innocent laughter is medicine alike to body, to mind, and to soul.

Love so thoroughly that you will come to like.

Love, and you will tend to like.

Like, and you will tend to love.

It is a sign of mental limitation, probably, too, of moral defect, not to like many people, and people of many sorts.

Your best beginning of doing people good is to like them.

To like people is comradeship, equality; to compassionate them is condescension; to *use* them is insolence; to envy them is self-degradation.

To admire is a mark of generous mind.

You grow like what you admire; hence guard well your admirations.

A noble man grows noble through being admired; being admired debases a base nature.

To excite admiration deservedly is a true service to your fellows.

To demand admiration is so far not to command it.

FINIS

THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY
CLAREMONT, CALIF.

A 24898

ADVERTISEMENTS

Other Works of Professor Wilkinson

Poetical Works

Complete, in five very handsome octavo volumes, averaging 450 pages each, uniform in style of binding, three-quarters leather, red and gold, gilt tops, choice paper, large type, fine press-work. One of the volumes contains thirty-eight exceptionally well-executed half-tones.

Price, Three-quarters Leather, \$15.00 the Set

THE VOLUMES ARE ENTITLED:

- I. "*The Epic of Saul.*"
- II. "*The Epic of Paul.*"
- III. "*The Epic of Moses: I. The Exodus.*"
- IV. "*The Epic of Moses: II. The Wandering in the Wilderness.*"
- V. "*Poems.*"—(a collection of minor pieces, illustrated.)

OF "*THE EPIC OF SAUL*"

"One never wants to lay the book down, and reads it through with increasing, rather than flagging, interest."—The late R. H. HUTTON, editorially in *The Spectator*, London.

"A noteworthy poem. . . . It will find a host of appreciative, and even enthusiastic, readers—a host by no means entirely composed of religious people strictly so-called."—*The Independent*.

"It seems to me that the book will secure the claim of Professor Wilkinson in the front rank of poets."—The late Dr. Howard Crosby.

NEW YORK

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

LONDON

OTHER WORKS OF PROFESSOR WILKINSON

(Of "THE EPIC OF SAUL," *Continued*)

"The poem is a superb piece of work and well worth studying for its truth as well as for its romance. Measured by any standard, it shows a solid body of art."—The late *Maurice Thompson*.

"The poem seems to me to be in its spirit and method, in plot, arrangement and form, a very genuine and high piece of artistic work. From beginning to end, I find in it nothing careless or accidental, nothing which is not the conscious result of an elevated and ardent intelligence, brooding long and patiently over the entire scheme and over every detail of it. I have not failed to observe, also, the perfect mastery which the poet has obtained over the historic environment of his hero—the outward conditions of the time of Saul, the spiritual and intellectual tendencies with which he fought or was at peace.

"In the distinctness, variety, and life-likeness of even the secondary personages of the poem, I have had a genuine surprise. Moreover, I find in the verse a union of high qualities—severity, purity, beauty, power—which give to it distinction. . . ."—The late *Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, LL.D.*

"It is a most noble poem. My estimate of it may be inferred from the fact that I have just read it through the *third* time. . . . I enjoyed it so much that I could not avoid doing it."—The late *President Alvah Hovey, D.D., LL.D.*

"A most striking and vigorous effort of historical and psychological imagination."—*Dr. Alexander Maclaren, Manchester, England.*

"A finely conceived and powerful poem."—*The Graphic, London.*

OF "THE EPIC OF PAUL"

" . . . Not only Christians, but unbelievers as well, will find in the 'Epic of Paul' the satisfying influence of excellent art. Poetry is here, rich, nervous, moving poetry. . . . It is a large, grave, strong-flowing stream of noble thought, description, and dramatic representation. . . . It is a book worthy of a place among the best; one to be read aloud by the fireside and talked over in the family circle."—*The Independent*.

"All the poetical elements of it have given me unqualified enjoyment—the skilful construction of the story, its movement to a climax, the side-lights of pathos, the imagery and flow of the style; especially I may instance the truly epic strokes with which are built up the figures of Gamaliel and the Mephistophelian Shimei."—*Prof. Richard G. Moulton*.

"We can not remember reading a book that has so intently held our interest."—*The Morning Star*, Boston.

OF "THE EPIC OF MOSES"

"The poet has, without doubt, the great epic quality of always rising to an opportunity of objective description. The character-drawing is not only consistent, but perfectly lucid, tho by no means simple. I recognize the skill with which the plot is constructed and worked out. . . . The versification is entirely to my taste, flowing and free."—*Prof. Richard G. Moulton*.

"The poem impresses me profoundly. It is no mere repetition of the biblical narrative. That narrative is in it, but it adds a series of fine inventions, quite in keeping with all that the Scriptures tell us. The character-drawing is done with admir-

able discrimination and consistency. It has pathos, tears, love, hate, cunning, purity, triumph, tragedy, piety, in the most moving forms and incidents. The description of the plagues is often magnificent and terrible,"—*Prof. Franklin Johnson, D.D.*

Modern Masters of Pulpit Discourse

Phillips Brooks, Alexander Maclaren, F. W. Gunsaulus, John A. Broadus, Henry Ward Beecher, E. G. Robinson, Cardinal Newman, Wm. M. Taylor, T. De Witt Talmage, Charles H. Spurgeon, Dwight L. Moody, Chas. G. Finney, Eugène Bersier, W. M. Punshon, R. S. Storrs, John Hall, Canon Liddon.

"Admirably just and discriminating. It might serve instead of a course in homiletics—possibly with advantage."—*Alexander Maclaren, D.D., Manchester, England.*

"It is a masterly treatment of one of the most vital themes. The author's analysis of character and power is marked by piercing insight, clear discrimination, and careful adjustment of conflicting details. His selections from the works of the different preachers enforce and illumine his descriptions of the men."—*Rev. John Clifford, D.D., London, England.*

"This book is AN ILLUMINATING COURSE IN HOMILETICS by a lecturer qualified by the preacher's vocation, and by his profound faith in the Christian verities. No preacher can fail to possess himself of this volume without distinct loss."—*Henry E. Robins, D.D., Professor of Christian Ethics, Rochester Theological Seminary.*

Price, 8vo, Cloth, \$1.60

Some New Literary Valuations

“Reveals an actual genius for clear vision. . . . The highest quality in the volume is its *shrewd, kindly fairness*.”—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. “Maintains high standards of conscientious, painstaking justice in his reviews . . . leaves their accuracy and consistency [Arnold’s and Morley’s] deservedly impeached.”—*The Hartford Courant*. “Not harsh, but presents the attitude of the author fairly and without personal bias. Mr. Wilkinson’s appreciations are especially valuable, because they unfold new and deeper beauty to many thoughts, and greater charm and wider meaning in their expression.”—*The Boston Globe*. “It [the paper on John Morley] is a *triumph of sound criticism*.”—*The Buffalo Evening News*. “The presentation of the works of Matthew Arnold and John Morley compels me to concur with the views of the critic.”—*Prof. Franklin Johnson D.D., University of Chicago*. “*I consider him the foremost literary critic of this or any other age*.”—*Prof. A. H. Newman, D.D., LL.D., Baylor University*. “Notable. . . . Sometimes revolutionary . . . leaves Arnold in a sad condition both as a poet and a critic.”—*The World To-Day* (Prof. Shailer Mathews, Editor). “Admittedly *knows the game* and plays it according to rule, admiring where he may, but unwisely never. . . . The book is a pleasure to read and a treasure to guard.”—*The San Francisco Bulletin*. “I agree with your criticism on Voltaire and Morley both.”—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson*.

Price, 12mo, Cloth, \$1.50

Foreign Classics in English

“Of all the devices for introducing non-classical readers to a knowledge of ancient classics . . . this series is the most effective.”—*The Nation*, New York.

“Wilkinson’s Foreign Classics in English” has received the endorsement of many learned and critical authorities including the Heads of the Departments of *Greek* in the Universities of Chicago, Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Michigan, and Rochester, and in Amherst College; the heads of the Departments of *Latin* in the Universities of Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Rochester, and Rutgers College; the *Presidents* of Northwestern University, Dartmouth College, Newton Theological Institution, Yale University, University of Michigan, Colby University (College), Brown University, University of Rochester, Vassar College; leading periodicals, including *The Nation*, *The Independent*, *The Outlook*, *The Westminster Review*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Methodist Quarterly Review*; and eminent literary men, such as Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, Moses Coit Tyler, Edward Eggleston, George P. Fisher, Lyman Abbott, and others.

“The author has one great merit—he is always interesting.”—*The Nation*.

Six Volumes, Uniform in Style and Binding, with Numerous Maps and Illustrations. Price, Cloth, \$1.50 per Volume, \$9.00 per Set; Three-quarter Leather, \$2.50 per Volume, \$15.00 per Set.

BR
50
75

Wilkinson, William Cleaver, 1833-1920.

The good of life, and other little essays
de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis. New
York, Funk & Wagnalls, 1910.

392p. 21cm.

1. Christianity--Addresses, essays, lectures.
I. Title.

426898

CCSC/mmb

